This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

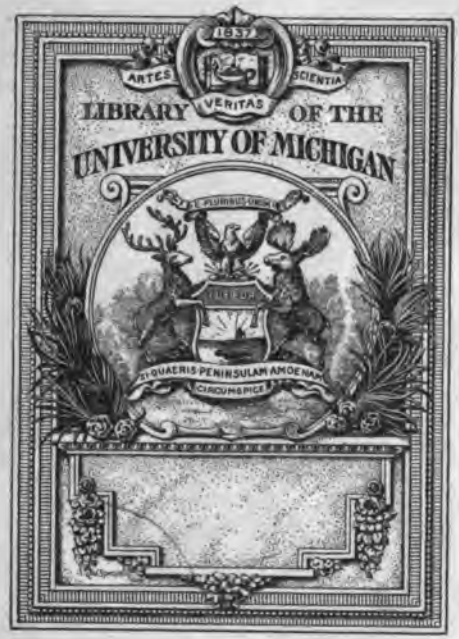
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

Digitized by Google



THIS BOOK
FORMS PART OF THE
ORIGINAL LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
BOUGHT IN EUROPE
1838 TO 1839
BY
ASA GRAY

Digitized by Google

8 2 8
A 2 2 5
1811

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

THE

WORKS

OF THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOSEPH ADDISON.

WITH NOTES

BY RICHARD HURD, D.D.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

20 — 76 146

THE

135

WORKS

OF THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOSEPH ADDISON,

A NEW EDITION,

WITH NOTES

BY RICHARD HURD, D.D.

LORD BISHOP OF WORCESTER.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. CADELL AND W. DAVIES, STRAND,

BY J. M'CREERY, BLACK-HORSE-COURT.

1811.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

REMARKS

ON SEVERAL

PARTS OF ITALY, &c.

IN THE YEARS 1701, 1702, 1703.

Verum ergo id est, si quis in cœlum ascendisset, naturamque mundi et pulchritudinem siderum perspexisset, insuavem illam admirationem ei fore, quæ jucundissima fuisset, si aliquem cui narraret habuisset.

CICER. de Amic.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOHN LORD SOMERS,

BARON OF EVESHAM.

MY LORD,

THERE is a pleasure in owning obligations which it is an honour to have received, but should I publish any favours done me by your lordship, I am afraid it would look more like vanity than gratitude.

I had a very early ambition to recommend myself to your lordship's patronage, which yet increased in me as I travelled through the countries of which I here give your lordship some account: for whatever great impressions an Englishman must have of your lordship, they who have been conversant abroad will find them still improved. It cannot but be obvious to them, that though they see your lordship's admirers every where, they meet with very few of your well-wishers at Paris or at Rome. And I could not but observe, when I passed through most of the Protestant governments in

Digitized by Google

Europe, that their hopes or fears for the common cause rose or fell with your lordship's interest and authority in England.

I here present your lordship with the remarks that I made in a part of these my travels; wherein, notwithstanding the variety of the subject, I am very sensible that I offer nothing new to your lordship, and can have no other design in this address than to declare that I am,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most obliged, and

Most obedient humble servant,

J. ADDISON.

Digitized by Google

PREFACE.

THERE is certainly no place in the world where a man may travel with greater pleasure and advantage than in Italy. One finds something more particular in the face of the country, and more astonishing in the works of nature, than can be met with in any other part of Europe. It is the great school of music and painting, and contains in it all the noblest productions of statuary and architecture, both ancient and modern. It abounds with cabinets of curiosities, and vast collections of all kinds of antiquities. No other country in the world has such a variety of governments, that are so different in their constitutions, and so refined in their politics. There is scarce any part of the nation that is not famous in history, nor so much as a mountain or river that has not been the scene of some extraordinary action.

As there are few men that have talents or opportunities for examining so copious a subject, one may observe, among those who have written on Italy, that different authors have succeeded best on different sorts of curiosities. Some have been more particular in their

Digitized by Google

accounts of pictures, statues, and buildings; some have searched into libraries, cabinets of rarities, and collections of medals, as others have been wholly taken up with inscriptions, ruins, and antiquities. Among the authors of our own country, we are obliged to the Bishop of Salisbury, for his masterly and uncommon observations on the religion and governments of Italy: Lassels may be useful in giving us the names of such writers as have treated of the several states through which he passed: Mr. Ray is to be valued for his observations on the natural productions of the place. Monsieur Misson has wrote a more correct account of Italy in general than any before him, as he particularly excels in the plan of the country, which he has given us in true and lively colours.

There are still several of these topics that are far from being exhausted, as there are many new subjects that a traveller may find to employ himself upon. For my own part, as I have taken notice of several places and antiquities that nobody else has spoken of, so, I think, I have mentioned but few things in common with others, that are not either set in a new light, or accompanied with different reflections. I have taken care particularly to consider the several passages of the ancient poets, which have any relation to the places and curiosities that I met with; for before I entered on

Digitized by Google

my voyage, I took care to refresh my memory among the classic authors, and to make such collections out of them as I might afterwards have occasion for. I must confess, it was not one of the least entertainments that I met with in travelling, to examine these several descriptions, as it were, upon the spot, and to compare the natural face of the country with the landscapes that the poets have given us of it. However, to avoid the confusion that might arise from a multitude of quotations, I have only cited such verses as have given us some image of the place, or that have something else besides the bare name of it to recommend them.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Vol. II. Pl. I.

MEDALS.

Page 31.

Page 57.

Page 31.

Page 57.

Page 31.

Page 302.

Digitized by Google

Vol.II.Pl.II.

MEDALS.

Page 87.

Page 87.

Page 121.

Page 121.

Page 213.

Page 160.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

REMARKS,

&c.

MONACO, GENOA,[a] &c.

ON the twelfth of December, 1699, I set out from Marseilles to Genoa in a Tartane, and arrived late at a small French port called Cassis, where the next morning we were not a little surprised to see the mountains about the town covered with green olive-trees, or laid out in beautiful gardens, which gave us a great variety of pleasing prospects, even in the depth of winter. The most uncultivated of them produce abundance of sweet plants, as wild-thyme, lavender, rosemary, balm, and myrtle. We were here shown at a distance the Deserts, which have been rendered so famous by the penance of Mary Magdalene, who, after her arrival with Lazarus and Joseph of Arimathea at Marseilles, is said to have wept away the rest of her life among these solitary rocks and mountains. It is so romantic a scene, that it has always probably given occasion to such chimerical relations; for it is perhaps of this place that Claudian speaks in the following description:

Est locus extremum pandit qud Gallia littus
Oceani prætentus aquis, qud fertur Ulysses
Sanguine libato populum movisse Silentûm,
Illic Umbrarum tenui stridore volantûm
Flebilis auditur questus; simulachra coloni
Pallida defunctasque vident migrare figuras, &c.

CL. In. Ruf. lib. 1.

[a] These travels are entertaining; especially to the classical reader. But the expression in this agreeable narrative is frequently careless: or possibly, the author, in the time of his travels, had not acquired the habit of that exact style, for which he was afterwards so famous. However, the general cast of the composition is elegant, and is even marked, occasionally, with that vein of humour, which characterizes the best works of Mr. Addison; as the reader will observe, more especially, in the chapter on the little republic of St. Marino, and that of Meldingen in Switzerland.

Digitized by Google

A place there lies on Gallia's utmost bounds,
Where rising seas insult the frontier grounds.
Ulysses here the blood of victims shed,
And rais'd the pale assembly of the dead:
Oft in the winds is heard a plaintive sound
Of melancholy ghosts that hover round;
The lab'ring plowman oft with horror spies
Thin airy shapes, that o'er the furrows rise,
(A dreadful scene!) and skim before his eyes.

I know there is nothing more undetermined among the learned than the voyage of Ulysses; some confining it to the Mediterranean, others extending it to the great ocean, and others ascribing it to a world of the poet's own making: though his conversations with the dead are generally supposed to have been in the Narbon Gaul.

Incultos adiit Læstrigonas Antiphatenque, &c.
Atque hæc ceu nostras intersunt cognita terras,
Fabula sive novum dedit his erroribus orbem. Tib. l. 4. el. 1.

Uncertain whether, by the winds convey'd,
On real seas to real shores he stray'd;
Or, by the fable driven from coast to coast,
In new imaginary worlds was lost.

The next day we again set sail, and made the best of our way, till we were forced, by contrary winds, into St. Remo, a very pretty town in the Genoese dominions. The front to the sea is not large, but there are a great many houses behind it, built up the side of the mountain to avoid the winds and vapours that come from sea. We here saw several persons, that in the midst of December, had nothing over their shoulders but their shirts, without complaining of the cold. It is certainly very lucky for the poorer sort, to be born in a place that is free from the greatest inconvenience, to which those of our northern nations are subject; and indeed without this natural benefit of their climates, the extreme misery and poverty that are in most of the Italian governments would be insupportable. There are at St. Remo many plantations of palm-trees, though they do not grow in other parts of Italy. We sailed from hence directly for Genoa, and had a fair wind that

Digitized by Google

carried us into the middle of the gulf, which is very remarkable for tempests and scarcity of fish. It is probable one may be the cause of the other, whether it be that the fishermen cannot employ their art with so much success in so troubled a sea, or that the fish do not care for inhabiting such stormy waters.

——————————Atrum
Defendens pisces hyemat mare—— Hor. Sat. 2. lib. 2.

While black with storms the ruffled ocean rolls,
And from the fisher's art defends her finny shoals.

We were forced to lie in it two days, and our captain thought his ship in so great danger, that he fell upon his knees and confessed himself to a capuchin who was on board with us. But at last, taking the advantage of a side-wind, we were driven back in a few hours time as far as Monaco. Lucan has given us a description of the harbour that we found so very welcome to us, after the great danger we had escaped.

Quidque sub Herculeo sacratus nomine portus
Urget rupe cavâ pelagus: non Corus in illum
Jus habet aut Zephyrus: Solus sua littora turbat
Circius, et tutâ prohibet statione Monæci. Lib. 1.

The winding rocks a spacious harbour frame,
That from the great Alcides takes its name:
Fenc'd to the west, and to the north it lies;
But when the winds in southern quarters rise,
Ships, from their anchors torn, become their sport,
And sudden tempests rage within the port.

On the promontory where the town of Monaco now stands was formerly the temple of Hercules Monæcus, which still gives the name to this small principality.

Aggeribus socer Alpinis atque arce Monæci
Descendens.—————————— Virg. Æn. 6.

There are but three towns in the dominions of the prince of Monaco. The chief of them is situate on a rock which runs out into the sea, and is well fortified by nature. It was formerly under the protection of the Spaniard, but not many years since drove out the Spanish garrison, and received a French one, which con-

Digitized by Google

sists at present of five hundred men, paid and officered by the French king. The officer who showed me the palace told me, with a great deal of gravity, that his master and the king of France, amidst all the confusions of Europe, had ever been good friends and allies. The palace has handsome apartments, that are many of them hung with pictures of the reigning beauties in the court of France. But the best of the furniture was at Rome, where the prince of Monaco resided at that time ambassador. We here took a little boat to creep along the sea-shore as far as Genoa; but at Savona, finding the sea too rough, we were forced to make the best of our way by land, over very rugged mountains and precipices: for this road is much more difficult than that over mount Cennis.

The Genoese are esteemed extremely cunning, industrious, and inured to hardship above the rest of the Italians; which was likewise the character of the old Ligurians. And indeed it is no wonder, while the barrenness of their country continues, that the manners of the inhabitants do not change: since there is nothing makes men sharper, and sets their hands and wits more at work than want. The Italian proverb says of the Genoese, that they have a sea without fish, land without trees, and men without faith. The character the Latin poets have given of them is not much different.

Assuetumque malo Ligurem. VIRG. Georg. 2.

The hard Ligurians, a laborious kind.

Pernix Ligur. SIL. IT. el. 8.

Fallaces Ligures. AUS. Eid. 12.

Apenninicolæ bellator filius Auni
Haud Ligurum extremus, dum fallere fata sinebant. Æn. 11.

Yet like a true Ligurian, born to cheat,
(At least whilst fortune favour'd his deceit.)

Vane Ligur, frustraque animis elate superbis,
Nequicquam patrias tentasti lubricus artes. Id.

Vain fool and coward, cries the lofty maid,
Caught in the train which thou thyself hast laid.

Digitized by Google

On others practise thy Ligurian arts;
Thin stratagems, and tricks of little hearts
Are lost on me; nor shalt thou safe retire,
With vaunting lies to thy fallacious sire. DRYDEN.

There are a great many beautiful palaces standing along the sea-shore on both sides of Genoa, which make the town appear much longer than it is, to those that sail by it. The city itself makes the noblest show of any in the world. The houses are most of them painted on the outside; so that they look extremely gay and lively, besides that they are esteemed the highest in Europe, and stand very thick together. The New-street is a double range of palaces from one end to the other, built with an excellent fancy, and fit for the greatest princes to inhabit. I cannot however be reconciled to their manner of painting several of the Genoese houses. Figures, perspectives, or pieces of history, are certainly very ornamental, as they are drawn on many of the walls, that would otherwise look too naked and uniform without them: but instead of these, one often sees the front of a palace covered with painted pillars of different orders. If these were so many true columns of marble, set in their proper architecture, they would certainly very much adorn the places where they stand, but as they are now, they only shew us that there is something wanting, and that the palace, which without these counterfeit pillars would be beautiful in its kind, might have been more perfect by the addition of such as are real. The front of the Villa Imperiale, at a mile distance from Genoa, without any thing of this paint upon it, consists of a Doric and Corinthian row of pillars, and is much the handsomest of any I saw there. The duke of Doria's palace has the best outside of any in Genoa, as that of Durazzo is the best furnished within. There is one room in the first, that is hung with tapestry, in which are wrought the figures of the great persons that the family has produced; as perhaps there is no house in Europe, that can shew a longer line of heroes, that have still acted for the good of their country. Andrew

Digitized by Google

Doria has a statue erected to him at the entrance of the Doge's palace with the glorious title of Deliverer of the Common-wealth; and one of his family another, that calls him its Preserver. In the Doge's palace, are the rooms, where the great and little council, with the two colleges, hold their assemblies; but as the state of Genoa is very poor, though several of its members are extremely rich, so one may observe infinitely more splendor and magnificence in particular persons houses, than in those that belong to the public. But we find in most of the states of Europe; that the people show the greatest marks of poverty, where the governors live in the greatest magnificence. The churches are very fine, particularly that of the Annunciation, which looks wonderfully beautiful in the inside, all but one corner of it being covered with statues, gilding, and paint. A man would expect, in so very ancient a town of Italy, to find some considerable antiquities; but all they have to show of this nature is an old rostrum of a Roman ship, that stands over the door of their arsenal. It is not above a foot long, and perhaps would never have been thought the beak of a ship, had not it been found in so probable a place as the haven. It is all of iron, fashioned at the end like a boar's head; as I have seen it represented on medals, and on the columna rostrata in Rome. I saw at Genoa Signior Micconi's famous collection of shells, which, as Father Buonani the jesuite has since told me, is one of the best in Italy. I know nothing more remarkable, in the government of Genoa, than the bank of St. George, made up of such branches of the revenues, as have been set apart, and appropriated to the discharging of several sums, that have been borrowed from private persons, during the exigencies of the common-wealth. Whatever inconveniences the state has laboured under, they have never entertained a thought of violating the public credit, or of alienating any part of these revenues to other uses, than to what they have been thus assigned. The administration of this bank is for life, and partly in the hands of the chief citizens, which gives them a great autho-

Digitized by Google

rity in the state, and a powerful influence over the common people. This bank is generally thought the greatest load on the Genoese, and the managers of it have been represented as a second kind of senate, that break the uniformity of government, and destroy, in some measure, the fundamental constitution of the state. It is however very certain, that the people reap no small advantages from it, as it distributes the power among more particular members of the republic, and gives the commons a figure: so that it is no small check upon the aristocracy, and may be one reason, why the Genoese senate carries it with greater moderation towards their subjects than the Venetian.

It would have been well for the republic of Genoa, if she had followed the example of her sister of Venice, in not permitting her nobles to make any purchase of lands or houses in the dominions of a foreign prince. For at present the greatest among the Genoese, are in part subjects to the monarchy of Spain, by reason of their estates that lie in the kingdom of Naples. The Spaniards tax them very high upon occasion, and are so sensible of the advantage this gives them over the republic, that they will not suffer a Neapolitan to buy the lands of a Genoese, who must find a purchaser among his own countrymen, if he has a mind to sell. For this reason, as well as on account of the great sums of money which the Spaniard owes the Genoese, they are under a necessity, at present, of being in the interest of the French, and would probably continue so, though all the other states of Italy entered into a league against them. Genoa is not yet secure from a bombardment, though it is not so exposed as formerly; for, since the insult of the French, they have built a mole, with some little ports, and have provided themselves with long guns and mortars. It is easy for those that are strong at sea to bring them to what terms they please; for having but very little arable land, they are forced to fetch all their corn from Naples, Sicily, and other foreign countries; except what comes to them from Lombardy, which probably goes another way, whilst it fur-

Digitized by Google

nishes two great armies with provisions. Their fleet that formerly gained so many victories over the Saracens, Pisans, Venetians, Turks and Spaniards, that made them masters of Crete, Sardinia, Majorca, Minorca, Negrepont, Lesbos, Malta, that settled them in Scio, Smyrna, Achaia, Theodosia, and several towns on the eastern confines of Europe, is now reduced to six gallies. When they had made an addition of but four new ones, the king of France sent his orders to suppress them, telling the republic at the same time, that he knew very well how many they had occasion for. This little fleet serves only to fetch them wine and corn, and to give their ladies an airing in the summer-season. The republic of Genoa has a crown and sceptre for its Doge, by reason of their conquest of Corsica, where there was formerly a Saracen king. This indeed gives their ambassadors a more honourable reception at some courts, but, at the same time, may teach their people to have a mean notion of their own form of government, and is a tacit acknowledgment that monarchy is the more honourable. The old Romans, on the contrary, made use of a very barbarous kind of politics to inspire their people with a contempt of kings, whom they treated with infamy, and dragged at the wheels of their triumphal chariots.

PAVIA, MILAN, &c.

From Genoa we took chaise for Milan, and by the way stopped at Pavia, that was once the metropolis of a kingdom, but is at present a poor town. We here saw the convent of Austin monks, who about three years ago pretended to have found out the body of the saint, that gives the name to their order. King Luitprand, whose ashes are in the same church, brought hither the corpse, and was very industrious to conceal it, lest it might be abused by the barbarous nations, which at that time ravaged Italy. One would therefore rather wonder that it has not been found out much earlier, than that it is discovered at last. The fathers however do not yet find their account in the discovery they have

Digitized by Google

made; for there are canons regular, who have half the same church in their hands, that will by no means allow it to be the body of the saint, nor is it yet recognised by the pope. The monks say for themselves, that the very name was written on the urn where the ashes lay, and that in an old record of the convent, they are said to have been interred between the very wall and the altar where they were taken up. They have already too, as the monks told us, begun to justify themselves by miracles. At the corner of one of the cloisters of this convent are buried the duke of Suffolk, and the duke of Lorrain, who were both killed in the famous battle of Pavia. Their monument was erected to them by one Charles Parker, an ecclesiastic, as I learned from the inscription, which I cannot omit transcribing, since I have not seen it printed.

Capto a Milite Cæsareo Francisco I. Gallorum Rege in agro Papiensi Anno 1525. 23. *Feb. inter alios proceres, qui ex suis in prælio occisi sunt, occubuerunt duo illustrissimi principes, Franciscus Dux Lotharingiæ, et Richardus de la Poole Anglus Dux Suffolciæ a Rege Tyranno Hen. VIII. pulsus regno. Quorum corpora hoc in cœnobio et ambitu per annos* 57, *sine honore tumulata sunt. Tandem Carolus Parker à Morley, Richardi proximus consanguineus, Regno Angliæ a Reginâ Elizabethâ ob Catholicam fidem ejectus, beneficentiâ tamen Philippi Regis Cath. Hispaniarum Monarchæ Invictissimi in Statu Mediolanensi sustentatus, hoc qualecunque monumentum, pro rerum suarum tenuitate, charissimo propinquo et illustrissimis principibus posuit* 5. *Sept.* 1582. *et post suum exilium* 23. *majora et honorificentiora commendans Lotharingicis. Viator precare Quietem.*

This pretended duke of Suffolk was Sir Richard de la Poole, brother to the earl of Suffolk, who was put to death by Henry the eighth. In his banishment he took upon him the title of duke of Suffolk, which had been sunk in the family ever since the attainder of the great duke of Suffolk under the reign of Henry the sixth. He fought very bravely in the battle of Pavia, and was magnificently interred by the duke of Bourbon, who, though an enemy, assisted at his funeral in mourning.

Parker himself is buried in the same place with the following inscription:

D. O. M.

Carolo Parchero à Morley Anglo ex illustrissimâ clarissimâ stirpe. Qui

Digitized by Google

Episcopus Des, ob fidem Catholicam actus in Exilium An. xxxi. *peregrinatus ab Invictiss. Phil. Rege Hispan. honestissimis pietatis et constantiæ præmiis ornatus moritur Anno a partu Virginis,* M. D. C. xi. *Men. Septembris.*

In Pavia is an university of seven colleges, one of them called the college of Borromée, very large, and neatly built. There is likewise a statue in brass of Marcus Antoninus on horseback, which the people of the place call Charles the fifth, and some learned men Constantine the Great.

Pavia is the Ticinum of the ancients, which took its name from the river Ticinus which runs by it, and is now called the Tesin. This river falls into the Po, and is excessively rapid. The bishop of Salisbury says, that he ran down with the stream thirty miles in an hour, by the help of but one rower. I do not know therefore why Silius Italicus has represented it as so very gentle and still a river, in the beautiful description he has given us of it.

Cæruleas Ticinus aquas et stagna vadoso
Perspicuus servat, turbari nescia, fundo,
Ac nitidum viridi lentè trahit amne liquorem;
Vix credas labi, ripis tam mitis opacis
Argutos inter (volucrum certamina) cantus
Somniferam ducit lucenti gurgite lympham. LIB. 4.

Smooth and untroubled the Ticinus flows,
And through the chrystal stream the shining bottom shows:
Scarce can the sight discover if it moves;
So wond'rous slow amidst the shady groves,
And tuneful birds that warble on its sides,
Within its gloomy banks the limpid liquor glides.

A poet of another nation would not have dwelt so long upon the clearness and transparency of the stream, but in Italy one seldom sees a river that is extremely bright and limpid, most of them falling down from the mountains *that make*[a] their waters very troubled and muddy, whereas the Tesin is only an outlet of that vast lake which the Italians now call the Lago Maggiore.

[a] *Mountains that make*] A *mountain* does not *make* a river *troubled* and *muddy*, but the *fall* of its waters from a mountain. He might have said, "Most of them falling down from the mountains, and, *of course*, *having* their waters very troubled and muddy."

Digitized by Google

I saw between Pavia and Milan the convent of Carthusians, which is very spacious and beautiful. Their church is extremely fine, and curiously adorned, but of a Gothic structure.

I could not stay long in Milan without going to see the great church that I had heard so much of, but was never more deceived in my expectation than at my first entering: for the front, which was all I had seen of the outside, is not half finished, and the inside is so smutted with dust, and the smoke of lamps, that neither the marble, nor the silver, nor brass-works, show themselves to an advantage. This vast Gothic pile of building is all of marble, except the roof, which would have been of the same matter with the rest, had not its weight rendered it improper for that part of the building. But for the reason I have just now mentioned, the outside of the church looks much whiter and fresher than the inside; for where the marble is so often washed with rains, it preserves itself more beautiful and unsullied, than in those parts that are not at all exposed to the weather. That side of the church, indeed, which faces the Tramontane wind, is much more unsightly than the rest, by reason of the dust and smoke that are driven against it. This profusion of marble, though astonishing to strangers, is not very wonderful in a country that has so many veins of it within its bowels. But though the stones are cheap, the working of them is very expensive. It is generally said there are eleven thousand statues about the church, but they reckon into the account every particular figure in the history pieces, and several little images which make up the equipage of those that are larger. There are, indeed, a great multitude of such as are bigger than the life: I reckoned above two hundred and fifty on the outside of the church, though I only told three sides of it; and these are not half so thick set as they intend them. The statues are all of marble, and generally well cut; but the most valuable one they have is a St. Bartholomew, new-flead, with his skin hanging over his shoulders: it is esteemed worth its weight in gold: they have inscribed this verse on the

Digitized by Google

pedestal, to shew the value they have for the workman.

Non me Praxiteles sed Marcus finxit Agrati.

Lest at the sculptor doubtfully you guess,
'Tis Marc Agrati, not Praxiteles.

There is just before the entrance of the choir, a little subterraneous chapel, dedicated to St. Charles Borromée, where I saw his body, in episcopal robes, lying upon the altar in a shrine of rock-crystal. His chapel is adorned with abundance of silver work; he was but two and twenty years old when he was chosen archbishop of Milan, and forty-six at his death; but made so good use of so short a time, by his works of charity and munificence, that his countrymen bless his memory, which is still fresh among them. He was canonized about a hundred years ago: and, indeed, if this honour were due to any man, I think such public-spirited virtues may lay a juster claim to it, than a sour retreat from mankind, a fiery zeal against Heterodoxies, a set of chimerical visions, or of whimsical penances, which are generally the qualifications of Roman saints. Miracles, indeed, are required of all who aspire to this dignity, because they say an hypocrite may imitate a saint in all other particulars, and these they attribute in a great number to him I am speaking of. His merit, and the importunity of his countrymen, procured his canonization before the ordinary time; for it is the policy of the Roman church not to allow this honour, ordinarily, 'till fifty years after the death of the person, who is candidate for it; in which time it may be supposed that all his contemporaries will be worn out, who could contradict a pretended miracle, or remember any infirmity of the saint. One would wonder that Roman Catholics, who are for this kind of worship, do not generally address themselves to the holy apostles, who have a more unquestionable right to the title of saints than those of a modern date; but these are at present quite out of fashion in Italy, where there is scarce a great town, which does not pay its devotions, in a more particular

Digitized by Google

manner, to some one of their own making. This renders it very suspicious, that the interests of particular families, religious orders, convents, or churches, have too great a sway in their canonizations. When I was at Milan I saw a book newly published, that was dedicated to the present head of the Borromean family, and entitled 'A Discourse on the Humility of Jesus Christ, and of St. Charles Barromée.'

The great church of Milan has two noble pulpits of brass, each of them running round a large pillar like a gallery, and supported by huge figures of the same metal. The history of our Saviour, or rather of the blessed virgin, (for it begins with her birth, and ends with her coronation in heaven, that of our Saviour coming in by way of episode) is finely cut in marble by Andrew Biffy. This church is very rich in relics, which run up as high as Daniel, Jonas, and Abraham. Among the rest they show a fragment of our countryman Becket, as, indeed, there are very few treasuries of relics in Italy that have not a tooth or a bone of this saint. It would be endless to count up the riches of silver, gold, and precious stones, that are amass'd together in this and several other churches of Milan. I was told, that in Milan there are sixty convents of women, eighty of men, and two hundred churches. At the Celestines is a picture in fresco of the marriage of Cana, very much esteemed; but the painter, whether designedly or not, has put six fingers to the hand of one of the figures: they show the gates of a church that St. Ambrose shut against the emperor Theodosius, as thinking him unfit to assist at divine service, 'till he had done some extraordinary penance for his barbarous massacreing the inhabitants of Thessalonica. That emperor was, however, so far from being displeased with the behaviour of the saint, that at his death he committed to him the education of his children. Several have picked splinters of wood out of the gates for relics. There is a little chapel lately re-edified, where the same saint baptized St. Austin. An inscription upon the wall of it says, that it was in this chapel and on this occasion, that he first

Digitized by Google

sung his *Te Deum*, and that his great convert answered him verse by verse. In one of the churches I saw a pulpit and confessional, very finely inlaid with *lapis-lazuli*, and several kinds of marble, by a father of the convent. It is very lucky for a religious, who has so much time on his hands, to be able to amuse himself with works of this nature; and one often finds particular members of convents, who have excellent mechanical geniuses, and divert themselves, at leisure hours, with painting, sculpture, architecture, gardening, and several kinds of handicrafts. Since I have mentioned confessionals, I shall set down here some inscriptions that I have seen over them in Roman-catholic countries, which are all texts of scripture, and regard either the penitent or the father. *Abi, Ostende Te ad Sacerdotem —Ne taceat pupilla oculi tui—Ibo ad patrem meum et dicam, Pater peccavi—Soluta erunt in Cœlis—Redi Anima mea in Requiem tuam—Vade, et ne deinceps pecca—Qui vos audit, me audit—Venite ad me omnes qui fatigati estis et onerati—Corripiet me justus in misericordiâ—Vide si via iniquitatis in me est, et deduc me in viâ æternâ—Ut audiret gemitus compeditorum.* I say the Ambrosian library, where, to show the Italian genius, they have spent more money on pictures than on books. Among the heads of several learned men I met with no Englishman, except Bishop Fisher, whom Henry the eighth put to death for not owning his supremacy. Books are, indeed, the least part of the furniture that one ordinarily goes to see in an Italian library, which they generally set off with pictures, statues, and other ornaments, where they can afford them, after the example of the old Greeks and Romans.

——————Plena omnia gypso
Chrysippi invenias: nam perfectissimus horum
Si quis Aristotelem similem vel Pittacon emit,
Et jubet archetypos pluteum servare Cleanthas. Juv. Sat. 2.

Chrysippus' statue decks thy library.
Who makes his study finest is most read;
The dolt, that with an Aristotle's head
Carv'd to the life, has once adorn'd his shelf,
Strait sets up for a Stagyrite himself. Tate.

Digitized by Google

In an apartment behind the library are several rarities often described by travellers, as Brugeal's elements, a head of Titian by his own hand, a manuscript in Latin of Josephus, which the bishop of Salisbury says was written about the age of Theodosius, and another of Leonardus Vincius, which King James the first could not procure, though he proffered for it three thousand Spanish pistoles. It consists of designings in mechanism and engineering: I was shown in it a sketch of bombs and mortars, as they are now used. Canon Settala's cabinet is always shown to a stranger among the curiosities of Milan, which I shall not be particular upon, the printed account of it being common enough. Among its natural curiosities I took particular notice of a piece of crystal, that enclosed a couple of drops, which looked like water when they were shaken, though, perhaps, they are nothing but bubbles of air. It is such a rarity as this that I saw at Vendome in France, which they there pretend is a tear that our Saviour shed over Lazarus, and was gathered up by an angel, who put it in a little crystal vial, and made a present of it to Mary Magdalene. The famous Pere Mabillon is now engaged in the vindication of this tear, which a learned ecclesiastic, in the neighbourhood of Vendome, would have suppressed, as a false and ridiculous relic, in a book that he has dedicated to his diocesan, the bishop of Blois. It is in the possession of a Benedictin convent, which raises a considerable revenue out of the devotion that is paid to it, and has now retained the most learned father of their order to write in its defence.

It was such a curiosity as this I have mentioned, that Claudian has celebrated in about half a score epigrams.

Solibus indomitum glacies Alpina rigorem
Sumebat, nimio jam preciosa gelu.
Nec potuit toto mentiri corpore gemmam,
Sed medio mansit proditor orbe latex:
Auctus honor; liquidi crescunt miracula saxi,
Et conservatæ plus meruistis aquæ.

Deep in the snowy Alps a lump of ice
By frosts was harden'd to a mighty price;
Proof to the sun, it now securely lies,
And the warm dog-star's hottest rage defies:

Digitized by Google

Yet still unripen'd in the dewy mines,
Within the ball a trembling water shines,
That through the crystal darts its spurious rays,
And the proud stone's original betrays;
But common drops, when thus with crystal mixt,
Are valued more, than if in rubies fixt.

As I walked through one of the streets of Milan, I was surprised to read the following inscription, concerning a barber that had conspired with the commissary of health and others to poison his fellow-citizens. There is a void space where his house stood, and in the midst of it a pillar, superscribed *Colonne Infame.* The story is told in handsome Latin, which I shall set down, as having never seen it transcribed.

Hic, ubi hæc Area patens est,
Surgebat olim Tonstrina
Jo' Jacobi Moræ :
Qui factâ cum Gulielmo Platea publ. Sanit. Commissario
Et cum aliis Conspiratione,
Dum pestis atrox sæviret,
Lethiferis unguentis huc et illuc aspersis
Plures ad diram mortem compulit.
Hos igitur ambos, hostes patriæ judicatos,
Excelso in Plaustro
Candenti prius vellicatos forcipe
Et dexterâ mulctatos manu
Rotâ infringi
Rotæque intextos post horas sex jugulari,
Comburi deinde,
Ac, ne quid tam Scelestorum hominum reliqui sit,
Publicatis bonis
Cineres in flumen projici
Senatus jussit :
Cujus rei memoria æterna ut sit,
Hanc domum, Sceleris officinam,
Solo æquari,
Ac nunquam in posterum refici,
Et erigi Columnam,
Quæ vocatur Infamis,
Idem ordo mandavit.
Procul hinc procul ergo
Boni Cives,
Ne Vos Infelix Infame solum
Commaculet!
M. D. C. XXX. *Kal. Augusti.*
Præside Pub. Sanitatis M. Antonio Montio Senatore R. Justitiæ Cap. Jo. Baptistâ Vicecomit.

Digitized by Google

The citadel of Milan is thought a strong fort in Italy, and has held out formerly after the conquest of the rest of the duchy. The governor of it is independent on the governor of Milan; as the Persians used to make the rulers of provinces and fortresses of different conditions and interests, to prevent conspiracies.

At two miles distance from Milan there stands a building, that would have been a master-piece in its kind, had the architect designed it for an artificial echo. We discharged a pistol, and had the sound returned upon us above fifty-six times, though the air was very foggy. The first repetitions follow one another very thick, but are heard more distinctly in proportion as they decay. There are two parallel walls which beat the sound back on each other, till the undulation is quite worn out, like the several reverberations of the same image from two opposite looking-glasses. Father Kircher has taken notice of this particular echo, as Father Bartolin has done since in his ingenious discourse on sounds. The state of Milan is like a vast garden, surrounded by a noble mound-work of rocks and mountains: indeed, if a man considers the face of Italy in general, one would think that nature had laid it out into such a variety of states and governments as one finds in it. For as the Alps at one end, and the long range of Appenines, that passes through the body of it, branch out on all sides into several different divisions; they serve as so many natural boundaries and fortifications to the little territories that lie among them. Accordingly we find the whole country cut into a multitude of particular kingdoms and common-wealths in the oldest accounts we have of it; till the power of the Romans, like a torrent that overflows its banks, bore down all before it, and spread itself into the remotest corners of the nation. But as this exorbitant power became unable to support itself, we find the government of Italy again broken into such a variety of subdivisions, as naturally suits with its situation.

In the court of Milan, as in several others in Italy, there are many who fall in with the dress and carriage

Digitized by Google

of the French. One may, however, observe a kind of awkwardness in the Italians, which easily discovers the airs they give themselves not to be natural. It is indeed very strange there should be such a diversity of manners, where there is so small a difference in the air and climate. The French are always open, familiar, and talkative: the Italians, on the contrary, are stiff, ceremonious, and reserved. In France every one aims at a gaiety and sprightliness of behaviour, and thinks it an accomplishment to be brisk and lively: the Italians, notwithstanding their natural fireiness of temper, affect always to appear sober and sedate; insomuch that one sometimes meets young men walking the streets with spectacles on their noses, that they may be thought to have impaired their sight by much study, and seem more grave and judicious than their neighbours. This difference of manners proceeds chiefly from difference of education: in France it is usual to bring their children into company, and to cherish in them, from their infancy, a kind of forwardness and assurance: besides, that the French apply themselves more universally to their exercises than any other nation in the world, so that one seldom sees a young gentleman in France that does not fence, dance, and ride, in some tolerable perfection. These agitations of the body do not only give them a free and easy carriage, but have a kind of mechanical operation on the mind, by keeping the animal spirits always awake and in motion. But what contributes most to this light airy humour of the French, is the free conversation that is allowed them with their women, which does not only communicate to them a certain vivacity of temper, but makes them endeavour after such a behaviour as is most taking with the sex.

The Italians, on the contrary, who are excluded from making their court this way, are for recommending themselves to those they converse with by their gravity and wisdom. In Spain, therefore, where there are fewer liberties of this nature allowed, there is something still more serious and composed in the manner of the inhabitants. But as mirth is more apt to make proselytes

Digitized by Google

than melancholy, it is observed that the Italians have many of them for these late years given very far into the modes and freedoms of the French; which prevail more or less in the courts of Italy, as they lie at a smaller or greater distance from France. It may be here worth while to consider how it comes to pass, that the common people of Italy have in general so very great an aversion to the French, which every traveller cannot but be sensible of, that has passed through the country. The most obvious reason is certainly the great difference that there is in the humours and manners of the two nations, which always works more in the meaner sort, who are not able to vanquish the prejudices of education, than with the nobility. Besides, that the French humour, in regard of the liberties they take in female conversations, and their great ambition to excel in all companies, is in a more particular manner very shocking to the Italians, who are naturally jealous, and value themselves upon their great wisdom. At the same time the common people of Italy, who run more into news and politics than those of other countries, have all of them something to exasperate them against the king of France. The Savoyards, notwithstanding the present inclinations of their court, cannot forbear resenting the infinite mischiefs he did them in the last war. The Milanese and Neapolitans remember the many insults he has offered to the house of Austria, and particularly to their deceased king, for whom they still retain a natural kind of honour and affection. The Genoese cannot forget his treatment of their doge, and his bombarding their city. The Venetians will tell you of his leagues with the Turks; and the Romans of his threats to Pope Innocent the eleventh, whose memory they adore. It is true, that interest of state and change of circumstances, may have sweetened these reflections to the politer sort, but impressions are not so easily worn out of the minds of the vulgar. That, however, which I take to be the principal motive among most of the Italians, for their favouring the Germans above the French, is this, that they are entirely persuaded it is for the in-

Digitized by Google

terest of Italy to have Milan and Naples rather in the hands of the first than of the other. One may generally observe, that the body of a people has juster views for the public good, and pursues them with greater uprightness than the nobility and gentry, who have so many private expectations and particular interests, which hang like a false bias upon their judgments, and may possibly dispose them to sacrifice the good of their country to the advancement of their own fortunes; whereas the gross of the people can have no other prospect in changes and revolutions, than of public blessings that are to diffuse themselves through the whole state in general.

To return to Milan: I shall here set down the description Ausonius has given of it, among the rest of his great cities.

Et Mediolani mira omnia, copia rerum:
Innumeræ cultæque domus, facunda virorum
Ingenia, et mores læti. Tum duplice muro
Amplificata loci species, populique voluptas
Circus, et inclusi moles cuneata theatri:
Templa, Palatinæque arces, opulensque Moneta,
Et regio Herculei celebris ab honore lavacri,
Cunctaque marmoreis ornata peristyla signis,
Omnia quæ magnis operum velut æmula formis
Excellunt; nec juncta premit vicinia Romæ.

Milan with plenty and with wealth o'erflows,
And num'rous streets and cleanly dwellings shows;
The people, bless'd with nature's happy force,
Are eloquent and cheerful in discourse;
A Circus and a theatre invites
Th' unruly mob to races and to fights.
Moneta, consecrated buildings grace,
And the whole town redoubled walls embrace;
Here spacious baths and palaces are seen,
And intermingled temples rise between;
Here circling colonnades the ground inclose,
And here the marble statues breathe in rows:
Profusely graced the happy town appears,
Nor Rome itself her beauteous neighbour fears.

Digitized by Google

BRESCIA, VERONA, PADUA.

From Milan we travelled through a very pleasant country to Brescia, and by the way crossed the river Adda, that falls into the Lago di Como, which Virgil calls the lake Larius, and running out at the other end loses itself at last in the Po, which is the great receptacle of all the rivers of this country. The town and province of Brescia have freer access to the senate of Venice, and a quicker redress of injuries, than any other part of their dominions. They have always a mild and prudent governor, and live much more happily than their fellow-subjects: for as they were once a part of the Milanese, and are now on their frontiers, the Venetians dare not exasperate them, by the loads they lay on other provinces, for fear of a revolt; and are forced to treat them with much more indulgence than the Spaniards do their neighbours, that they may have no temptation to it. Brescia is famous for its iron-works. A small day's journey more brought us to Verona. We saw the lake Benacus in our way, which the Italians now call Lago di Garda: it was so rough with tempests when we passed by it, that it brought into my mind Virgil's noble description of it.

Adde lacus tantos, te Lari maxime, teque
Fluctibus et fremitu assurgens, Benace, marino.

Here vex'd by winter storms Benacus raves,
Confus'd with working sands and rolling waves;
Rough and tumultuous like a sea it lies,
So loud the tempest roars, so high the billows rise.

This lake perfectly resembles a sea, when it is worked up by storms. It is thirty-five miles in length, and twelve in breadth. At the lower end of it we crossed the Mincio.

———Tardis ingens ubi flexibus errat
Mincius, et tenerâ prætexit arundine ripas.
VIRG. GEORG. iii. v. 14.

Digitized by Google

Where the slow Mincius through the valley strays;
Where cooling streams invite the flocks to drink,
And reeds defend the winding waters brink. DRYDEN.

The river Adige runs through Verona; so much is the situation of the town changed from what it was in Silius Italicus his time.

———*Verona Athesi circumflua.* Lib. 8.

Verona by the circling Adige bound.

This is the only great river in Lombardy that does not fall into the Po; which it must have done, had it run but a little further before its entering the Adriatic. The rivers are all of them mentioned by Claudian.

———*Venetosque erectior amnes*
Magnâ voce ciet. Frondentibus humida ripis
Colla levant, pulcher Ticinus, et Addua visu
Cærulus, et velox Athesis, tardusque meatu
Mincius, inque novem consurgens ora Timavus.
Sexto Cons. Hon.

Venetia's rivers, summon'd all around,
Hear the loud call, and answer to the sound:
Her dropping locks the silver Tessin rears,
The blue transparent Adda next appears,
The rapid Adige then erects her head,
And Mincio rising slowly from his bed,
And last Timavus, that with eager force
From nine wide mouths comes gushing to his course.

His Larius is doubtless an imitation of Virgil's Benacus.

———*Umbrosâ vestit qua littus olivâ*
Larius, et dulci mentitur Nerea fluctu. De Bel. Get.

The Larius here, with groves of olives crown'd,
An ocean of fresh water spreads around:

I saw at Verona the famous amphitheatre, that with a few modern reparations has all the seats entire. There is something very noble in it, though the high wall and corridors that went round it are almost entirely ruined, and the area is quite filled up to the lower seat, which was formerly deep enough to let the spectators see in safety the combats of the wild beasts and gladiators. Since I have Claudian before me, I cannot forbear set-

Digitized by Google

ting down the beautiful description he has made of a wild beast newly brought from the woods, and making its first appearance in a full amphitheatre.

Ut fera quæ nuper montes amisit avitos,
Altorumque exul nemorum, damnatur arenæ
Muneribus, commota ruit; vir murmure contra
Hortatur, nixusque genu venabula tendit;
Illa pavet strepitus, cuneosque erecta theatri
Despicit, et tanti miratur sibila vulgi.
IN. RUF. lib. 2.

So rushes on his foe the grisly bear,
That, banish'd from the hills and bushy brakes,
His old hereditary haunts forsakes.
Condemn'd the cruel rabble to delight,
His angry keeper goads him to the fight.
Bent on his knee, the savage glares around,
Scar'd with the mighty crowd's promiscuous sound;
Then rearing on his hinder paws retires,
And the vast hissing multitude admires.

There are some other antiquities in Verona, of which the principal is the ruin of a triumphal arch erected to Flaminius, where one sees old Doric pillars without any pedestal or basis, as Vitruvius has described them. I have not yet seen any gardens in Italy worth taking notice of. The Italians fall as short of the French in this particular, as they excel them in their palaces. It must, however, be said, to the honour of the Italians, that the French took from them the first plans of their gardens, as well as of their water-works; so that their surpassing of them at present is to be attributed rather to the greatness of their riches, than the excellence of their taste. I saw the terrace-garden of Verona, that travellers generally mention. Among the churches of Verona, that of St. George is the handsomest: its chief ornament is the martyrdom of the saint, drawn by Paul Veronese; as there are many other pictures about the town by the same hand. A stranger is always shown the tomb of Pope Lucius, who lies buried in the dome. I saw in the same church a monument erected by the public to one of their bishops: the inscription says, that there was between him and his Maker, *summa necessitudo, summa similitudo.* The Italian epitaphs are

Digitized by Google

often more extravagant than those of other countries, as the nation is more given to compliment and hyperbole. From Verona to Padua we travelled through a very pleasant country: it is planted thick with rows of white mulberry-trees, that furnish food for great quantities of silk-worms with their leaves, as the swine and poultry consume the fruit. The trees themselves serve, at the same time, as so many stays for their vines, which hang all along like garlands from tree to tree. Between the several ranges lie fields of corn, which, in these warm countries, ripens much better among the mulberry shades, than if it were exposed to the open sun. This was one reason why the inhabitants of this country, when I passed through it, were extremely apprehensive of seeing Lombardy the seat of war, which must have made miserable havoc among their plantations; for it is not here as in the corn fields of Flanders, where the whole product of the place rises from year to year. We arrived so late at Vicenza, that we had not time to take a full sight of the place. The next day brought us to Padua. St. Anthony, who lived above five hundred years ago, is the great saint to whom they here pay their devotions. He lies buried in the church that is dedicated to him at present, though it was formerly consecrated to the blessed Virgin. It is extremely magnificent, and very richly adorned. There are narrow clefts in the monument that stands over him, where good Catholics rub their beads, and smell his bones, which they say have in them a natural perfume, though very like apoplectic balsam; and what would make one suspect that they rub the marble with it, it is observed that the scent is stronger in the morning than at night. There are abundance of inscriptions and pictures hung up by his votaries in several parts of the church: for it is the way of those that are in any signal danger to implore his aid, and if they come off safe they call their deliverance a miracle, and perhaps hang up the picture or description of it in the church. This custom spoils the beauty of several Roman Catholic churches, and often covers the walls with wretched daubings, imperti-

Digitized by Google

nent inscriptions, hands, legs, and arms of wax, with a thousand idle offerings of the same nature.

They sell at Padua the life of St. Anthony, which is read with great devotion; the most remarkable part of it is his discourse to an assembly of fish. As the audience and sermon are both very extraordinary, I will set down the whole passage at length.

"Non curando gli heretici il suo parlare, egli si come era alla riva del mare, dove sbocca il fiume Marecchia, chiamò da parte di Dio li pesci, che venissero à sentir la sua santa parola. Et ecco che di subito sopra l' acque nuotando gran moltitudine di varii, et diversi pesci, é del mare, e del fiume, si unirono tutti, secondo le specie loro, e con bell ordine, quasi che di ragion capaci stati fossero, attenti, e cheti con gratioso spettacolo s'accommodaro per sentir la parola di Dio. Ciò veduto il santo entro al cuor suo di dolcezza stillandosi, et per altretanta maraviglia inarcando le ciglia, della obedientia di queste irragionevoli creature così cominciò loro à parlare. Se bene in tutte le cose create (cari, et amati pesci) si scuopre la potenza, et providenza infinita di Dio, come nel cielo, nel sole, nella luna, nelle stelle, in questo mondo inferiore, nel huomo, e nelle altre creature perfette, nondimeno in voi particolarmente lampeggia e risplende la bontà della maestà divina; perche se bene siete chiamati rettili, mezzi frà pietre, e bruti, confinati nelli profondi abissi delle ondeggiante acque: agitati sempre da flutti: mossi sempre da procelle; sordi al' udire, mutoli al parlare, et horridi al vedere; con tutto ciò in voi maravigliosamente si scorge la Divina grandezza; e da voi si cavano li maggiori misterii della bontà di Dio, ne mai si parla di voi nella scrittura sacra, che non vi sia ascosto qualche profondo sacramento; credete voi, che sia senza grandissimo misterio, che il primo dono fatto dall' onnipotente Iddio all' huomo fosse di voi pesci? Credete, voi che non sia misterio in questo, che di tutte le creature, e di tutti gl' animali si sien fatti sacrificii, eccetto, che di voi pesci? Credete, che non vi sia qualche secreto in questo, che Christo nostro

Digitized by Google

salvatore dall' agnelo pasquale in poi, si compiacque tanto del cibo di voi pesci? Credete, che sia à caso questo, che dovendo il redentor del mondo, pagar, come huomo, il censo à Cesare la volesse trovare nella bocca di un pesce? Tutti, tutti sono misteri è sacramenti: perciò siete particolarmente obligati a lodare il vostro Creatore: amati pesci di Dio havete ricevuto l' essere, la vita, il moto, e'l senso; per stanza vi hà dato il liquido elemento dell' acqua, secondo che alla vostra naturale inclinatione conviene: ivi hà fatti amplissimi alberghi, stanze, caverne, grotte, e secreti luogi à voi più che sale regie, e regal palazzi, cari, e grati; et per propria sede havete l'acqua, elemento diafano, transparente, e sempre lucido quasi cristallo, e verro; et dalle più basse, e profonde vostre stanze scorgete ciò che sopra acqua ò si fa, ò nuota; havete gli occhi quasi di lince, ò di Argo, et da causa non errante guidati, seguite ciò che vi giova, et aggrada; et fuggite ciò che vi nuoce, havete natural desio di conservarvi secondo le spetie vostre, fase, oprate et caminate ove natura vi detta senza contrastro alcuno; nè algor d'inverno, nè calor di state vi offende, ò nuoce; siasi per sereno, ò turbato il cielo, che alli vostri humidi alberghi nè frutto, nè danno apporta; siasi pure abbondevole de suoi tesori, ò scarsa de suoi frutti la terra, che a voi nulla giova; piova, tuoni, saetti, lampaggi, è subissi il mondo, che a voi ciò poco importa; verdeggi primavera, scaldi la state, fruttifichi l'autunno, et assideri li inverno, questo non vi rileva punto: ne trappassar del' hore nè correr de giorni, nè volar de mesi, ne fuggir d'anni, ne mutar de tempi, ne cangiar de stagioni vi dan pensiero alcuno, ma sempre sicura, et tranquilla vita lietamente vivere: O quanto, O quanto grande la Maestà di Dio in voi si scuopre, O quanto mirabile la potenza sua; O quanto stupenda, et maravigliosa sua providenza; poi che frà tutte le creature dell' universo voi solo non sentisti il diluvio universale dell' acque; nè provasti i danni, che egli face al monde; e tutto questo ch'io ho detto dovrebbe muovervi à lodar Dio, à ringratiare sua divina maestà di tanti e cosi singolari beneficii, che vi ha fatti,

Digitized by Google

di tante gratie, che vi ha conferite, di tanti favori, di che vi ha fatti degna; per tanto, se non potete snodar la lingua à ringratiar il vostro benefattore, et non sapete con parole esprimer le sue lodi, fatele segno di riverenza almeno; chinatevi al suo nome; mostrate nel modo che potete sembiante di gratitudine; rendetevi benevoli alla bontà sua, in quel miglior modo che potete; O sapete, non siate sconoscenti de' suoi beneficii, et non siate ingrati de' suoi favori. A questo dire, O maraviglia grande, come si quelli pesci havessero havuto humano intelletto, e discorso, congesti di profonda humiltà, con riverenti sembianti di religione, chinarono la testa, blandiro co'l corpo, quasi approvando ciò che detto havea il benedetto padre S. Antonio."

"When the heretics would not regard his preaching, he betook himself to the sea-shore, where the river Marecchia disembogues itself into the Adriatic. He here called the fish together in the name of God, that they might hear his holy word. The fish came swimming towards him in such vast shoals, both from the sea and from the river, that the surface of the water was quite covered with their multitudes. They quickly ranged themselves, according to their several species, into a very beautiful congregation, and, like so many rational creatures, presented themselves before him to hear the word of God. St. Antonio was so struck with the miraculous obedience and submission of these poor animals, that he found a secret sweetness distilling upon his soul, and at last addressed himself to them in the following words:

"Although the infinite power and providence of God (my dearly beloved fish) discovers itself in all the works of his creation, as in the heavens, in the sun, in the moon, and in the stars, in this lower world, in man, and in other perfect creatures; nevertheless the goodness of the Divine Majesty shines out in you more eminently, and appears after a more particular manner, than in any other created beings. For notwithstanding you are comprehended under the name of reptiles, partaking of

Digitized by Google

a middle nature between stones and beasts, and imprisoned in the deep abyss of waters; notwithstanding you are tost among billows, thrown up and down by tempests, deaf to hearing, dumb to speech, and terrible to behold: notwithstanding, I say, these natural disadvantages, the Divine Greatness shows itself in you after a very wonderful manner. In you are seen the mighty mysteries of an infinite goodness. The holy scripture has always made use of you, as the types and shadows of some profound sacrament.

"Do you think that, without a mystery, the first present that God Almighty made to man, was of you, O ye fishes? Do you think that without a mystery, among all creatures and animals which were appointed for sacrifices, you only were excepted, O ye fishes? Do you think there was nothing meant by our Saviour Christ, that next to the paschal lamb he took so much pleasure in the food of you, O ye fishes? Do you think it was by mere chance, that when the Redeemer of the world was to pay tribute to Cæsar, he thought fit to find it in the mouth of a fish? These are all of them so many mysteries and sacraments, that oblige you in a more particular manner to the praises of your Creator.

"It is from God, my beloved fish, that you have received being, life, motion, and sense. It is he that has given you, in compliance with your natural inclinations, the whole world of waters for your habitation. It is he that has furnished it with lodgings, chambers, caverns, grottoes, and such magnificent retirements as are not to be met with in the seats of kings, or in the palaces of princes: you have the water for your dwelling, a clear transparent element, brighter than crystal; you can see from its deepest bottom every thing that passes on its surface; you have the eyes of a lynx, or of an Argus; you are guided by a secret and unerring principle, delighting in every thing that may be beneficial to you, and avoiding every thing that may be hurtful; you are carried on by a hidden instinct to preserve yourselves, and to propagate your species; you obey in all your actions, works, and motions, the dic-

Digitized by Google

tates and suggestions of nature, without the least repugnancy or contradiction.

"The colds of winter and the heats of summer, are equally incapable of molesting you. A serene or a clouded sky are indifferent to you. Let the earth abound in fruits, or be cursed with scarcity, it has no influence on your welfare. You live secure in rains and thunders, lightnings and earthquakes; you have no concern in the blossoms of spring, or in the glowings of summer, in the fruits of autumn, or in the frosts of winter. You are not solicitous about hours or days, months or years; the variableness of the weather, or the change of seasons.

"In what dreadful majesty, in what wonderful power, in what amazing providence did God Almighty distinguish you among all the species of creatures that perished in the universal deluge! You only were insensible of the mischief that had laid waste the whole world!

"All this, as I have already told you, ought to inspire you with gratitude and praise towards the Divine Majesty, that has done so great things for you, granted you such particular graces and privileges, and heaped upon you so many distinguishing favours. And since for all this you cannot employ your tongues in the praises of your Benefactor, and are not provided with words to express your gratitude; make at least some sign of reverence; bow yourselves at his name; give some show of gratitude, according to the best of your capacities; express your thanks in the most becoming manner that you are able, and be not unmindful of all the benefits he has bestowed upon you.

"He had no sooner done speaking, but behold a miracle! The fish, as though they had been endued with reason, bowed down their heads with all the marks of a profound humility and devotion, moving their bodies up and down with a kind of fondness, as approving what had been spoken by the blessed father St. Antonio."

The legend adds, that after many heretics, who were present at the miracle, had been converted by it, the

Digitized by Google

saint gave his benediction to the fish and dismissed them.

Several other the like stories of St. Anthony are represented about his monument, in a very fine basso relievo.

I could not forbear setting down the titles given to St. Anthony in one of the tables that hangs up to him, as a token of gratitude from a poor peasant, who fancied the saint had saved him from breaking his neck.

Sacratissimi pusionis Bethlehemitici
Lilio candidiori delicio,
Seraphidum soli fulgidissimo,
Celsissimo sacræ sapientiæ tholo,
Prodigiorum patratori potentissimo,
Mortis, erroris, calamitatis, lepræ, dæmonis,
Dispensatori, correctori, liberatori, curatori, fugatori,
Sancto, sapienti, pio, potenti, tremendo,
Ægrotorum et naufragantium salvatori
Præsentissimo, tutissimo.
Membrorum restitutori, vinculorum confractori,
Rerum perditarum inventori stupendo,
Periculorum omnium profligatori
Magno, mirabili,
Ter Sancto,
Antonio Paduano,
Pientissimo post Deum ejusque Virgineam matrem
Protectori et sospitatori suo, &c.

The custom of hanging up limbs in wax, as well as pictures, is certainly derived from the old heathens, who used, upon their recovery to make an offering in wood, metal, or clay, of the part that had been afflicted with a distemper, to the deity that delivered them. I have seen, I believe, every limb of a human body figured in iron or clay, which were formerly made on this occasion, among the several collections of antiquities that have been shown me in Italy. The church of St. Justina, designed by Palladio, is the most handsome, luminous, disencumbered building in the inside that I have ever seen, and is esteemed by many artists one of the finest works in Italy. The long nef consists of a row of five cupolas, the cross-one has on each side a single cupola deeper and broader than the others. The martyrdom of St. Justina hangs over the altar, and is a

Digitized by Google

piece of Paul Veronese. In the great town-hall of Padua stands a stone superscribed *Lapis Vituperii.* Any debtor that will swear himself not worth five pound, and is set by the bailiffs thrice with his bare buttocks on this stone in a full hall, clears himself of any farther prosecution from his creditors; but this is a punishment that nobody has submitted to, these four and twenty years. The university of Padua is of late much more regular than it was formerly, though it is not yet safe walking the streets after sun-set. There is at Padua a manufacture of cloth, which has brought very great revenues into the republic. At present the English have not only gained upon the Venetians in the Levant, which used chiefly to be supplied from this manufacture, but have great quantities of their cloth in Venice itself; few of the nobility wearing any other sort, notwithstanding the magistrate of the pomps is obliged by his office to see that nobody wears the cloth of a foreign country. Our merchants, indeed, are forced to make use of some artifice to get these prohibited goods into port. What they here show for the ashes of Livy and Antenor is disregarded by the best of their own antiquaries.

The pretended tomb of Antenor put me in mind of the latter part of Virgil's description, which gives us the original of Padua.

Antenor potuit mediis elapsus Achivis
Illyricos penetrare sinus, atque intima tutus
Regna Liburnorum, et fontem superare Timavi:
Unde per ora novem vasto cum murmure montis
It mare præruptum, et pelago premit arva sonanti;
Hic tamen ille urbem Patavi, sedesque locavit
Teucrorum, et genti nomen dedit, armaque fixit
Trōïa: nunc placidâ compostus pace quiescit. Æn. 1.

Antenor, from the midst of Grecian hosts,
Could pass secure; and pierce th' Illyrian coasts,
Where rolling down the steep, Timavus raves,
And through nine channels disembogues his waves.
At length he founded Padua's happy seat,
And gave his Trojans a secure retreat:
There fix'd their arms, and there renew'd their names;
And there in quiet lies,——————————

Digitized by Google

From Padua I went down to the river Brent in the ordinary ferry, which brought me in a day's time to Venice.

VENICE.

Having often heard Venice represented as one of the most defencible cities in the world, I took care to inform myself of the particulars in which its strength consists. And these I find are chiefly owing to its advantageous situation; for it has neither rocks nor fortifications near it, and yet is, perhaps, the most impregnable town in Europe. It stands at least four miles from any part of the *terra firma*, nor are the shallows that lie about it ever frozen hard enough to bring over an army from the land-side; the constant flux or reflux of the sea, or the natural mildness of the climate, hindering the ice from gathering to any thickness; which is an advantage the Hollanders want, when they have laid all their country under water. On the side that is exposed to the Adriatic, the entrance is so difficult to hit, that they have marked it out with several stakes driven into the ground, which they would not fail to cut upon the first approach of an enemy's fleet. For this reason they have not fortified the little islands that lie at the entrance, to the best advantage, which might otherwise very easily command all the passes that lead to the city from the Adriatic. Nor could an ordinary fleet, with bomb-vessels, hope to succeed against a place that has always in its arsenal a considerable number of gallies and men of war ready to put to sea on a very short warning. If we could therefore suppose them blocked up on all sides, by a power too strong for them, both by sea and land, they would be able to defend themselves against every thing but famine; and this would not be a little mitigated by the great quantities of fish that their seas abound with, and that may be taken up in the midst of their very streets, which is such a natural magazine as few other places can boast of.

Our voyage-writers will needs have this city in great

Digitized by Google

danger of being left, within an age or two, on the *terra firma;* and represent it in such a manner, as if the sea was insensibly shrinking from it, and retiring into its channel. I asked several, and among the rest Father Coronelli, the state's geographer, of the truth of this particular, and they all assured me that the sea rises as high as ever, though the great heaps of dirt it brings along with it are apt to choke up the shallows, but that they are in no danger of losing the benefit of their situation, so long as they are at the charge of removing these banks of mud and sand. One may see abundance of them above the surface of the water, scattered up and down like so many little islands, when the tide is low; and they are these that make the entrance for ships difficult to such as are not used to them, for the deep canals run between them, which the Venetians are at a great expence to keep free and open.

This city stands very convenient for commerce. It has several navigable rivers that run up into the body of Italy, by which they might supply a great many countries with fish and other commodities; not to mention their opportunities for the Levant, and each side of the Adriatic. But, notwithstanding these conveniences, their trade is far from being in a flourishing condition, for many reasons. The duties are great that are laid on merchandizes. Their nobles think it below their quality to engage in traffic. The merchants who are grown rich, and able to manage great dealings, buy their nobility, and generally give over trade. Their manufactures of cloth, glass and silk, formerly the best in Europe, are now excelled by those of other countries. They are tenacious of old laws and customs to their great prejudice, whereas a trading nation must be still for new changes[a] and expedients, as different junctures and emergencies arise. The state is at present very sensible of this decay in their trade, and as a noble Venetian, who is still a merchant, told me, they will

[a] *New changes*] Every *change* is *new*. The proper word is *measures*.

Digitized by Google

speedily find out some method to redress it; possibly by making a free port, for they look with an evil eye upon Leghorn, which draws to it most of the vessels bound for Italy. They have hitherto been so negligent in this particular, that many think the great duke's gold has had no small influence in their councils.

Venice has several particulars which are not to be found in other cities, and is therefore very entertaining to a traveller. It looks, at a distance, like a great town half floated by a deluge. There are canals every where crossing it, so that one may go to most houses either by land or water. This is a very great convenience to the inhabitants; for a gondola with two oars at Venice, is as magnificent as a coach and six horses with a large equipage in another country; besides that it makes all carriages[a] extremely cheap. The streets are generally paved with brick or free-stone, and always kept very neat, for there is no carriage, not so much as a chair, that passes through them. There is an innumerable multitude of very handsome bridges, all of a single arch, and without any fence on either side, which would be a great inconvenience to a city less sober than Venice. One would, indeed, wonder that drinking is so little in vogue among the Venetians, who are in a moist air and a moderate climate, and have no such diversions as bowling, hunting, walking, riding, and the like exercises to employ them without doors. But as the nobles are not to converse too much with strangers, they are in no danger of learning it; and they are generally too distrustful of one another for the freedoms that are used in such kind of conversations. There are many noble palaces in Venice. Their furniture is not commonly very rich, if we except the pictures, which are here in greater plenty than in any other place in Europe, from the hands of the best masters of the Lom-

[a] *All carriages*] *Carriages*, in the plural, means, the *instruments* of carriage; as *coaches*, &c. The act of carrying, or transportation, is always expressed in the singular number. He should have said, "Makes *carriage*," or "*carriage of all sorts* extremely cheap."

Digitized by Google

bard school; as Titian, Paul Veronese, and Tintoret. The last of these is in greater esteem at Venice than in other parts of Italy. The rooms are generally hung with gilt leather, which they cover on extraordinary occasions with tapestry, and hangings of greater value. The flooring is a kind of red plaister made of brick ground to powder, and afterwards worked into mortar. It is rubbed with oil, and makes a smooth, shining, and beautiful surface. These particularities are chiefly owing to the moisture of the air, which would have an ill effect on other kinds of furniture, as it shows itself too visibly in many of their finest pictures. Though the Venetians are extremely jealous of any great fame or merit in a living member of their commonwealth, they never fail of giving a man his due praises, when they are in no danger of suffering from his ambition. For this reason, though there are a great many monuments erected to such as have been benefactors to the republic, they are generally put up after their deaths. Among the many eulogiums that are given to the Doge Pisauro, who had been ambassador in England, his epitaph says, *In Angliâ Jacobi Regis obitum mirâ calliditate celatum mirâ sagacitate rimatus priscam benevolentiam firmavit.* The particular palaces, churches, and pictures of Venice are enumerated in several little books that may be bought on the place, and have been faithfully transcribed by many voyage-writers. When I was at Venice, they were putting out very curious stamps of the several edifices which are most famous for their beauty or magnificence. The arsenal of Venice is an island of about three miles round. It contains all the stores and provisions for war, that are not actually employed. There are docks for their gallies and men of war, most of them full, as well as work-houses for all land and naval preparations. That part of it where the arms are laid, makes a great show, and was indeed very extraordinary about a hundred years ago, but at present a great part of its furniture is grown useless. There seem to be almost as many suits of armour as there are guns. The swords are old fashioned and unwieldy in a very

Digitized by Google

great number,[a] and the fire-arms fitted with locks of little convenience, in comparison of those that are now in use. The Venetians pretend they could set out, in case of great necessity, thirty men of war, a hundred gallies, and ten galeasses, though I cannot conceive how they could man a fleet of half the number. It was certainly a mighty error in this state to affect so many conquests on the *terra firma*, which[b] has only served to raise the jealousy of the christian princes, and about three hundred years ago had like to have ended in the utter extirpation of the commonwealth; whereas, had they applied themselves with the same politics and industry to the increase of their strength by sea, they might perhaps have had all the islands of the Archipelago in their hands, and, by consequence, the greatest fleet, and the most seamen of any other state in Europe. Besides, that this would have given no jealousy to the princes their neighbours, who would have enjoyed their own dominions in peace, and have been very well contented to have seen[c] so strong a bulwark against all the forces and invasions of the Ottoman empire.

This republic has been much more powerful than it is at present, as it is still likelier to sink than increase in its dominions. It is not impossible but the Spaniard may, some time or other, demand of them Creme, Brescia, and Bergame, which have been torn from the Milanese; and in case a war should arise upon it, and the Venetians lose a single battle, they might be beaten off the continent in a single summer, for their fortifications are very inconsiderable. On the other side, the Venetians are in continual apprehensions from the Turk, who will certainly endeavour at the recovery[d] of the Morea, as soon as the Ottoman empire has recruit-

[a] *In a very great number,*] i. e. of *those suits of armour*. But the expression is careless. Better thus: "the swords are, *very many of them*, old fashioned and unwieldy."

[b] *Which*] i. e. which *affecting so many conquests*.—The antecedent is a whole sentence. Negligently expressed.

[c] *To have seen*] Certainly, *to see*.

[d] *Endeavour at the recovery*] We say *to aim at* the recovery; but, we *endeavour to* recover.

Digitized by Google

ed a little of its ancient strength. They are very sensible that they had better have pushed their conquests on the other side of the Adriatic into Albania, for then their territories would have lain together, and have been nearer the fountain-head to have received succours on occasion; but the Venetians are under articles with the emperor, to resign into his hands whatever they conquer of the Turkish dominions, that has been formerly dismembered from the empire. And having already very much dissatisfied him in the Frioul and Dalmatia, they dare not think of exasperating him further. The pope disputes with them their pretensions to the Polesin, as the Duke of Savoy lays an equal claim to the kingdom of Cyprus. 'Tis surprising to consider with what heats these two powers have contested their title to a kingdom that is in the hands of the Turk.

Among all these difficulties the republic will still maintain itself, if policy can prevail upon[a] force; for it is certain the Venetian senate is one of the wisest councils in the world, though at the same time, if we believe the reports of several that have been well versed in their constitution, a great part of their politics is founded on maxims which others do not think consistent with their honour to put in practice. The preservation of the republic is that to which all other considerations submit. To encourage idleness and luxury in the nobility, to cherish ignorance and licentiousness in the clergy, to keep alive a continual faction in the common people, to connive at the viciousness and debauchery of convents, to breed dissensions among the nobles of the *terra firma*, to treat a brave man with scorn and infamy; in short, to stick at nothing for the public interest, are represented as the refined parts of the Venetian wisdom.

Among all the instances of their politics, there is none more admirable than the great secrecy that reigns in their public councils. The senate is generally as nu-

[a] *Prevail upon*] i. e. the sense of *gaining an influence*, simply; and not a superiority, for then he should have said *prevail over*.

Digitized by Google

merous as our house of commons, if we only reckon the sitting members, and yet carries its resolutions so privately, that they are seldom known till they discover themselves in the execution. It is not many years since they had before them a great debate concerning the punishment of one of their admirals, which lasted a month together, and concluded in his condemnation; yet was there none of his friends, nor of those who had engaged warmly in his defence, that gave him the least intimation of what was passing against him, till he was actually seized, and in the hands of justice.

The noble Venetians think themselves equal at least to the electors of the empire, and but one degree below kings; for which reason they seldom travel into foreign countries, where they must undergo the mortification of being treated like private gentlemen: yet it is observed of them, that they discharge themselves with a great deal of dexterity in such embassies and treaties[a] as are laid on them by the republic; for their whole lives are employed in intrigues of state, and they naturally give themselves airs of kings and princes, of which the ministers of other nations are only the representatives. Monsieur Amelot reckons in his time, two thousand five hundred nobles that had voices in the great council, but at present, I am told, there are not at most fifteen hundred, notwithstanding the addition of many new families since that time. It is very strange, that with this advantage they are not able to keep up their number, considering that the nobility spreads equally through all the brothers, and that so very few of them are destroyed by the wars of the republic. Whether this may be imputed to the luxury of the Venetians, or to the ordinary celibacy of the younger brothers, or to the last plague which swept away many of them, I know not. They generally thrust the females of their families into convents, the better to preserve their estates. This makes the Venetian nuns famous for the liberties they

[a] *Embassies and treaties laid upon*] An embassy being an office, may be *laid* upon a man: a *treaty*, the *object* of such office, cannot.

Digitized by Google

allow themselves. They have operas within their own walls, and often go out of their bounds to meet their admirers, or they are very much misrepresented. They have many of them their lovers, that converse with them daily at the grate, and are[a] very free to admit a visit from a stranger. There is, indeed, one of the Cornaras, that not long ago refused to see any under a prince.

The carnival of Venice is every where talked of. The great diversion of the place at that time, as well as on all other high occasions, is masking. The Venetians, who are naturally grave, love to give into the follies and entertainments of such seasons, when disguised in a false personage. They are, indeed, under a necessity of finding out diversions that may agree with the nature of the place, and make some amends for the loss of several pleasures which may be met with on the continent. These disguises give occasion to abundance of love-adventures; for there is something more intriguing in the amours of Venice, than in those of other countries, and I question not but the secret history of a carnival would make a collection of very diverting novels. Operas are another great entertainment of this season. The poetry of them is generally as exquisitely ill, as the music is good. The arguments are often taken from some celebrated action of the ancient Greeks or Romans, which sometimes looks ridiculous enough; for who can endure to hear one of the rough old Romans squeaking through the mouth of an eunuch, especially when they may chuse a subject out of courts where eunuchs are really actors, or represent by them any of the soft Asiatic monarchs? The opera that was most in vogue, during my stay at Venice, was built on the following subject. Cæsar and Scipio are rivals for Cato's daughter. Cæsar's first words bid his soldiers fly, for the enemies are upon them. "Si leva Cesare, e dice a Soldati. A la fugga. A' lo Scampo." The daughter gives the preference to

[a] *And are*] To avoid the ambiguity, it had been better to say, "and *they* are."

Digitized by Google

Cæsar, which is made the occasion of Cato's death. Before he kills himself, you see him withdrawn into his library, where, among his books, I observed the titles of Plutarch and Tasso. After a short soliloquy he strikes himself with the dagger that he holds in his hand, but being interrupted by one of his friends, he stabs him for his pains, and by the violence of the blow unluckily breaks the dagger on one of his ribs, so that he is forced to dispatch himself by tearing up his first wound. This last circumstance puts me in mind of a contrivance in the opera of St. Angelo, that was acted at the same time. The king of the play endeavours at a rape, but the poet being resolved to save his heroine's honour, has so ordered it, that the king always acts with a great case knife stuck in his girdle, which the lady snatches from him in the struggle, and so defends herself.

The Italian poets, besides the celebrated smoothness of their tonguc, have a particular advantage, above the writers of other nations, in the difference of their poetical and prose language. There are, indeed, sets of phrases that in all countries are peculiar to the poets, but among the Italians there are not only sentences, but a multitude of particular words that never enter into common discourse. They have such a different turn and polishing for poetical use, that they drop several of their letters, and appear in another form, when they come to be ranged in verse. For this reason the Italian opera seldom sinks into a poorness of language, but, amidst all the meanness and familiarity of the thoughts, has something beautiful and sonorous in the expression. Without this natural advantage of the tongue, their present poetry would appear wretchedly low and vulgar, notwithstanding the many strained allegories that are so much in use among the writers of this nation. The English and French, who always use the same words in verse as in ordinary conversation, are forced to raise their language with metaphors and figures, or, by the pompousness of the whole phrase, to wear off any littleness that appears in the particular parts

Digitized by Google

that compose it. This makes our blank verse, where there is no rhyme to support the expression, extremely difficult to such as are not masters in the tongue, especially when they write on low subjects; and 'tis probably for this reason that Milton has made use of such frequent transpositions, Latinisms, antiquated words and phrases, that he might the better deviate from vulgar and ordinary expressions.

The comedies that I saw at Venice, or indeed in any other part of Italy, are very indifferent, and more lewd than those of other countries. Their poets have no notion of genteel comedy, and fall into the most filthy double-meanings imaginable, when they have a mind to make their audience merry. There is no part generally so wretched as that of the fine gentleman, especially when he converses with his mistress; for then the whole dialogue is an insipid mixture of pedantry and romance. But 'tis no wonder that the poets of so jealous and reserved a nation fail in such conversations on the stage, as they have no patterns of in nature. There are four standing characters which enter into every piece that comes on the stage, the Doctor, Harlequin, Pantalone, and Coviello. The doctor's character comprehends the whole extent of a pedant, that with a deep voice, and a magisterial air, breaks in upon conversation, and drives down all before him: every thing he says is backed with quotations out of Galen, Hippocrates, Plato, Virgil, or any author that rises uppermost, and all answers from his companion are looked upon as impertinencies or interruptions. Harlequin's part is made up of blunders and absurdities; he is to mistake one name for another, to forget his errands, to stumble over queens, and to run his head against every post that stands in his way. This is all attended with something so comical in the voice and gestures, that a man, who is sensible of the folly of the part, can hardly forbear being pleased with it. Pantalone is generally an old cully, and Coviello a sharper.

I have seen a translation of the Cid, acted at Bolonia, which would never have taken, had they not found a

Digitized by Google

place in it for these buffoons. All four of them appear in masks that are made like the old Roman *personæ*, as I shall have occasion to observe in another place. The French and Italians have probably derived this custom of shewing some of their characters in masks, from the Greek and Roman theatre. The old Vatican Terence has at the head of every scene the figures of all the persons that are concerned in it, with the particular disguises in which they acted; and I remember to have seen in the Villa Mattheio an antick statue masked, which was perhaps designed for Gnatho in the eunuch, for it agrees exactly with the figure he makes in the Vatican manuscript. One would wonder, indeed, how so polite a people as the ancient Romans and Athenians[a] should not look on these borrowed faces as unnatural. They might do very well for a Cyclops, or a satyr, that can have no resemblance in human features; but for a flatterer, a miser, or the like characters, which abound in our own species, nothing is more ridiculous than to represent their looks by a painted vizard. In persons of this nature the turns and motions of the face are often as agreeable as any part of the action. Could we suppose that a mask represented never so naturally the general humour of a character, it can never suit with the variety of passions that are incident to every single person in the whole course of a play. The grimace may be proper on some occasions, but is too steady to agree with all. The rabble, indeed, are generally pleased at the first entry of a disguise, but the jest grows cold even with them too when it comes on the stage in a second scene.

Since I am on this subject, I cannot forbear mentioning a custom at Venice, which they tell me is particular to the common people of this country, of singing stanzas out of Tasso. They are set to a pretty solemn tune, and when one begins in any part of the poet, it is odds but he will be answered by somebody else that

[a] *Romans and Athenians*] They had, without doubt, their reasons for this practice, for they were sensible of it's inconvenience.

Digitized by Google

overhears him; so that sometimes you have ten or a dozen in the neighbourhood of one another, taking verse after verse, and running on with the poem as far as their memories will carry them.

On Holy Thursday, among the several shows that are yearly exhibited, I saw one that is odd enough, and particular to the Venetians. There is a set of artisans, who by the help of several poles, which they lay across each others shoulders, build themselves up into a kind of pyramid; so that you see a pile of men in the air of four or five rows rising one above another. The weight is so equally distributed, that every man is very well able to bear his part of it, the stories, if I may so call them, growing less and less as they advance higher and higher. A little boy represents the point of the pyramid, who, after a short space, leaps off, with a great deal of dexterity, into the arms of one that catches him at the bottom. In the same manner the whole building falls to pieces. I have been the more particular on this, because it explains the following verses of Claudian, which show that the Venetians are not the inventors of this trick.

Vel qui more avium sese jaculantur in auras,
Corporaque ædificant, celeri crescentia nexu,
Quorum compositam puer augmentatus in arcem
Emicat, et vinctus plantæ, vel cruribus hærens,
Pendula librato figit vestigia saltu.

CLAUD. de Pros. et Olyb. Cons.

Men, pil'd on men, with active leaps arise,
And build the breathing fabric to the skies;
A sprightly youth above the topmost row
Points the tall pyramid, and crowns the show.

Though we meet with the Veneti in the old poets, the city of Venice is too modern to find a place among them. Sannazarius's epigram is too well known to be inserted. The same poet has celebrated this city in two other places of his poems.

——Quis Venetæ miracula proferat urbis,
Una instar magni quæ simul Orbis habet?
Salve Italûm Regina, altæ pulcherrima Romæ
Æmula, quæ terris, quæ dominaris aquis!

Digitized by Google

Tu tibi vel Reges cives facis; O Decus, O Lux
Ausoniæ, per quam libera turba sumus,
Per quam Barbaries nobis non imperat, et Sol
Exoriens nostro clarius orbe nitet! Lib. 3. el. 1.

Venetia stands with endless beauties crown'd,
And as a world within herself is found.
Hail, queen of Italy! for years to come
The mighty rival of immortal Rome!
Nations and seas are in thy states enroll'd,
And kings among thy citizens are told.
Ausonia's brightest ornament! by thee
She sits a sov'reign, unenslav'd and free;
By thee, the rude barbarian chas'd away,
The rising sun cheers with a purer ray
Our western world, and doubly gilds the day.

Nec tu semper eris, quæ septem amplecteris arces,
Ne tu, quæ mediis æmula surgis aquis. Lib. 2. el. 1.

Thou too shalt fall by time or barb'rous foes,
Whose circling walls the sev'n fam'd hills inclose;
And thou, whose rival tow'rs invade the skies,
And, from amidst the waves, with equal glory rise.

FERRARA, RAVENNA, RIMINI.

At Venice I took a bark for Ferrara, and in my way thither saw several mouths of the Po, by which it empties itself into the Adriatic.

——Quo non alius per pinguia culta
In mare purpureum violentior influit amnis. VIRG. Georg. 4.

which is true, if understood only of the rivers of Italy.

Lucan's description of the Po would have been very beautiful, had he known when to have given over.

Quoque magis nullum tellus se solvit in amnem
Eridanus, fractasque evolvit in æquora sylvas,
Hesperiamque exhaurit aquis: hunc fabula primum
Populeâ fluvium ripas umbrâsse coronâ:
Cumque diem pronum transverso limite ducens
Succendit Phaëton flagrantibus æthera loris;
Gurgitibus raptis, penitus telluree perustâ,
Hunc habuisse pares Phœbeis ignibus undas. Lib. 2.

The Po, that rushing with uncommon force,
O'ersets whole woods in its tumultuous course,

Digitized by Google

And rising from Hesperia's wat'ry veins,
Th' exhausted land of all its moisture drains.
The Po, as sings the fable, first convey'd
Its wond'ring current through a poplar shade:
For when young Phaeton mistook his way,
Lost and confounded in the blaze of day,
This river, with surviving streams supply'd,
When all the rest of the whole earth were dry'd,
And nature's self lay ready to expire,
Quench'd the dire flame that set the world on fire.

The poet's reflections follow.

Non minor hic Nilo, si non per plana jacentis
Ægypti Libycas Nilus stagnaret arenas.
Non minor hic Istro, nisi quod dum permeat orbem
Ister, casuros in quælibet æquora fontes
Accipit, et Scythicas exit non solus in undas.

Nor would the Nile more wat'ry stores contain,
But that he stagnates on his Lybian plain:
Nor would the Danube run with greater force,
But that he gathers in his tedious course
Ten thousand streams, and swelling as he flows,
In Scythian seas the glut of rivers throws.

That is, says Scaliger, the Eridanus would be bigger than the Nile and Danube, if the Nile and Danube were not bigger than the Eridanus. What makes the poet's remark the more improper, the very reason why the Danube is greater than the Po, as he assigns it, is that which really makes the Po as great as it is; for before its fall into the gulf, it receives into its channel the most considerable rivers of Piemont, Milan, and the rest of Lombardy.

From Venice to Ancona the tide comes in very sensibly at its stated periods, but rises more or less in proportion as it advances nearer the head of the gulf. Lucan has run out of his way to describe the *phænomenon*, which is indeed very extraordinary to those who lie out of the neighbourhood of the great ocean, and, according to his usual custom, lets his poem stand still that he may give way to his own reflections.

Quáque jacet littus dubium, quod terra fretumque
Vendicat alternis vicibus, cum fluditur ingens

Digitized by Google

Oceanus, vel cùm refugis se fluctibus aufert.
Ventus ab extremo pelagus sic axe volutet
Destituatque ferens: an sidere mota secundo
Tethyos unda vagæ lunaribus æstuat horis:
Flammiger an Titan, ut alentes hauriat undas,
Erigat oceanum fluctusque ad sidera tollat,
Quærite quos agitat mundi labor: at mihi semper
Tu quæcunque moves tam crebros causa meatus,
Ut superi voluere, late.———— Lib. 1.

Wash'd with successive seas, the doubtful strand
By turns is ocean, and by turns is land:
Whether the winds in distant regions blow,
Moving the world of waters to and fro:
Or waining moons their settled periods keep
To swell the billows, and ferment the deep;
Or the tir'd sun, his vigour to supply,
Raises the floating mountains to the sky,
And slakes his thirst within the mighty tide,
Do you who study nature's works decide:
Whilst I the dark mysterious cause admire,
Nor, into what the gods conceal, presumptuously inquire.

At Ferrara I met with nothing extraordinary. The town is very large, but extremely thin of people. It has a citadel, and something like a fortification running round it, but so large that it requires more soldiers to defend it, than the pope has in his whole dominions. The streets are as beautiful as any I have seen, in their length, breadth, and regularity. The Benedictines have the finest convent of the place. They showed us in the church Ariosto's monument: his epitaph says, he was *Nobilitate generis atque animi clarus, in rebus publicis administrandis, in regendis populis, in gravissimis et summis Pontificis legationibus prudentiâ consilio, eloquentiâ præstantissimus.*

I came down a branch of the Po, as far as Alberto, within ten miles of Ravenna. All this space lies miserably uncultivated till you come near Ravenna, where the soil is made extremely fruitful, and shows what much of the rest might be, were there hands enough to manage it to the best advantage. It is now on both sides the road very marshy, and generally overgrown with rushes, which made me fancy it was once floated by the sea, that lies within four miles of it. Nor could

Digitized by Google

I in the least doubt it when I saw Ravenna, that is now almost at the same distance from the Adriatic, though it was formerly the most famous of all the Roman ports.

One may guess at its ancient situation from Martial's

Melliúsque Ranæ garriant Ravennates. Lib. 3.

Ravenna's frogs in better music croak.

and the description that Silius Italicus has given us of it.

Dudque gravi remo limosis segniter undis
Lenta paludosæ perscindunt stagna Ravennæ. Lib. 8.

Encumber'd in the mud, their oars divide
With heavy strokes the thick unwieldy tide.

Accordingly the old geographers represent it as situated among marshes and shallows. The place which is shown for the haven, is on a level with the town, and has probably been stopped up by the great heaps of dirt that the sea has thrown into it; for all the soil on that side of Ravenna has been left there insensibly by the sea's discharging itself upon it for so many ages. The ground must have been formerly much lower, for otherwise the town would have lain under water. The remains of the Pharos, that stand about three miles from the sea, and two from the town, have their foundations covered with earth for some yards, as they told me, which[a] notwithstanding are upon a level with the fields that lie about them, though it is probable they[b] took the advantage of a rising ground to set it upon. It was a square tower of about twelve yards in breadth, as appears by that part of it which yet remains entire, so that its height must have been very considerable to have preserved a proportion. It is made in the form of the Venetian Campanello, and is probably the high tower mentioned by Pliny, lib. 36. cap. 12.

On the side of the town, where the sea is supposed to have lain formerly, there is now a little church called

[a] *Which*] i. e. what now *appear* to be their foundations.
[b] *They*] Who? This whole sentence is wretchedly expressed.

Digitized by Google

the Rotonda. At the entrance of it are two stones, the one with an inscription in Gothic characters, that has nothing in it remarkable; the other is a square piece of marble, that by the inscription appears ancient, and by the ornaments about it shows itself to have been a little Pagan monument of two persons who were shipwrecked, perhaps in the place where now their monument stands. The first line and a half, that tells their names and families in prose, is not legible; the rest runs thus:

———Raniæ domus hos produxit alumnos,
Libertatis opus contulit una dies.
Naufraga mors pariter rapuit quos junxerat antè,
Et duplices luctus mors periniqua dedit.

Both with the same indulgent master bless'd,
On the same day their liberty possess'd:
A shipwreck slew whom it had join'd before,
And left their common friends their fun'rals to deplore.

There is a turn in the third verse that we lose, by not knowing the circumstances of their story. It was the *naufraga mors* which destroyed them, as it had formerly united them; what this union was is expressed in the preceding verse, by their both having been made freemen on the same day. If, therefore, we suppose they had been formerly shipwrecked with their master, and that he made them free at the same time, the epigram is unriddled. Nor is this interpretation perhaps so forced as it may seem at first sight, since it was the custom of the masters, a little before their death, to give their slaves their freedom, if they had deserved it at their hands; and it is natural enough to suppose one, involved in a common shipwreck, would give such of his slaves their liberty, as should have the good luck to save themselves. The chancel of this church is vaulted with a single stone of four foot in thickness, and a hundred and fourteen in circumference. There stood on the outside of this little cupola a great tomb of porphyry, and the statues of the twelve apostles; but in the war that Louis the twelfth made on Italy, the tomb was broken in pieces by a cannon-ball. It was perhaps the same blow that made the flaw in the cupola, though

Digitized by Google

the inhabitants say it was cracked by thunder that destroyed a son of one of their Gothic princes, who had taken shelter under it, as having been foretold what kind of death he was to die. I asked an abbot that was in the church, what was the name of this Gothic prince, who, after a little recollection, answered me, "That he could not tell precisely, but that he thought it was one Julius Cæsar." There is a convent of Theatins, where they show a little window in the church, through which the Holy Ghost is said to have entered in the shape of a dove, and to have settled on one of the candidates for the bishopric. The dove is represented in the window, and in several places of the church, and is in great reputation all over Italy. I should not, indeed, think it impossible for a pigeon to fly in accidentally through the roof, where they still keep the hole open, and, by its fluttering over such a particular place, to give so superstitious an assembly an occasion of favouring a competitor, especially if he had many friends among the electors that would make a politic use of such an accident: but they pretend the miracle has happened more than once. Among the pictures of several famous men of their order, there is one with this inscription. *P. D. Thomas Gouldvellus Ep. As. Trid. concilio contra Hæreticos, et in Anglia contra Elisabet. Fidei Confessor conspicuus.* The statue of Alexander the Seventh stands in the large square of the town; it is cast in brass, and has the posture that is always given the figure of a pope; an arm extended, and blessing the people. In another square on a high pillar is set the statue of the Blessed Virgin, arrayed like a queen, with a sceptre in her hand, and a crown upon her head; for having delivered the town from a raging pestilence. The custom of crowning the Holy Virgin is so much in vogue among the Italians, that one often sees in their churches a little tinsel crown, or perhaps a circle of stars glued to the canvass over the head of the figure, which sometimes spoils a good picture. In the convent of Benedictines I saw three huge chests of marble, with

Digitized by Google

no inscription on them that I could find, though they are said to contain the ashes of Valentinian, Honorius, and his sister Placidia. From Ravenna I came to Rimini, having passed the Rubicon by the way. This river is not so very contemptible as it is generally represented, and was much increased by the melting of the snows when Cæsar passed it, according to Lucan.

Fonte cadit modico parvisque impellitur undis
Puniceus Rubicon, cum fervida canduit æstas:
Perque imas serpit valles, et Gallica certus
Limes ab Ausoniis disterminat arva colonis:
Tunc vires præbebat hyems, atque auxerat undas
Tertia jam gravido pluvialis Cynthia cornu,
Et madidis Euri resolutæ flatibus Alpes. Lib. 1.

While summer lasts, the streams of Rubicon
From their spent source in a small current run,
Hid in the winding vales they gently glide,
And Italy from neighb'ring Gaul divide;
But now, with winter storms increas'd, they rose,
By wat'ry moons produc'd, and Alpine snows,
That melting on the hoary mountains lay,
And in warm eastern winds dissolv'd away.

This river is now called Pisatello.

Rimini has nothing modern to boast of. Its antiquities are as follow: a marble bridge of five arches, built by Augustus and Tiberius, for the inscription is still legible, though not rightly transcribed by Gruter. A triumphal arch raised by Augustus, which makes a noble gate to the town, though part of it is ruined. The ruins of an amphitheatre. The Suggestum, on which it is said that Julius Cæsar harangued his army after having passed the Rubicon. I must confess I can by no means look on this last as authentic: it is built of hewn stone, like the pedestal of a pillar, but something higher than ordinary, and is but just broad enough for one man to stand upon it. On the contrary, the ancient Suggestums, as I have often observed on medals, as well as on Constantine's arch, were made of wood like a little kind of stage, for the heads of the nails are sometimes represented, that are supposed to have fastened the boards together. We often see on them the

Digitized by Google

emperor, and two or three general officers, sometimes sitting and sometimes standing, as they made speeches, or distributed a congiary to the soldiers or people. They were probably always in readiness, and carried among the baggage of the army, whereas this at Rimini must have been built on the place, and required some time before it could be finished.

If the observation I have here made is just, it may serve as a confirmation to the learned Fabretti's conjecture on Trajan's pillar; who supposes, I think, with a great deal of reason, that the camps, intrenchments, and other works of the same nature, which are cut out as if they had been made of brick or hewn stone, were in reality only of earth, turf, or the like materials; for there are on the pillar some of these Suggestums which are figured like those on medals, with only this difference, that they seem built of brick or free-stone. At twelve miles distance from Rimini stands the little republic of St. Marino, which I could not forbear visiting, though it lies out of the common tour of travellers, and has excessively bad ways to it. I shall here give a particular account of it, because I know of nobody else that has done it. One may, at least, have the pleasure of seeing in it something more singular than can be found in great governments, and form from it an idea of Venice in its first beginnings, when it had only a few heaps of earth for its dominions, or of Rome itself, when it had as yet covered but one of its seven hills.

THE REPUBLIC OF ST. MARINO.

The town and republic of St. Marino stands on the top of a very high and craggy mountain. It is generally hid among the clouds, and lay under snow when I saw it, though it was clear and warm weather in all the country about it. There is not a spring or fountain, that I could hear of, in the whole dominions, but they are always well provided with huge cisterns and reservoirs of rain and snow-water. The wine that grows

Digitized by Google

on the sides of their mountain is extraordinary good,* and I think much better than any I met with on the cold side of the Appenines. This puts me in mind of their cellars, which have most of them a natural advantage that renders them extremely cool in the hottest seasons, for they have generally in the sides of them deep holes that run into the hollows of the hill, from whence there constantly issues a breathing kind of vapour, so very chilling in the summer time, that a man can scarce suffer his hand in the wind of it.

This mountain, and a few neighbouring hillocks that lie scattered about the bottom of it, is the whole circuit of these dominions. They have, what they call, three castles, three convents, and five churches, and can reckon about five thousand souls in their community. The inhabitants as well as the historians, who mention this little republic, give the following account of its original. St. Marino was its founder, a Dalmatian by birth, and by trade a mason. He was employed above thirteen hundred years ago in the reparation of Rimini, and after he had finished his work, retired to this solitary mountain, as finding it very proper for the life of a hermit, which he led in the greatest rigours and austerities of religion. He had not been long here before he wrought a reputed miracle, which, joined with his extraordinary sanctity, gained him so great an esteem, that the princess of the country made him a present of the mountain, to dispose of at his own discretion. His reputation quickly peopled it, and gave rise to the republic which calls itself after his name. So that the Commonwealth of Marino may boast at least of a nobler original than that of Rome, the one having been at first an asylum for robbers and murderers, and the other a resort of persons eminent for their piety and devotion. The best of their churches is dedicated to the saint, and holds his ashes. His statue stands over the high altar,

* *Extraordinary good,*] for, extraordinarily good.—This way of using an adjective adverbially, is allowed in the narrative, or familiar style; and seems to have taken its rise from the ease and dispatch of pronunciation.

Digitized by Google

with the figure of a mountain in its hands, crowned with three castles, which is likewise the arms of the commonwealth. They attribute to his protection the long duration of their state, and look on him as the greatest saint next the blessed virgin. I saw in their statute-book a law against such as speak disrespectfully of him, who are to be punished in the same manner as those who are convicted of blasphemy.

This petty republic has now lasted thirteen hundred years, while all the other states of Italy have several times changed their masters and forms of government. Their whole history is comprised in two purchases, which they made of a neighbouring prince, and in a war in which they assisted the pope against a lord of Rimini. In the year 1100 they bought a castle in the neighbourhood, as they did another in the year 1170. The papers of the conditions are preserved in their archives, where 'tis very remarkable that the name of the agent for the commonwealth, of the seller, of the notary, and the witnesses, are the same in both the instruments, though drawn up at seventy years distance from each other. Nor can it be any mistake in the date, because the popes and emperors names, with the year of their respective reigns, are both punctually set down. About 290 years after this they assisted pope Pius the second against one of the Malatestas, who was then lord of Rimini; and when they had helped to conquer him, received from the pope, as a reward for their assistance, four little castles. This they represent as the flourishing time of the commonwealth, when their dominions reached half way up a neighbouring hill; but at present they are reduced to their old extent. They would probably sell their liberty as dear as they could to any that attacked them; for there is but one road by which to climb up to them, and they have a very severe law against any of their own body that enters the town by another path, lest any new one should be worn on the sides of their mountain. All that are capable of bearing arms are exercised, and ready at a moment's call.

Digitized by Google

The sovereign power of the republic was lodged originally in what they call the Arengo, a great council, in which every house had its representative. But because they found too much confusion in such a multitude of statesmen, they devolved their whole authority into the hands of the council of sixty. The Arengo, however, is still called together in cases of extraordinary importance; and if, after due summons, any member absents himself, he is to be fined to the value of about a penny English, which the statute says he shall pay, *sine aliquâ diminutione aut gratiâ.* In the ordinary course of government, the council of sixty (which, notwithstanding the name, consists but of forty persons) has in its hands the administration of affairs, and is made up half out of the noble families, and half out of the plebeian. They decide all by balloting, are not admitted till five and twenty years old, and chuse the officers of the commonwealth.

Thus far they agree with the great council of Venice, but their power is much more extended; for no sentence can stand that is not confirmed by two-thirds of this council. Besides, that no son can be admitted into it during the life of his father, nor two be in it of the same family, nor any enter but by election. The chief officers of the commonwealth are the two capitaneos, who have such a power as the old Roman consuls had, but are chosen every six months. I talked with some that had been capitaneos six or seven times, though the office is never to be continued to the same persons twice successively. The third officer is the commissary, who judges in all civil and criminal matters. But because the many alliances, friendships, and intermarriages, as well as the personal feuds and animosities that happen among so small a people might obstruct the course of justice, if one of their own number had the distribution of it; they have always a foreigner for this employ, whom they chuse for three years, and maintain out of the public stock. He must be a doctor of law, and a man of known integrity. He is joined in commission with the capitaneos, and acts something like the recor-

Digitized by Google

der of London under the lord-mayor. The commonwealth of Genoa was forced to make use of a foreign judge for many years, whilst their republic was torn into the divisions of Guelphs and Gibelines. The fourth man in the state is the physician, who must likewise be a stranger, and is maintained by a public salary. He is obliged to keep a horse, to visit the sick, and to inspect all drugs that are imported. He must be at least thirty-five years old, a doctor of the faculty, and eminent for his religion and honesty; that his rashness or ignorance may not unpeople the commonwealth. And that they may not suffer long under any bad choice, he is elected only for three years. The present physician is a very understanding man, and well read in our countrymen, Harvey, Willis, Sydenham, &c. He has been continued for some time among them, and they say the commonwealth thrives under his hands. Another person who makes no ordinary figure in the republic, is the schoolmaster. I scarce met with any in the place that had not some tincture of learning. I had the perusal of a Latin book in folio, entitled, *Statuta Illustrissimæ reipublicæ Sancti Marini*, printed at Rimini by order of the commonwealth. The chapter on the public ministers says, that when an ambassador is dispatched from the republic to any foreign state he shall be allowed, out of the treasury, to the value of a shilling a day. The people are esteemed very honest and rigorous in the execution of justice, and seem to live more happy and contented among their rocks and snows, than others of the Italians do in the pleasantest vallies of the world. Nothing, indeed, can be a greater instance of the natural love that mankind has for liberty, and of their aversion to an arbitrary government, than such a savage mountain covered with people, and the Campania of Rome, which lies in the same country, almost destitute of inhabitants.[a]

[a] The author has paid this little republic the compliment to tell its story in very good English.

Digitized by Google

PESARO, FANO, SENIGALLIA, ANCONA, LORETTO, &c. TO ROME.

From Rimini to Loretto the towns of note are Pesaro, Fano, Senigallia and Ancona. Fano received its name from the Fane or temple of Fortune that stood in it. One may still see the triumphal arch erected there to Augustus: it is indeed very much defaced by time; but the plan of it, as it stood entire with all its inscriptions, is neatly cut upon the wall of a neighbouring building. In each of these towns is a beautiful marble fountain, where the water runs continually through several little spouts, which looks very refreshing in these hot countries, and gives a great coolness to the air about them. That of Pesaro is handsomely designed. Ancona is much the most considerable of these towns. It stands on a promontory, and looks more beautiful at a distance than when you are in it. The port was made by Trajan, for which he has a triumphal arch erected to him by the sea-side. The marble of this arch[a] looks very white and fresh, as being exposed to the winds and salt sea vapours, that by continually fretting it preserves itself from that mouldy colour, which others of the same materials have contracted. Though the Italians and voyage writers call these of Rimini, Fano, and Ancona triumphal arches, there was probably some distinction made among the Romans between such honorary arches erected to emperors, and those that were raised to them on the account of victory, which are properly triumphal arches. This at Ancona was an instance of gratitude to Trajan for the port he had made there, as the

[a] *The marble of this arch*] This whole sentence, as it stands, is very faulty. To make the expression exact, we should either read "The marble of this arch looks very white and fresh, as being exposed to the winds and salt vapours;, *so* that, by *continual* fretting, it preserves itself," &c. or rather, thus: "The marble of this arch looks very white and fresh, as being exposed to the winds and salt vapours, that, by continually fretting it, preserve it from that mouldy colour, *so generally contracted by the same materials, in other buildings.*"

Digitized by Google

two others I have mentioned were probably for some reason of the same nature. One may, however, observe the wisdom of the ancient Romans, who to encourage their emperors in their inclination of doing good to their country, gave the same honours to the great actions of peace, which turned to the advantage of the public, as to those of war. This is very remarkable in the medals that are stamped on the same occasions. I remember to have seen one of Galba's with a triumphal arch on the reverse, that was made by the senate's order for his having remitted a tax. R. XXXX. REMISSA. S. C. The medal which was made for Trajan in remembrance of his beneficence to Ancona is very common. The reverse has on it a port with a chain running across it, and betwixt them both a boat with this inscription,

S. P. Q. R. OPTIMO PRINCIPI. S. C.

I know Fabretti would fain ascribe this medal to another occasion, but Bellorio, in his additions to Angeloni, has sufficiently refuted all he says on that subject.

At Loretto I inquired for the English Jesuists' lodgings, and on the staircase that leads to them, I saw several pictures of such as had been executed in England, as the two Garnets, Oldcorn, and others, to the number of thirty. Whatever were their crimes, the inscription says they suffered for their religion, and some of them are represented lying under such tortures as are not in use among us. The martyrs of 1679 are set by themselves, with a knife stuck in the bosom of each figure, to signify that they were quartered.

The riches in the holy house and treasury are surprisingly great, and as much surpassed my expectation, as other sights have generally fallen short of it. Silver can scarce find an admission, and gold itself looks but poorly among such an incredible number of precious stones. There will be, in a few ages more, the jewels of the greatest value in Europe, if the devotion of its princes continues in its present fervour. The last offering was made by the queen dowager of Poland, and cost her 18,000 crowns. Some have wondered that the Turk never attacks this treasury, since it lies so near the sea-

Digitized by Google

shore, and is so weakly guarded. But besides that he has attempted it formerly with no success, it is certain the Venetians keep too watchful an eye over his motions at present, and would never suffer him to enter the Adriatic. It would, indeed, be an easy thing for a christian prince to surprise it, who has ships still passing to and fro without suspicion, especially if he had a party in the town, disguised like pilgrims, to secure a gate for him; for there have been sometimes to the number of 100,000 in a day's time, as it is generally reported. But 'tis probable the veneration for the holy house, and the horror of an action that would be resented by all the catholic princes of Europe, will be as great a security to the place as the strongest fortification. It is indeed an amazing thing to see such a prodigious quantity of riches lie dead and untouched in the midst of so much poverty and misery, as reign on all sides of them. There is no question, however, but the pope would make use of these treasures in case of any great calamity that should endanger the Holy See; as an unfortunate war with the Turk, or a powerful league among the protestants. For I cannot but look on those vast heaps of wealth, that are amassed together in so many religious places of Italy, as the hidden reserves and magazines of the church, that she would open on any pressing occasion for her last defence and preservation. If these riches were all turned into current coin, and employed in commerce, they would make Italy the most flourishing country in Europe. The case of the holy house is nobly designed, and executed by the great masters of Italy, that flourished about an hundred years ago. The statues of the Sibyls are very finely wrought, each of them in a different air and posture, as are likewise those of the prophets underneath them. The roof of the treasury is painted with the same kind of device. There stands at the upper end of it a large crucifix, very much esteemed; the figure of our Saviour represents him in his last agonies of death, and amidst all the ghastliness of the visage, has something in it very amiable. The gates of the church are said to be of Corinthian brass,

Digitized by Google

with many scripture stories rising on them in *basso relievo*. The pope's statue, and the fountain by it, would make a noble show in a place less beautified with so many other productions of art. The spicery, the cellar and its furniture, the great revenues of the convent, with the story of the Holy House, are too well known to be here insisted upon.

Whoever were the first inventors of this imposture, they seem to have taken the hint of it from the veneration that the old Romans paid to the cottage of Romulus, which stood on mount Capitol, and was repaired from time to time as it fell to decay. Virgil has given a pretty image of this little thatched palace, that represents it standing in Manlius's time, 327 years after the death of Romulus.

In summo custos Tarpeiæ Manlius arcis
Stabat pro templo, et capitolia celsa tenebat;
Romuleoque recens horrebat regia culmo. Æn. lib. 8.

High on a rock heroic Manlius stood
To guard the temple, and the temple's god:
Then Rome was poor, and there you might behold
The palace thatch'd with straw.———— Dryden.

From Loretto, in my way to Rome, I passed through Recanati, Macerata, Tolentino, and Foligni. In the last there is a convent of nuns called la Contessa, that has in the church an incomparable Madonna of Raphael. At Spoletto, the next town on the road, are some antiquities. The most remarkable is an aqueduct of a gothic structure, that conveys the water from mount St. Francis to Spoletto, which is not to be equalled for its height by any other in Europe. They reckon from the foundation of the lowest arch to the top of it 230 yards. In my way hence to Terni I saw the river Clitumnus, celebrated by so many of the poets for a particular quality in its waters of making cattle white that drink of it. The inhabitants of that country have still the same opinion of it, as I found upon inquiry, and have a great many oxen of a whitish colour to confirm them in it. It is probable this breed was first settled in the country, and continuing still the same species, has made the in-

Digitized by Google

habitants impute it to a wrong cause; though they may as well fancy their hogs turn black for some reason of the same nature, because there are none in Italy of any other breed. The river Clitumnus, and Mevania that stood on the banks of it, are famous for the herds of victims with which they furnished all Italy.

Qua formosa suo Clitumnus flumina luco
Integit, et niveos abluit unda boves. Prop. lib. 2.

Hinc albi Clitumne greges, et maxima taurus
Victima, sæpe tuo perfusi flumine sacro
Romanos ad templa Deûm duxere triumphos. Georg. 2. Virg.

There flows Clitumnus through the flow'ry plain;
Whose waves, for triumphs after prosp'rous war,
The victim ox, and snowy sheep prepare.

———Patulis Clitumnus in arvis
Candentes gelido profundit flumine tauros. Sil. Ital. lib. 2.

———Taurifera ubi se Mevania campis
Explicat——— Luc. lib. 1.

———Atque ubi latis
Projecta in campis nebulas exhalat inertes,
Et sedet ingentem pascens Mevania taurum,
Dona Jovi——— Idem, lib. 6.

———Nec si vacuet Mevania valles,
Aut præstent niveos Clitumna novalia tauros,
Sufficiam——— Stat. Syl. lib. 1.

Pinguior Hispullâ traheretur taurus et ipsâ
Mole piger, non finitimâ nutritus in herbâ,
Læta sed ostendens Clitumni pascua sanguis
Iret, et à grandi cervix ferienda ministro. Juv. Sat. 12.

A bull high fed should fall the sacrifice,
One of Hispulla's huge prodigious size:
Not one of those our neighb'ring pastures feed,
But of Clitumnus whitest sacred breed:
The lively tincture of whose gushing blood
Should clearly prove the richness of his food;
A neck so strong, so large, as would command
The speeding blow of some uncommon hand.
Mr. Congreve.

I shall afterwards have occasion to quote Claudian.

Terni is the next town in course, formerly called Interamna, for the same reason that a part of Asia was

Digitized by Google

named Mesopotamia. We enter at the gate of the three monuments, so called, because there stood near it a monument erected to Tacitus the historian, with two others to the emperors Tacitus and Florianus, all of them natives of the place. These were a few years ago demolished by thunder, and the fragments of them are in the hands of some gentlemen of the town. Near the dome I was shown a square marble, inserted in the wall, with the following inscription.

Saluti perpetuæ Augustæ
Libertatique Publicæ Populi Romani
Genio municipi Anno post
Interamnam Conditam.
D. CC. IV.

Ad Cnejum Domitium Ahenobarbum. ——————— *Coss. providentiæ Ti. Cæsaris Augusti nati ad Æternitatem Romam nominis sublato hoste perniciosissimo P. R. Faustus Titius Liberalis VI. vir iterum. P. S. F. C.* that is, *pecunia sua fieri curavit.*

This stone was probably set up on occasion of the fall of Sejanus. After the name of Ahenobarbus there is a little furrow in the marble, but so smooth and well polished, that I should not have taken notice of it had not I seen *coss.* at the end of it, by which it is plain there was once the name of another consul, which has been industriously razed out. Lucius Aruncius Camillus Scribonianus was consul under the reign of [a] Tiberius, and was afterwards put to death for a conspiracy that he had formed against the emperor Claudius; at which time it was ordered that his name and consulate should be effaced out of all public registers and inscriptions. It is not, therefore, improbable, that it was this long name which filled up the gap I am now mentioning. There are near this monument the ruins of an ancient theatre, with some of the caves entire. I saw among the ruins an old heathen altar, with this particularity in it, that it is hollowed, like a dish, at one end; but it was not this end on which the sacrifice was laid, as one may guess from the make of the festoon that runs round the altar, and is inverted when the

[a] Vide Fast. Consul. Sicul.

Digitized by Google

hollow stands uppermost. In the same yard, among the rubbish of the theatre, lie two pillars, the one of granate, and the other of a very beautiful marble. I went out of my way to see the famous cascade about three miles from Terni. It is formed by the fall of the river Velino, which Virgil mentions in the seventh Æneid.—*Rosea rura Velini.*

The channel of this river lies very high, and is shaded on all sides by a green forest, made up of several kinds of trees that preserve their verdure all the year. The neighbouring mountains are covered with them, and, by reason of their height, are more exposed to the dews and drizzling rains than any of the adjacent parts, which gives occasion to Virgil's *rosea rura*, (dewy countries). The river runs extremely rapid before its fall, and rushes down a precipice of a hundred yards high. It throws itself into the hollow of a rock, which has probably been worn by such a constant fall of water. It is impossible to see the bottom on which it breaks, for the thickness of the mist that rises from it, which looks at a distance like clouds of smoke ascending from some vast furnace, and distils in perpetual rains on all the places that lie near it. I think there is something more astonishing in this cascade, than in all the water-works of Versailles, and could not but wonder when I first saw it, that I had never met with it in any of the old poets, especially in Claudian, who makes his Emperor Honorius go out of his way to see the river Nar, which runs just below it, and yet does not mention what would have been so great an embellishment to his poem. But at present I do not in the least question, notwithstanding the opinion of some learned men to the contrary, that this is the gulf through which Virgil's Alecto shoots herself into hell: for the very place, the great reputation of it, the fall of waters, the woods that encompass it, with the smoke and noise that arise from it, are all pointed at in the description. Perhaps he would not mention the name of the river, because he has done it in the verses that precede. We may add to this, that the cascade is not far off that

Digitized by Google

part of Italy, which has been called *Italiæ Meditullium.*

Est locus Italiæ medio, sub montibus altis,
Nobilis, et famâ multis memoratus in oris,
Amsancti valles, densis hunc frondibus atrum
Urget utrinque latus nemoris, mediòque fragosus
Dat sonitum saxis et torto vortice torrens:
Hic specus horrendum, et sævi spiracula Ditis
Monstrantur, ruptoque ingens Acheronte vorago
Pestiferas aperit fauces, quèis condita Erinnys
Invisum numen terras cælumque levabat. Æn. 7.

In midst of Italy, well known to fame,
There lies a vale, Amsanctus is the name,
Below the lofty mounts: on either side
Thick forests the forbidden entrance hide:
Full in the centre of the sacred wood
An arm ariseth of the Stygian flood;
Which falling from on high, with bellowing sound
Whirls the black waves and ratling stones around.
Here Pluto pants for breath from out his cell,
And opens wide the grinning jaws of hell.
To this infernal gate the fury flies,
Here hides her hated head, and frees the lab'ring skies.
DRYDEN.

It was indeed the most proper place in the world for a fury to make her *exit*, after she had filled a nation with distractions and alarms; and I believe every reader's imagination is pleased, when he sees the angry goddess thus sinking, as it were, in a tempest, and plunging herself into hell, amidst such a scene of horror and confusion.

The river Velino, after having found its way out from among the rocks where it falls, runs into the Nera. The channel of this last river is white with rocks, and the surface of it, for a long space, covered with froth and bubbles; for it runs all along upon the fret, and is still breaking against the stones that oppose its passage: so that for these reasons, as well as for the mixture of sulphur in its waters, it is very well described by Virgil, in that verse which mentions these two rivers in their old Roman names.

Tartaream intendit vocem, quâ protinus omne
Contremuit nemus, et sylvæ intonuere profundæ,

Digitized by Google

Audiit et longè Triviæ lacus, audiit amnis
Sulfureâ Nar albus aquâ, fontesque Velini. Æn. 7.

The sacred lake of Trivia from afar,
The Veline fountains, and sulphureous Nar,
Shake at the baleful blast, the signal of the war. DRYDEN.

He makes the sound of the fury's trumpet run up the Nera to the very sources of Velino, which agrees extremely well with the situation of these rivers. When Virgil has marked any particular quality in a river, the other poets seldom fail of copying after him.

——— *Sulphureus Nar.* AUSON.

——— *Narque albescentibus undis*
In Tibrim properans ——— SIL. It. lib. 8.

——— *Et Nar vitiatus odoro*
Sulfure ———
CLAUD. de Pr. et Olyb. Cons.

———The hoary Nar,
Corrupted with the stench of sulphur, flows,
And into Tiber's streams th' infected current throws.

From this river our next town on the road receives the name of Narni. I saw hereabouts nothing remarkable except Augustus's bridge, that stands half a mile from the town, and is one of the stateliest ruins in Italy. It has no cement, and looks as firm as one entire stone. There is an arch of it unbroken, the broadest that I have ever seen, though by reason of its great height, it does not appear so. The middle one was still much broader. They join together two mountains, and belonged, without doubt, to the bridge that Martial mentions, though Mr. Ray takes them to be the remains of an aqueduct.

Sed jam parce mihi, nec abutere Narnia quinto,
Perpetuo dicear sic tibi ponte frui! Lib. 7.

Preserve my better part, and spare my friend;
So, Narni, may thy bridge for ever stand.

From Narni I went to Otricoli, a very mean little village, that stands where the castle of Ocriculum did formerly. I turned about half a mile out of the road to see the ruins of the old Ocriculum, that lie near the

Digitized by Google

banks of the Tiber. There are still scattered pillars and pedestals, huge pieces of marble half buried in the earth, fragments of towers, subterraneous vaults, bathing places, and the like marks of its ancient magnificence.

In my way to Rome, seeing a high hill standing by itself in the Campania, I did not question but it had a classic name, and upon inquiry found it to be Mount Soracte. The Italians at present call it, because its name begins with an S. St. Oreste.

The fatigue of our crossing the Appenines, and of our whole journey from Loretto to Rome, was very agreeably relieved by the variety of scenes we passed through. For not to mention the rude prospect of rocks rising one above another, of the gutters deep worn in the sides of them by torrents of rain and snow-water, or the long channels of sand winding about their bottoms, that are sometimes filled with so many rivers: we saw, in six days' travelling, the several seasons of the year in their beauty and perfection. We were sometimes shivering on the top a bleak mountain, and a little while after basking in a warm valley, covered with violets and almond-trees in blossom, the bees already swarming over them, though but in the month of February. Sometimes our road led us through groves of olives, or by gardens of oranges, or into several hollow apartments among the rocks and mountains, that look like so many natural green-houses; as being always shaded with a great variety of trees and shrubs that never lose their verdure.

I shall say nothing of the Via Flaminia, which has been spoken of by most of the voyage-writers that have passed it, but shall set down Claudian's account of the journey that Honorius made from Ravenna to Rome, which lies most of it in the same road that I have been describing.

———Antiquæ muros egressa Ravennæ
Signa movet, jamque ora Padi portusque relinquit
Flumineos, certis ubi legibus advena Nereus
Æstuat, et pronas puppes nunc amne secundo

Digitized by Google

Nunc redeunte vehit, nudataque littora fluctu
Deserit, oceani lunaribus æmula damnis;
Lætior hinc fano recipit Fortuna vetusto,
Despiciturque vagus præruptâ valle Metaurus,
Quid mons arte patens vivo se perforat arcu,
Admisitque viam sectæ per viscera rupis,
Exuperans delubra Jovis, saxoque minantes
Apenninigenis cultas pastoribus aras:
Quin et Clitumni sacras victoribus undas,
Candida quæ latiis præbent armenta triumphis
Visere cura fuit. Nec te miracula fontis[b]
Prætereunt: tacito passu quem si quis adiret,
Lentus erat: si voce gradum majore citâsset,
Commistis fervebat aquis cùmque omnibus una
Sit natura vadis, similes ut corporis umbras
Ostendant: hæc sola novam janctantia sortem
Humanos properant imitari flumina mores.
Celsa dehinc patulum prospectans Narnia campum
Regali calcatur equo, rarique coloris
Non procul amnis adest, urbi qui nominis auctor
Ilice sub densâ sylvis arctatus opacis
Inter utrumque jugum tortis anfractibus albet.
Inde salutato libatis Tibride nymphis,
Excipiunt arcus, operosaque semita, vastis
Molibus, et quicquid tantæ præmittitur urbi.

De 6 Cons. Hon.

They leave Ravenna and the mouths of Po,
That all the borders of the town o'erflow;
And spreading round in one continu'd lake,
A spacious hospitable harbour make.
Hither the seas at stated times resort,
And shove the loaden vessels into port:
Then with a gentle ebb retire again,
And render back their cargo to the main.
So the pale moon the restless ocean guides,
Driv'n to and fro by such submissive tides.
Fair fortune next, with looks serene and kind,
Receives 'em, in her ancient fane enshrin'd;
Then the high hills they cross, and from below
In distant murmurs hear Metaurus flow;
'Till to Clitumno's sacred streams they come,
That send white victims to almighty Rome;
When her triumphant sons in war succeed,
And slaughter'd hecatombs around 'em bleed.
At Narni's lofty seats arriv'd from far
They view the windings of the hoary Nar;

[a] A highway made by Vespasian, like the Grotto Obscuro near Naples.

[b] This fountain not known.

Digitized by Google

Through rocks and woods impetuously he glides,
While froth and foam the fretting surface hides.
And now the royal guest, all dangers pass'd,
Old Tiber and his nymphs salutes at last;
The long laborious pavement here he treads,
That to proud Rome th' admiring nations leads:
While stately vaults and tow'ring piles appear,
And show the world's metropolis is near.

Silius Italicus, who has taken more pains on the geography of Italy than any other of the Latin poets, has given a catalogue of most of the rivers that I saw in Umbria, or in the borders of it. He has avoided a fault (if it be really such) which Macrobius has objected to Virgil, of passing from one place to another, without regarding their regular and natural situation, in which Homer's catalogues are observed to be much more methodical and exact than Virgil's.

——— *Cavis venientes montibus Umbri,*
Hos Æsis Sapisque lavant, rapidasque sonanti
Vortice contorquens undas per saxa Metaurus,
Et lavat ingentem perfundens flumine sacro
Clitumnus taurum, Narque albescentibus undis
In Tibrim properans, Tineæque inglorius humor,
Et Clanis, et Rubico, et Senonum de nomine Senon.
Sed pater ingenti medios illabitur amne
Albula, et immotâ perstringit mœnia ripâ,
His urbes arva, et latis Mevania pratis,
Hispellum, et duro monti per saxa recumbens
Narnia, &c.——— SIL. IT. lib. 8.

Since I am got among the poets, I shall end this chapter with two or three passages out of them, that I have omitted inserting in their proper places.

Sit cisterna mihi quam vinea malo Ravennæ,
Cum possim multo vendere pluris aquam. MAR. lib. 5.

Lodg'd at Ravenna, (water sells so dear)
A cistern to a vineyard I prefer.

Callidus imposuit nuper mihi caupo Ravennæ;
Cum peterem mixtum, vendidit ille merum. Id.

By a Ravenna vintner once betray'd,
So much for wine and water mix'd I paid;
But when I thought the purchas'd liquor mine,
The rascal fobb'd me off with only wine.

Digitized by Google

Stat fucare colus nec Sidone vilior Ancon,
Murice nec Tyrio.——— Sil. It. lib. 8.

The wool when shaded with Ancona's dye,
May with the proudest Tyrian purple vie.

Fountain water is still very scarce at Ravenna, and was probably much more so, when the sea was within its neighbourhood.

FROM ROME TO NAPLES.

Upon my arrival at Rome, I took a view of St. Peter's, and the Rotunda, leaving the rest till my return from Naples, when I should have time and leisure enough to consider what I saw. St. Peter's seldom answers expectation at first entering it, but enlarges itself on all sides insensibly, and mends upon the eye every moment. The proportions are so very well observed, that nothing appears to an advantage, or distinguishes itself above the rest. It seems neither extremely high, nor long, nor broad, because it is all of them in a just equality. As on the contrary, in our Gothic cathedrals, the narrowness of the arch makes it rise in height, or run out in length; the lowness often opens it in breadth, or the defectiveness of some other particular, makes any single part appear in great perfection. Though every thing in this church is admirable, the most astonishing part of it is the cupola. Upon my going to the top of it, I was surprised to find that the dome, which we see in the church, is not the same that one looks upon without doors, the last of them being a kind of case to the other, and the stairs lying betwixt them both, by which one ascends into the ball. Had there been only the outward dome, it would not have shewn itself to an advantage to those that are in the church; or had there only been the inward one, it would scarce have been seen by those that are without; had they both been one solid dome of so great a thickness, the pillars would have been too weak to have sup-

Digitized by Google

ported it. After having surveyed this dome, I went to see the Rotunda, which is generally said to have been the model of it. This church is at present so much changed from the ancient Pantheon, as Pliny has described it, that some have been inclined to think it is not the same temple; but the Cavalier Fontana has abundantly satisfied the world in this particular, and shewn how the ancient figure, and ornaments of the Pantheon, have been changed into what they are at present. This author, who is now esteemed the best of the Roman architects, has lately written a treatise on Vespasian's Amphitheatre, which is not yet printed.

After having seen these two master-pieces of modern and ancient architecture, I have often considered with myself whether the ordinary figure of the heathen, or that of the christian temples be the most beautiful, and the most capable of magnificence, and cannot forbear thinking the cross figure more proper for such spacious buildings than the rotund. I must confess the eye is better filled at first entering the rotund, and takes in the whole beauty and magnificence of the temple at one view. But such as are built in the form of a cross, give us a greater variety of noble prospects. Nor is it easy to conceive a more glorious show in architecture, than what a man meets with in St. Peter's, when he stands under the dome. If he looks upward he is astonished at the spacious hollow of the cupola, and has a vault on every side of him, that makes one of the beautifullest vistas that the eye can possibly pass through. I know that such as are professed admirers of the ancients, will find abundance of chimerical beauties the architects themselves never thought of, as one of the most famous of the moderns in that art tells us, the hole in the roof of the Rotunda is so admirably contrived, that it makes those who are in the temple look like angels, by diffusing the light equally on all sides of them.

In all the old high-ways that lead from Rome, one sees several little ruins on each side of them, that were

Digitized by Google

formerly so many sepulchres; for the ancient Romans generally buried their dead near the great roads.

Quorum Flaminiâ tegitur cinis atque Latinâ. Juv. S. 1.

None, but some few of a very extraordinary quality, having been interred within the walls of the city.

Our christian epitaphs, that are to be seen only in churches, or church-yards, begin often with a *Siste Viator. Viator precare salutem, &c.* probably in imitation of the old Roman inscriptions that generally addressed themselves to the travellers; as it was impossible for them to enter the city, or to go out of it, without passing through one of these melancholy roads, which for a great length was nothing else but a street of funeral monuments.

In my way from Rome to Naples, I found nothing so remarkable as the beauty of the country, and the extreme poverty of its inhabitants It is indeed an amazing thing to see the present desolation of Italy, when one considers what incredible multitudes of people it abounded with during the reigns of the Roman emperors: and notwithstanding the removal of the imperial seat, the irruptions of barbarous nations, the civil wars of this country, with the hardships of its several governments, one can scarce imagine how so plentiful a soil should become so miserably unpeopled in comparison of what it once was. We may reckon, by a very moderate computation, more inhabitants in the Campania of old Rome, than are now in all Italy. And if we could number up those prodigious swarms that had settled themselves in every part of this delightful country, I question not but that they would amount to more than can be found, at present, in any six parts of Europe of the same extent. This desolation appears no where greater than in the pope's territories, and yet there are several reasons would make a man expect to see these dominions the best regulated, and most flourishing of any other in Europe. Their prince is generally a man of learning and virtue, mature in years and experience,

Digitized by Google

who has seldom any vanity or pleasure to gratify at his people's expence, and is neither encumbered with wife, children, or mistresses; not to mention the supposed sanctity of his character, which obliges him in a more particular manner to consult the good and happiness of mankind. The direction of church and state are lodged entirely in his own hands, so that his government is naturally free from those principles of faction and division which are mixed in the very composition of most others. His subjects are always ready to fall in with his designs, and are more at his disposal than any others of the most absolute government, as they have a greater veneration for his person, and not only court his favour, but his blessing. His country is extremely fruitful, and has good havens both for the Adriatic and Mediterranean, which is an advantage peculiar to himself and the Neapolitans above the rest of the Italians. There is still a benefit the pope enjoys above all other sovereigns, in drawing great sums out of Spain, Germany, and other countries that belong to foreign princes, which one would fancy might be no small ease to his own subjects. We may here add, that there is no place in Europe so much frequented by strangers, whether they are such as come out of curiosity, or such who are obliged to attend the court of Rome on several occasions, as are many of the cardinals and prelates, that bring considerable sums into the pope's dominions. But notwithstanding all these promising circumstances, and the long peace that has reigned so many years in Italy, there is not a more miserable people in Europe than the pope's subjects. His state is thin of inhabitants, and a great part of his soil uncultivated. His subjects are wretchedly poor and idle, and have neither sufficient manufactures, nor traffic to employ them. These ill effects may arise, in a great measure, out of the arbitrariness of the government, but I think they are chiefly to be ascribed to the very genius of the Roman catholic religion, which here shews itself in its perfection. It is not strange to find a country half unpeopled, where so great a proportion of the inhabitants of both sexes is

Digitized by Google

tied under such vows of chastity, and where at the same time an inquisition forbids all recruits out of any other religion. Nor is it less easy to account for the great poverty and want that are to be met with in a country which invites into it such swarms of vagabonds, under the title of pilgrims, and shuts up in cloisters such an incredible multitude of young and lusty beggars, who, instead of increasing the common stock by their labour and industry, lie as a dead weight on their fellow-subjects, and consume the charity that ought to support the sickly, old, and decrepid. The many hospitals that are every where erected, serve rather to encourage idleness in the people, than to set them at work; not to mention the great riches which lie useless in churches and religious houses, with the multitude of festivals that must never be violated by trade or business. To speak truly, they are here so wholly taken up with men's souls, that they neglect the good of their bodies; and when, to these natural evils in the government and religion, there arises among them an avaricious pope, who is for making a family, it is no wonder if the people sink under such a complication of distempers. Yet it is to this humour of Nepotism that Rome owes its present splendour and magnificence; for it would have been impossible to have furnished out[a] so many glorious palaces with such a profusion of pictures, statues, and the like ornaments, had not the riches of the people at several times fallen into the hands of many different families, and of particular persons: as we may observe, though the bulk of the Roman people was more rich and happy in the times of the commonwealth, the city of Rome received all its beauties and embellishments under the emperors. It is probable the Campania of Rome, as well as other parts of the pope's territories, would be cultivated much better than it is, were there not such an exorbitant tax on corn, which makes them plough up only such spots of ground as turn to the most advantage: whereas were the money to be raised on lands, with an exception to some of the more barren parts, that might be tax-free

[a] It should have been "*to furnish out.*"

Digitized by Google

for a certain term of years, every one would turn his ground to the best account, and in a little time perhaps bring more money into the pope's treasury.

The greatest pleasure I took in my journey from Rome to Naples was in seeing the fields, towns, and rivers, that have been described by so many classic authors, and have been the scenes of so many great actions; for this whole road is extremely barren of curiosities. It is worth while to have an eye on Horace's voyage to Brundisi, when one passes this way; for by comparing his several stages, and the road he took, with those that are observed at present, we may have some idea of the changes that have been made in the face of this country since his time. If we may guess at the common travelling of persons of quality, among the ancient Romans, from this poet's description of his voyage, we may conclude they seldom went above fourteen miles a day over the Appian way, which was more used by the noble Romans than any other in Italy, as it led to Naples, Baiæ, and the most delightful parts of the nation. It is, indeed, very disagreeable to be carried in haste over this pavement.

Minùs est gravis Appia tardis.———— Hor.

Lucan has described the very road from Anxur to Rome, that Horace took from Rome to Anxur. It is not, indeed, the ordinary way at present, nor is it marked out by the same places in both poets.

Jamque et præcipites superaverat Anxuris arces,
Et quâ Pontinas[a] *via dividit uda paludes,*
Quâ sublime nemus, Scythicæ quâ regna Dianæ:
Quâque iter est Latiis ad summam fascibus Albam.
Excelsâ de rupe procul jam conspicit urbem. Lib. 3.

He now had conquer'd Anxur's steep ascent,
And to Pontina's watry marshes went,
A long canal the muddy fen divides,
And with a clear unsullied current glides;
Diana's woody realms he next invades,
And crossing through the consecrated shades
Ascends high Alba, whence with new delight
He sees the city rising to his sight.

[a] A canal, the marks of it still seen.

Digitized by Google

In my way to Naples I crossed the two most considerable rivers of the Campania Felice, that were formerly called the Liris and Vulturnus, and are at present the Garigliano and Vulturno. The first of these rivers has been deservedly celebrated by the Latin poets for the gentleness of its course, as the other for its rapidity and noise.

———Rura quæ Liris quietâ
Mordet aquâ, taciturnus amnis. Hor. lib. 1. od. 30.

Liris———qui fonte quieto
Dissimulat cursum, et nullo mutabilis imbre
Perstringit tacitas gemmanti gurgite ripas. Sil. It. lib. 4.

———Miscentem flumina Lirim
Sulfureum, tacitisque vadis ad littora lapsum
Accolit Arpinas——— Idem, lib. 8.

Where the smooth streams of Liris stray,
And steal insensibly away.
The warlike Arpine borders on the sides
Of the slow Liris, that in silence glides,
And in its tainted stream the working sulphur hides.

Vulturnusque rapax——— Cl. de Pr. et Ol. Con.

Vulturnusque celer——— Luc. lib. 2. 28.

———Fluctuque sonorum
Vulturnum——— Sil. It. lib. 8.

The rough Vulturnus, furious in its course,
With rapid streams divides the fruitful grounds,
And from afar in hollow murmurs sounds.

The ruins of Anxur and old Capua mark out the pleasant situation in which those towns formerly stood. The first of them was planted on the mountain, where we now see Terracina, and by reason of the breezes that came off the sea, and the height of its situation, was one of the summer retirements of the ancient Romans.

O nemus, O fontes! solidumque madentis arenæ
Littus, et æquoreis splendidus Anxur aquis! Mar. lib. 10.

Ye warbling fountains, and ye shady trees,
Where Anxur feels the cool refreshing breeze
Blown off the sea, and all the dewy strand
Lies cover'd with a smooth unsinking sand!

Digitized by Google

Anxuris æquorei placidos frontine recessus
Et propius Baïas littoreamque domum,
Et quod inhumanæ Cancro fervente Cicadæ
Non novere, nemus, fluminaque lacus
Dum colui, &c.———————

On the cool shore, near Baja's gentle seats,
I lay retir'd in Anxur's soft retreats,
Where silver lakes, with verdant shadows crown'd,
Disperse a grateful chillness all around;
The grasshopper avoids th' untainted air,
Nor in the midst of summer ventures there.

Impositum saxis latè candentibus Anxur. Hor. S. 5. l. 1.

Monte procelloso Murranum miserat Anxur. Sil. It. lib. 4.

———*Scopulosi verticis Anxur.* Idem, lib. 4.

Capuæ Luxum vide apud———— Idem, lib. 11.

Murranus came from Anxur's show'ry height,
With ragged rocks, and stony quarries white;
Seated on hills———————

I don't know whether it be worth while to take notice that the figures, which are cut in the rock near Terracina, increase still in a decimal proportion as they come nearer the bottom. If one of our voyage writers, who passed this way more than once, had observed the situation of these figures, he would not have troubled himself with the dissertation that he has made upon them. Silius Italicus has given us the names of several towns and rivers in the Campania Felice.

Jam verò quos dives opum, quos dives avorum,
Et toto dabat ad bellum Campania tractu;
Ductorum adventum vicinis sedibus Osci
Servabant; Sinuessa tepens, fluctuque sonorum
Vulturnum, quasque evertere silentia, Amyclæ,
Fundique et regnata Lamo Cajeta, domusque
Antiphatæ compressa freto, stagnisque palustre
Linternum, et quondam fatorum conscia Cuma,
Illic Nuceriæ, et Gaurus navalibus apta,
Prole Dicharchæâ multo cum milite Graja
Illic Parthenope, et Pæno non pervia Nola,
Alliphe, et Clanio contemtæ semper Acerræ.
Sarrastes etiam populos totasque videres
Sarni mitis opes: illic quos sulphure pingues
Phlegræi legere sinus, Misenus et ardens
Ore gigantæo sedes Ithacesia, Bajæ,

Digitized by Google

Non Prochite, non ardentem sortita Tiphæa
Inarime, non antiqui saxosa Telonis
Insula, nec parvis aberat Calatia muris,
Surrentum, et pauper sulci Cerealis Avella,
In primis Capua, heu rebus servare secundis
Inconsulta modum, et pravo peritura tumore. SIL. IT. lib. 8.

NAPLES.

My first days at Naples were taken up with the sight of processions, which are always very magnificent in the holy week. It would be tedious to give an account of the several representations of our Saviour's death and resurrection, of the figures of himself, the Blessed Virgin, and the apostles, which are carried up and down on this occasion, with the cruel penances that several inflict on themselves, and the multitude of ceremonies that attend these solemnities. I saw, at the same time, a very splendid procession for the accession of the duke of Anjou to the crown of Spain, in which the viceroy bore his part at the left hand of Cardinal Cantelmi. To grace the parade, they exposed, at the same time, the blood of St. Januarius, which liquified at the approach of the saint's head, though, as they say, it was hard congealed before. I had twice an opportunity of seeing the operation of this pretended miracle, and must confess I think it so far from being a real miracle, that I look upon it as one of the most bungling tricks that I ever saw: yet it is this that makes as great a noise as any in the Roman church, and that Monsieur Paschal has hinted at among the rest, in his marks of the true religion. The modern Neapolitans seem to have copied it out from one, which was shown in a town of the kingdom of Naples, as long ago as in Horace's time.

———Dehinc Gnatia lymphis
Iratis extructa dedit risusque jocosque,
Dum flammâ sine thura liquescere limine sacro
Persuadere cupit: credat Judæus apella,
Non ego——— Sat. 5. l. 1.

At Gnatia next arriv'd, we laugh'd to see
The superstitious crowd's simplicity,

Digitized by Google

That in the sacred temple needs would try
Without a fire th' unheated gums to fry;
Believe who will the solemn sham, not I.

One may see at least that the heathen priesthood had the same kind of secret among them, of which the Roman catholics are now masters.

I must confess, though I had lived above a year in a Roman catholic country, I was surprised to see many ceremonies and superstitions in Naples, that are not so much as thought of in France. But as it is certain there has been a kind of secret reformation made, though not publicly owned, in the Roman catholic church, since the spreading of the protestant religion, so we find the several nations are recovered out of their ignorance, in proportion as they converse more or less with those of the reformed churches. For this reason the French are much more enlightened than the Spaniards or Italians, on occasion of their frequent controversies with the Huguenots; and we find many of the Roman catholic gentlemen of our own country, who will not stick to laugh at the superstitions they sometimes meet with in other nations.

I shall not be particular in describing the grandeur of the city of Naples, the beauty of its pavement, the regularity of its buildings, the magnificence of its churches and convents, the multitude of its inhabitants, or the delightfulness of its situation, which so many others have done with a great deal of leisure and exactness. If a war should break out, the town has reason to apprehend the exacting of a large contribution, or a bombardment. It has but seven gallies, a mole, and two little castles, which are capable of hindering an enemy's approaches. Besides, that the sea, which lies near it, is not subject to storms, has no sensible flux and reflux, and is so deep, that a vessel of burden may come up to the very mole. The houses are flat roofed to walk upon, so that every bomb that fell on them would take effect.

Pictures, statues, and pieces of antiquity are not so common at Naples, as one might expect in so great

Digitized by Google

and ancient a city of Italy; for the viceroys take care to send into Spain every thing that is valuable of this nature. Two of their finest modern statues are those of Apollo and Minerva, placed on each side of Sannazarius's tomb. On the face of this monument, which is all of marble, and very neatly wrought, is represented, in bas relief, Neptune among the Satyrs, to show that this poet was the inventor of piscatory eclogues. I remember Hugo Grotius describes himself in one of his poems, as the first that brought the muses to the seaside, but he must be understood only of the poets of his own country. I here saw the temple that Sannazarius mentions in his invocation of the Blessed Virgin, at the beginning of his *De partu Virginis*, which was all raised at his own expence.

———Niveis tibi si solennia templis
Serta damus; si mannuras tibi ponimus aras
Exciso in scopulo, fluctus unde aurea canos
Despiciens celso de culmine Mergilline
Attollit, nautisque procul venientibus offert.
Tu vatem ignarumque viæ insuetumque labori
Diva mone——— Lib. 1.

Thou bright celestial goddess, if to thee
An acceptable temple I erect,
With fairest flow'rs and freshest garlands deck'd,
On tow'ring rocks, whence Margellinè spies
The ruffled deep in storms and tempests rise;
Guide thou the pious poet, nor refuse
Thine own propitious aid to his unpractis'd Muse.

There are several very delightful prospects about Naples, especially from some of the religious houses; for one seldom finds in Italy a spot of ground more agreeable than ordinary, that is not covered with a convent. The cupolas of this city, though there are many of them, do not appear to the best advantage when one surveys them at a distance, as being generally too high and narrow. The marquis of Medina Cidonia, in his viceroyalty, made the shell of a house, which he had not time to finish, that commands a view of the whole bay, and would have been a very noble building had he brought it to perfection.

Digitized by Google

It stands so on the side of a mountain, that it would have had a garden to every story, by the help of a bridge which was to have been laid over each garden.

The bay of Naples is the most delightful one that I ever saw. It lies in almost a round figure of about thirty miles in the diameter. Three parts of it are sheltered with a noble circuit of woods and mountains. The high promontory of Surrentum divides it from the bay of Salernum. Between the utmost point of this promontory, and the Isle of Capera, the sea enters by a streight of about three miles wide. This island stands as a vast mole, which seems to have been planted there on purpose to break the violence of the waves that run into the bay. It lies long-ways, almost in a parallel line to Naples. The excessive height of its rocks secures a great part of the bay from winds and waves, which enter again between the other end of this island and the promontory of Miseno. The bay of Naples is called the Crater by the old geographers, probably from this its resemblance to a round bowl half filled with liquor. Perhaps Virgil, who composed here a great part of his Æneids, took from hence the plan of that beautiful harbour, which he has made in his first book; for the Libyan port is but the Neapolitan bay in little.

Est in secessu longo locus. Insula portum
Efficit objectu laterum, quibus omnis ab alto
Frangitur, inque sinus scindit sese unda reductos:
Hinc atque hinc vastæ rupes geminique minantur
In cælum scopuli, quorum sub vertice latè
Æquora tuta silent, tum Silvis scena coruscis
Desuper, horrentique atrum nemus imminet umbrâ. 1. Æn.

Within a long recess there lies a bay,
An island shades it from the rolling sea,
And forms a port secure for ships to ride.
Broke by the jutting land on either side,
In double streams the briny waters glide,
Between two rows of rocks: a Sylvan scene
Appears above, and groves for ever green. DRYDEN.

Naples stands in the bosom of this bay, and has the pleasantest situation in the world, though by reason of its western mountains, it wants an advantage Vitruvius

Digitized by Google

would have to the front of his palace, of seeing the setting sun.

One would wonder how the Spaniards, who have but very few forces in the kingdom of Naples, should be able to keep a people from revolting, that has been famous for its mutinies and seditions in former ages. But they have so well contrived it, that though the subjects are miserably harassed and oppressed, the greatest of their oppressors are those of their own body. I shall not mention any thing of the clergy, who are sufficiently reproached in most itineraries for the universal poverty that one meets with in this noble and plentiful kingdom. A great part of the people is in a state of vassalage to the barons, who are the harshest tyrants in the world to those that are under them. The vassals, indeed, are allowed, and invited to bring in their complaints and appeals to the viceroy, who to foment divisions, and gain the hearts of the populace, does not stick at imprisoning and chastising their masters very severely on occasion. The subjects of the crown are notwithstanding much more rich and happy than the vassals of the barons. Insomuch, that when the king has been upon the point of selling a town to one of his barons, the inhabitants have raised the sum upon themselves, and presented it to the king, that they might keep out of so insupportable a slavery. Another way the Spaniards have taken to grind the Neapolitans, and yet to take off the odium from themselves, has been by erecting several courts of justice, with a very small pension for such as sit at the head of them, so that they are tempted to take bribes, keep causes undecided, encourage law-suits, and do all they can to fleece the people, that they may have wherewithal to support their own dignity. It is incredible how great a multitude of retainers to the law there are at Naples. It is commonly said, that when Innocent the Eleventh had desired the Marquis of Carpio to furnish him with thirty thousand head of swine, the marquis answered him, that for his swine he could not spare them, but if his holiness had occasion for thirty thousand lawyers, he had

Digitized by Google

them at his service. These gentlemen find a continual employ for the fiery temper of the Neapolitans, and hinder them from uniting in such common friendships and alliances as might endanger the safety of the government. There are very few persons of consideration who have not a cause depending; for when a Neapolitan cavalier has nothing else to do, he gravely shuts himself up in his closet, and falls a tumbling over his papers to see if he can start a law-suit, and plague any of his neighbours. So much is the genius of this people changed since Statius's time.

Nulla foro rabies, aut strictæ jurgia legis
Morum jura viris solum et sine fascibus æquum. SIL. lib. 3.

By love of right and native justice led,
In the straight paths of equity they tread;
Nor know the bar, nor fear the judge's frown,
Unpractis'd in the wranglings of the gown.

There is another circumstance which makes the Neapolitans, in a very particular manner, the oppressors of each other. The gabels of Naples are very high on oil, wine, tobacco, and indeed on almost every thing that can be eaten, drank, or worn. There would have been one on fruit, had not Massianello's rebellion abolished it, as it has probably put a stop to many others. What makes these imposts more intolerable to the poorer sort, they are laid on all butchers' meat, while at the same time the fowl and gibbier are tax-free. Besides, all meat being taxed equally by the pound, it happens that the duty lies heaviest on the coarser sorts, which are most likely to fall to the share of the common people, so that beef perhaps pays a third, and veal a tenth of its price to the government, a pound of either sort having the same tax fixed on it. These gabels are most of them at present in the hands of private men; for as the king of Spain has had occasion for money, he has borrowed it of the rich Neapolitans, on condition that they should receive the interest out of such or such gabels till he could repay them the principal.

This he has repeated so often, that at present there is

Digitized by Google

scarce a single gabel unmortgaged; so that there is no place in Europe which pays greater taxes, and at the same time, no prince who draws less advantage from them. In other countries the people have the satisfaction of seeing the money they give spent in the necessities, defence, or ornament of their state, or at least in the vanity or pleasures of their prince: but here most of it goes to the enriching of their fellow-subjects. If there was not so great a plenty of every thing in Naples the people could not bear it. The Spaniard, however, reaps this advantage from the present posture of affairs, that the murmurs of the people are turned upon their own countrymen, and what is more considerable, that almost all the persons, of the greatest wealth and power in Naples, are engaged by their own interests to pay these impositions cheerfully, and to support the government which has laid them on. For this reason, though the poorer sort are for the emperor, few of the persons of consequence can endure to think of a change in their present establishment; though there is no question but the king of Spain will reform most of these abuses, by breaking or retrenching the power of the barons, by cancelling several unnecessary employs, or by ransoming or taking the gabels into his own hands. I have been told too, there is a law of Charles the Fifth something like our statute of Mortmain, which has lain dormant ever since his time, and will probably have new life put into it under the reign of an active prince. The inhabitants of Naples have been always very notorious for leading a life of laziness and pleasure, which I take to arise partly out of the wonderful plenty of their country, that does not make labour so necessary to them, and partly out of the temper of their climate, that relaxes the fibres of their bodies, and disposes the people to such an idle indolent humour. Whatever it proceeds from, we find they were formerly as famous for it as they are at present.

This was perhaps the reason that the ancients tell us one of the Sirens was buried in this city, which thence received the name of Parthenope.

Digitized by Google

——————— *Improba Siren*
Desidia ——————— Hor. Sat. 3. l. 2.

Sloth, the deluding Siren of the mind.

——————— *Et in otia natam*
Parthenopen ——————— Ov. Met. l. 15.

——————— *Otiosa Neapolis.* Hor. Ep. 5.

Parthenope, for idle hours design'd,
To luxury and ease unbends the mind.

Parthenope non dives opum, non spreta vigoris,
Nam molles urbi ritus atque hospita Musis
Otia, et exemtum curis gravioribus ævum:
Sirenum dedit una suam et memorabile nomen
Parthenope muris Acheloïas, æquore cujus
Regnavere diu cantus, cum dulce per undas
Exitium miseris caneret non prospera nautis. Sil. It. lib. 12.

Here wanton Naples crowns the happy shore,
Nor vainly rich, nor despicably poor,
The town in soft solemnities delights,
And gentle poets to her arms invites;
The people, free from cares, serene and gay,
Pass all their mild untroubled hours away.
Parthenope the rising city nam'd,
A Siren, for her songs and beauty fam'd,
That oft had drown'd among the neighb'ring seas
The list'ning wretch, and made destruction please.

Has ego te sedes (nam nec mihi barbara Thrace
Nec Libye natale solum) transferre laboro:
Quas te mollis hyems et frigida temperat æstas,
Quas imbelle fretum, torpentibus alluit undis:
Pax secura locis, et desidis otia vitæ,
Et nunquam turbata quies, somnique peracti:
Nulla foro rabies, &c. Stat. Sil. lib. 3.

These are the gentle seats that I propose;
For not cold Scythia's undissolving snows,
Nor the parch'd Libyan sands thy husband bore,
But mild Parthenope's delightful shore,
Where hush'd in calms the bord'ring ocean laves
Her silent coast, and rolls in languid waves;
Refreshing winds the summer's heats assuage,
And kindly warmth disarms the winter's rage;
Remov'd from noise and the tumultuous war,
Soft sleep and downy ease inhabit there,
And dreams unbroken with intruding care,

Digitized by Google

THE ANTIQUITIES AND NATURAL CURIOSITIES THAT LIE NEAR THE CITY OF NAPLES.

At about eight miles distance from Naples lies a very noble scene of antiquities. What they call Virgil's tomb is the first that one meets with on the way thither. It is certain this poet was buried at Naples, but I think it is almost as certain that his tomb stood on the other side of the town which looks towards Vesuvio. By this tomb is the entry into the grotto of Pausilypo. The common people of Naples believe it to have been wrought by magic, and that Virgil was the magician; who is in greater repute among the Neapolitans for having made the grotto, than the Æneid.

If a man would form to himself a just idea of this place, he must fancy a vast rock undermined from one end to the other, and a highway running through it, near as long and as broad as the Mall in St. James's Park. This subterraneous passage is much mended since Seneca gave so bad a character of it. The entry at both ends is higher than the middle parts of it, and sinks by degrees, to fling in more light upon the rest. Towards the middle are two large funnels, bored through the roof of the grotto, to let in light and fresh air.

There are no where about the mountain any vast heaps of stones, though it is certain the great quantities of them that are dug out of the rock could not easily conceal themselves, had they not probably been consumed in the moles and buildings of Naples. This confirmed me in a conjecture which I made at the first sight of this subterraneous passage, that it was not at first designed so much for a highway as for a quarry of stone, but that the inhabitants, finding a double advantage by it, hewed it into the form we now see. Perhaps the same design gave the original to the Sibyl's grotto, considering the prodigious multitude of palaces that stood in its neighbourhood.

I remember when I was at Chateaudun in France, I met with a very curious person, a member of one of

Digitized by Google

the German Universities. He had stayed a day or two in the town longer than ordinary, to take the measures of several empty spaces that had been cut in the sides of a neighbouring mountain. Some of them were supported with pillars formed out of the rock, some were made in the fashion of galleries, and some not unlike amphitheatres. The gentleman had made to himself several ingenious hypotheses concerning the use of these subterraneous apartments, and from thence collected the vast magnificence and luxury of the ancient Chateaudunois. But upon communicating his thoughts upon this subject to one of the most learned of the place, he was not a little surprised to hear that these stupendous works of art were only so many quarries of free-stone, that had been wrought into different figures, according as the veins of it directed the workmen.

About five miles from the grotto of Pausilypo lie the remains of Puteoli and Bajæ, in a soft air and a delicious situation.

The country about them, by reason of its vast caverns and subterraneous fires, has been miserably torn in pieces by earthquakes, so that the whole face of it is quite changed from what it was formerly. The sea has overwhelmed a multitude of palaces, which may be seen at the bottom of the water in a calm day.

The Lucrine lake is but a puddle in comparison of what it once was, its springs having been sunk in an earthquake, or stopped up by mountains that have fallen upon them. The lake of Avernus, formerly so famous for its streams of poison, is now plentifully stocked with fish and fowl. Mount Gaurus, from one of the fruitfullest parts in Italy, is become one of the most barren. Several fields, which were laid out in beautiful groves and gardens, are now naked plains, smoking with sulphur, or encumbered with hills that have been thrown up by eruptions of fire. The works of art lie in no less disorder than those of nature, for that which was once the most beautiful spot of Italy, covered with temples and palaces, adorned by the greatest of the Roman commonwealth, embellished by many of the Roman

Digitized by Google

emperors, and celebrated by the best of their poets, has now nothing to show but the ruins of its ancient splendor, and a great magnificence in confusion.

The mole of Puteoli has been mistaken by several authors for Caligula's bridge. They have all been led into this error from the make of it, because it stands on arches. But to pass over the many arguments that may be brought against this opinion, I shall here take away the foundation of it, by setting down an inscription mentioned by Julius Capitolinus in the life of Antoninus Pius, who was the repairer of this mole. *Imp. Cæsari. Divi. Hadriani. filio. Divi. Trajani. Parthici. Nepoti. Divi. Nervæ. pronepoti. T. Act. Hadriano. Antonino. Aug. Pio.* &c. *quod super cætera beneficia ad hujus etiam tutelam portûs,* Pilarum *viginti* molem *cum sumptu* fornicum *reliquo ex Ærario suo largitus est.*

It would have been very difficult to have made such a mole as this of Puteoli, in a place where they had not so natural a commodity as the earth of Puzzuola, which immediately hardens in the water, and after a little lying in it, looks rather like stone than mortar. It was this that gave the ancient Romans an opportunity of making so many encroachments on the sea, and of laying the foundations of their villas and palaces within the very borders of it, as Horace [a] has elegantly described it more than once.

About four years ago they dug up a great piece of marble near Puzzuola, with several figures and letters engraven round it, which have given occasion to some disputes among the antiquaries.[b] But they all agree that it is the pedestal of a statue erected to Tiberius by the fourteen cities of Asia, which were flung down by an earthquake; the same that, according to the opinion of many learned men, happened at our Saviour's crucifixion. They have found in the letters, which are still legible, the names of the several cities, and discover in each figure something particular to the city, of which

[a] L. 2. O. 18. L. 3. O. 1. L. 3. O. 24. Epist. l. 1.
[b] Vid. Gronovium, Fabretti, Bulifon, &c.

Digitized by Google

it represents the genius. There are two medals of Tiberius stamped on the same occasion, with this inscription to one of them, *Civitatibus Asiæ Restitutis.* The emperor is represented in both sitting, with a patera in one hand and a spear in the other.

It is probable this might have been the posture of the statue, which in all likelihood does not lie far from the place where they took up the pedestal; for they say there were other great pieces of marble near it, and several of them inscribed, but that nobody would be at the charges of bringing them to light. The pedestal itself lay neglected in an open field when I saw it. I shall not be particular on the ruins of the amphitheatre, the ancient reservoirs of water, the Sibyl's grotto, the *Centum cameræ*, the sepulchre of Agrippina, Nero's mother, with several other antiquities of less note, that lie in the neighbourhood of this bay, and have been often described by many others. I must confess, after having surveyed the antiquities about Naples and Rome, I cannot but think that our admiration of them does not so much arise out of their greatness as uncommonness.

There are indeed many extraordinary ruins, but I believe a traveller would not be so much astonished at them, did he find any works of the same kind in his own country. Amphitheatres, triumphal arches, baths, grottoes, catacombs, rotundas, highways paved for so great a length, bridges of such an amazing height, subterraneous buildings for the reception of rain and snow-water, are most of them at present out of fashion, and only to be met with among the antiquities of Italy. We are therefore immediately surprised when we see any considerable sums laid out in any thing of this nature, though at the same time there is many a Gothic cathedral in England, that has cost more pains and money than several of these celebrated works. Among the ruins of the old heathen temples they showed me what they call the chamber of Venus, which stands a little behind her temple. It is wholly dark, and has several figures on the ceiling wrought in stucco, that seem to represent lust and strength by the emblems of naked

Digitized by Google

Jupiters and Gladiators, Tritons and Centaurs, &c. so that one would guess it has formerly been the scene of many lewd mysteries. On the other side of Naples are the catacombs. These must have been full of stench and loathsomeness, if the dead bodies that lay in them were left to rot in open niches, as an eminent author of our own country imagines. But upon examining them I find they were each of them stopped up: without doubt, as soon as the corpse was laid in it. For at the mouth of the niche one always finds the rock cut into little channels, to fasten the board or marble that was to close it up, and I think I did not see one which had not still some mortar sticking in it. In some I found pieces of tiles that exactly tallied with the channel, and in others a little wall of bricks, that sometimes stopped up above a quarter of the niche, the rest having been broken down. St. Proculus's sepulchre seems to have a kind of mosaic work on its covering, for I observed at one end of it several little pieces of marble ranged together after that manner. 'Tis probable they were adorned, more or less, according to the quality of the dead. One would, indeed, wonder to find such a multitude of niches unstopped, and I cannot imagine any body should take the pains to do it, who was not in quest of some supposed treasure.

Bajæ was the winter retreat of the old Romans, that being the proper season to enjoy the Bajani Soles, and the Mollis Lucrinus; as on the contrary, Tibur, Tusculum, Preneste, Alba, Cajeta, Mons Circeius, Anxur, and the like airy mountains and promontories, were their retirements during the heats of summer.

Dum nos blanda tenent jucundi stagna Lucrini,
Et quæ pumiceis fontibus antra calent,
Tu colis Argivi regnum Faustine coloni[a]
Quo te bis decimus ducit ab urbe lapis.
Horrida sed fervent Nemeæi pectora monstri:
Nec satis est Bajas igne calere suo.
Ergo sacri fontes, et littora sacra valete,
Nympharum pariter, Nereidumque domus
Herculeos colles gelidâ vos vincite brumâ,
Nunc Tiburtinis cedite frigoribus. MAR. lib. 1. Ep. 116.

[a] Vide Hor. lib. 2. od. 6.

Digitized by Google

While near the Lucrine lake, consum'd to death,
I draw the sultry air, and gasp for breath,
Where steams of sulphur raise a stifling heat,
And through the pores of the warm pumice sweat;
You taste the cooling breeze, where nearer home
The twentieth pillar marks the mile from Rome:
And now the sun to the bright lion turns,
And Baja with redoubled fury burns;
Then briny seas and tasteful springs farewel,
Where fountain-nymphs confus'd with Nereids dwell,
In winter you may all the world despise,
But now 'tis Tivoli that bears the prize.

The natural curiosities about Naples are as numerous and extraordinary as the artificial. I shall set them down, as I have done the other, without any regard to their situation. The grotto *del Cani* is famous for the poisonous steams which float within a foot of its surface. The sides of the grotto are marked green, as high as the malignity of the vapour reaches. The common experiments are as follow: A dog, that has his nose held in the vapour, loses all signs of life in a very little time; but if carried into the open air, or thrown into a neighbouring lake, he immediately recovers, if he is not quite gone. A torch, snuff and all, goes out in a moment when dipped into the vapour. A pistol cannot take fire in it. I split a reed, and laid in the channel of it a train of gunpowder, so that one end of the reed was above the vapour, and the other at the bottom of it; and I found, though the steam was strong enough to hinder a pistol from taking fire in it, and to quench a lighted torch, that it could not intercept the train of fire when it had once begun flashing, nor hinder it from running to the very end. This experiment I repeated twice or thrice, to see if I could quite dissipate the vapour, which I did in so great a measure, that one might easily let off a pistol in it. I observed how long a dog was in expiring the first time, and after his recovery, and found no sensible difference. A viper bore it nine minutes the first time we put it in, and ten the second. When we brought it out after the first trial, it took such a vast quantity of air into its lungs, that it swelled almost twice as big as before; and it was perhaps on this stock

Digitized by Google

of air that it lived a minute longer the second time. Dr. Connor made a discourse in one of the academies at Rome upon the subject of this grotto, which he has since printed in England. He attributes the death of animals, and the extinction of lights, to a great rarefaction of the air, caused by the heat and eruption of the steams. But how is it possible for these steams, though in never so great quantity, to resist the pressure of the whole atmosphere? And as for the heat, it is but very inconsiderable. However, to satisfy myself, I placed a thin vial, well stopped up with wax, within the smoke of the vapour, which would certainly have burst in an air rarefied enough to kill a dog, or quench a torch, but nothing followed upon it. However, to take away all further doubt, I borrowed a weather glass, and so fixed it in the grotto, that the stagnum was wholly covered with the vapour, but I could not perceive the quicksilver sunk, after half an hour's standing in it. This vapour is generally supposed to be sulphureous, though I can see no reason for such a supposition. He that dips his hand in it, finds no smell that it leaves upon it; and though I put a whole bundle of lighted brimstone matches to the smoke, they all went out in an instant, as if immersed in water. Whatever is the composition of the vapour, let it have but one quality of being very gluey or viscous, and I believe it will mechanically solve all the phenomena of the grotto. Its unctuousness will make it heavy, and unfit for mounting higher than it does, unless the heat of the earth, which is just strong enough to agitate, and bear it up at a little distance from the surface, were much greater than it is to rarefy and scatter it. It will be too gross and thick to keep the lungs in play for any time, so that animals will die in it sooner or later, as their blood circulates slower or faster. Fire will live in it no longer than in water, because it wraps itself in the same manner about the flame, and by its continuity hinders any quantity of air or nitre from coming to its succour. The parts of it, however, are not so compact as those of liquors, nor therefore tenacious enough to intercept the fire that has once

Digitized by Google

caught a train of gunpowder, for which reason they may be quite broken and dispersed by the repetition of this experiment. There is an unctuous clammy vapour that arises from the stum of grapes, when they lie mashed together in the vat, which puts out a light when dipped into it, and perhaps would take away the breath of weaker animals, were it put to the trial.

It would be endless to reckon up the different baths, to be met with in a country that so much abounds in sulphur. There is scarce a disease which has not one adapted to it. A stranger is generally led into that they call Cicero's bath, and several voyage-writers pretend there is a cold vapour rising from the bottom of it, which refreshes those who stoop into it. 'Tis true the heat is much more supportable to one that stoops, than to one that stands upright, because the steams of sulphur gather in the hollow of the arch about a man's head, and are, therefore, much thicker and warmer in that part than at the bottom. The three lakes of Agnano, Avernus, and the Lucrin, have now nothing in them particular. The Monte Novo was thrown out by an eruption of fire that happened in the place where now the mountain stands. The Sulfatara is very surprising to one who has not seen Mount Vesuvio. But there is nothing about Naples, nor indeed in any part of Italy, which deserves our admiration so much as this mountain. I must confess the idea I had of it did not answer the real image of the place when I came to see it; I shall therefore give the description of it as it then lay.

This mountain* stands at about six English miles distance from Naples, though by reason of its height, it seems much nearer to those that survey it from the town. In our way to it we passed by what was one of those rivers of burning matter, that ran from it in a late eruption. This looks at a distance like a new-plowed land, but, as you come near it you see nothing but a long heap of heavy disjointed clods lying one upon ano-

* The following description of Mount Vesuvio, is surprisingly clear and graphical. One could scarce have a better idea of it, from surveying it on the spot.

Digitized by Google

ther. There are innumerable cavities and interstices among the several pieces, so that the surface is all broken and irregular. Sometimes a great fragment stands like a rock above the rest, sometimes the whole heap lies in a kind of channel, and in other places has nothing like banks to confine it, but rises four or five foot high in the open air, without spreading abroad on either side. This, I think, is a plain demonstration that these rivers were not, as they are usually represented, so many streams of running matter; for how could a liquid, that lay hardening by degrees, settle in such a furrowed uncompact surface? Were the river a confusion of never so many different bodies, if they had been all actually dissolved, they would at least have formed one continued crust, as we see the scorium of metals always gathers into a solid piece, let it be compounded of a thousand heterogeneous parts. I am apt to think, therefore, that these huge unwieldy lumps that now lie one upon another, as if thrown together by accident, remained in the melted matter rigid and unliquified, floating in it like cakes of ice in a river, and that, as the fire and ferment gradually abated, they adjusted themselves together as well as their irregular figures would permit, and by this means fell into such an interrupted disorderly heap, as we now find it. What was the melted matter lies at the bottom out of sight. After having quitted the side of this long heap, which was once a stream of fire, we came to the roots of the mountain, and had a very troublesome march to gain the top of it. It is covered on all sides with a kind of burnt earth, very dry, and crumbled into powder, as if it had been artificially sifted. It is very hot under the feet, and mixed with several burnt stones and cakes of cinders, which have been thrown out at different times. A man sinks almost a foot in the earth, and generally loses half a step by sliding backwards. When we had climbed this mountain we discovered the top of it to be a wide naked plain, smoking with sulphur in several places, and probably undermined with fire, for we concluded it to be hollow by the sound it made under our

Digitized by Google

feet. In the midst of this plain stands a high hill in the shape of a sugar-loaf, so very steep that there would be no mounting or descending it, were not it made up of such a loose crumbled earth as I have before described. The air of this place must be very much impregnated with saltpetre, as appears by the specks of it on the sides of the mountain, where one can scarce find a stone that has not the top white with it. After we had, with much ado, conquered this hill, we saw in the midst of it the present mouth of Vesuvio, which goes shelving down on all sides till above a hundred yards deep, as near as we could guess, and has about three or four hundred in the diameter, for it seems a perfect round. This vast hollow is generally filled with smoke, but, by the advantage of a wind that blew for us, we had a very clear and distinct sight of it. The sides appear all over stained with mixtures of white, green, red, and yellow, and have several rocks standing out of them that look like pure brimstone. The bottom was entirely covered, and though we looked very narrowly we could see nothing like a hole in it; the smoke breaking through several imperceptible cracks in many places. The very middle was firm ground when we saw it, as we concluded from the stones we flung upon it, and I question not, but one might then have crossed the bottom, and have gone up on the other side of it with very little danger, unless from some accidental breath of wind. In the late eruptions this great hollow was like a vast caldron filled with glowing and melted matter, which, as it boiled over in any part, ran down the sides of the mountain, and made five such rivers as that before-mentioned. In proportion as the heat slackened, this burning matter must have subsided within the bowels of the mountain, and as it sunk very leisurely, had time to cake together, and form the bottom which covers the mouth of that dreadful vault that lies underneath it. The next eruption or earthquake will probably break in pieces this false bottom, and quite change the present face of things.

This whole mountain, shaped like a sugar-loaf, has

Digitized by Google

been made at several times, by the prodigious quantities of earth and cinders, which have been flung up out of the mouth that lies in the midst of them, so that it increases in bulk at every eruption, the ashes still falling down the sides of it, like the sand in an hour-glass. A gentleman of Naples told me, that in his memory it had gained twenty-foot in thickness, and I question not but in length of time it will cover the whole plain, and make one mountain with that on which it now stands.

In those parts of the sea, that are not far from the roots of this mountain, they find sometimes a very fragrant oil, which is sold dear, and makes a rich perfume. The surface of the sea is, for a little space, covered with its bubbles during the time that it rises, which they skim off into their boats, and afterwards set a separating in pots and jars. They say its sources never run but in a calm warm weather. The agitations of the water perhaps hinder them from discovering it at other times.

Among the natural curiosities of Naples, I cannot forbear mentioning their manner of furnishing the town with snow, which they here use instead of ice, because, as they say, it cools or congeals any liquor sooner. There is a great quantity of it consumed yearly, for they drink very few liquors, not so much as water, that have not lain in Fresco, and every body, from the highest to the lowest, makes use of it; insomuch, that a scarcity of snow would raise a mutiny at Naples, as much as a dearth of corn or provisions in another country. To prevent this, the king has sold the monopoly of it to certain persons, who are obliged to furnish the city with it all the year at so much the pound. They have a high mountain at about eighteen miles from the town, which has several pits dug into it. Here they employ many poor people at such a season of the year to roll in vast balls of snow, which they ram together, and cover from the sun-shine. Out of these reservoirs of snow they cut several lumps, as they have occasion for them, and send them on asses to the sea-

Digitized by Google

side, where they are carried off in boats, and distributed to several shops at a settled price, that from time to time supply the whole city of Naples. While the banditti continued their disorders in this kingdom, they often put the snow-merchants under contribution, and threatened them, if they appeared tardy in their payments, to destroy their magazines, which they say might easily have been effected by the infusion of some barrels of oil.

It would have been tedious to have put down the many descriptions that the Latin poets have made of several of the places mentioned in this chapter: I shall therefore conclude it with the general map which Silius Italicus has given us of this great bay of Naples. Most of the places he mentions lie within the same prospect, and if I have passed over any of them, it is because I shall take them in my way by sea, from Naples to Rome.

Stagna inter celebrem nunc mitia monstrat Avernum:
Tum tristi nemore atque umbris nigrantibus horrens,
Et formidatus volucri, lethale vomebat
Suffuso virus cœlo, Stygiâque per urbes
Religione sacer, sævum retinebat honorem.
Hinc vicina palus, fama est Acherontis ad undas
Pandere iter, cæcas stagnante voragine fauces
Laxat et horrendos aperit telluris hiatus,
Interdumque novo perturbat lumine manes.
Juxta caligante situ longumque per ævum
Infernis pressas nebulis, pallente sub umbrâ
Cymmerias jacuisse domos, noctemque profundam
Tartareæ narrant urbis: tum sulphure et igni
Semper anhelantes, coctoque bitumine campos
Ostentant: tellus atro exundante vapore
Suspirans, ustisque diu calefacta medullis
Æstuat et Stygios exhalat in æëra flatus:
Parturit, et tremulis metuendum exibilat antris,
Interdumque cavas luctatus rumpere sedes,
Aut exire foras, sonitu lugubre minaci
Mulciber immugit, laceratæque viscera terræ
Mandit, et exesos labefactat murmure montes.
Tradunt Herculeâ prostratos mole gigantes
Tellurem injectam quatere, et spiramine anhelo
Torreri late campos, quotiesque minatur
Rumpere compagem impositam, expalleseere cælum.
Apparet procul Inarime, quæ turbine nigro

Digitized by Google

Fumantem premit Iapetum, flammasque rebelli
Ore ejectantem, et siquando evadere detur
Bella Jovi rursus superisque iterare volentem.
Monstrantur Veseva juga, atque in vertice summo
Depasti flammis scopuli, fractusque ruind
Mons circum, atque Ætnæ fatis certantia saxa.
Nec non Misenum servantem Idæa sepulcro
Nomina, et Herculeos videt ipso littore Baulos. Lib. 12.

Averno next he show'd his wond'ring guest,
Averno now with milder virtues bless'd;
Black with surrounding forests then it stood,
That hung above, and darken'd all the flood;
Clouds of unwholesome vapours, rais'd on high,
The flutt'ring bird entangled in the sky,
Whilst all around the gloomy prospect spread
An awful horror, and religious dread.
Hence to the borders of the marsh they go,
That mingles with the baleful streams below,
And sometimes with a mighty yawn, 'tis said,
Opens a dismal passage to the dead,
Who pale with fear the rending earth survey,
And startle at the sudden flash of day.
The dark Cimmerian grotto then he paints,
Describing all its old inhabitants,
That in the deep infernal city dwell'd,
And lay in everlasting night conceal'd.
Advancing still, the spacious fields he show'd,
That with the smother'd heat of brimstone glow'd;
Through frequent cracks the steaming sulphur broke,
And cover'd all the blasted plain with smoke:
Imprison'd fires, in the close dungeons pent,
Roar to get loose, and struggle for a vent,
Eating their way, and undermining all,
Till with a mighty burst whole mountains fall.
Here, as 'tis said, the rebel giants lie,
And, when to move th' incumbent load they try,
Ascending vapours on the day prevail,
The sun looks sickly, and the skies grow pale.
Next, to the distant isle his sight he turns,
That o'er the thunderstruck Typhœus burns:
Enrag'd, his wide-extended jaws expire,
In angry whirlwinds, blasphemies, and fire,
Threat'ning, if loosen'd from his dire abodes,
Again to challenge Jove, and fight the gods.
On mount Vesuvio next he fixt his eyes,
And saw the smoking tops confus'dly rise;
(A hideous ruin!) that with earthquakes rent
A second Ætna to the view present.
Miseno's cape and Bauli last he view'd,
That on the sea's extremest borders stood.

Digitized by Google

Silius Italicus here takes notice, that the poisonous vapours which arose from the lake Averno in Hannibal's time, were quite dispersed at the time when he wrote his poem; because Agrippa, who lived between Hannibal and Silius, had cut down the woods that inclosed the lake, and hindered these noxious steams from dissipating, which were immediately scattered as soon as the winds and fresh air were let in among them.

THE ISLE OF CAPREA.

Having staid longer at Naples than I at first designed, I could not dispense with myself from making a little voyage to the Isle of Caprea, as being very desirous to see a place which had been the retirement of Augustus for some time, and the residence of Tiberius for several years. The island lies four miles in length from east to west, and about one in breadth. The western part, for about two miles in length, is a continued rock, vastly high, and inaccessible on the sea-side. It has, however, the greatest town in the island, that goes under the name of Ano-Caprea, and is in several places covered with a very fruitful soil. The eastern end of the isle rises up in precipices very near as high, though not quite so long, as the western. Between these eastern and western mountains lies a slip of lower ground, which runs across the island, and is one of the pleasantest spots I have seen. It is hid with vines, figs, oranges, almonds, olives, myrtles, and fields of corn, which look extremely fresh and beautiful, and make up the most delightful little landscape imaginable, when they are surveyed from the tops of the neighbouring mountains. Here stands the town of Caprea, the bishop's palace, and two or three convents. In the midst of this fruitful tract of land rises a hill, that was probably covered with buildings in Tiberius's time. There are still several ruins on the sides of it, and about the top are found two or three dark galleries, low built, and covered with mason's work, though at present they appear overgrown

Digitized by Google

with grass. I entered one of them that is a hundred paces in length. I observed, as some of the countrymen were digging into the sides of this mountain, that what I took for solid earth, was only heaps of brick, stone, and other rubbish, skinned over with a covering of vegetables. But the most considerable ruin is that which stands on the very extremity of the eastern promontory, where are still some apartments left, very high and arched at top: I have not, indeed, seen the remains of any ancient Roman buildings, that have not been roofed with either vaults or arches. The rooms I am mentioning stand deep in the earth, and have nothing like windows or chimneys, which makes me think they were formerly either bathing places or reservoirs of water. An old hermit lives at present among the ruins of this palace, who lost his companion a few years ago by a fall from the precipice. He told me they had often found medals and pipes of lead, as they dug among the rubbish, and that not many years ago they discovered a paved road running under ground, from the top of the mountain to the sea side, which was afterwards confirmed to me by a gentleman of the island. There is a very noble prospect from this place. On the one side lies a vast extent of seas, that runs abroad further than the eye can reach. Just opposite stands the green promontory of Surrentum, and on the other side the whole circuit of the bay of Naples. This prospect, according to Tacitus, was more agreeable before the burning of Vesuvio; that mountain probably, which after the first eruption looked like a great pile of ashes, was in Tiberius's time shaded with woods and vineyards; for I think Martial's epigram may here serve as a comment to Tacitus.

Hic est pampineis viridis Vesuvius umbris,
Presserat hic madidos nobilis uva lacus.
Hæc juga quàm Nisæ colles plus Bacchus amavit:
Hoc nuper Satyri monte dedere choros.
Hæc Veneris sedes, Lacedæmone gratior illi;
Hic locus Herculeo nomine clarus erat.
Cuncta jacent flammis et tristi mersa favillâ:
Nec superi vellent hoc licuisse sibi. Lib. 4. Ep. 105.

Digitized by Google

Vesuvio, cover'd with the fruitful vine,
Here flourish'd once, and ran with floods of wine,
Here Bacchus oft to the cool shades retir'd,
And his own native Nisa less admir'd;
Oft to the mountain's airy tops advanc'd,
The frisking Satyrs on the summits danc'd;
Alcides here, here Venus grac'd the shore,
Nor lov'd her fav'rite Lacedæmon more:
Now piles of ashes, spreading all around,
In undistinguish'd heaps deform the ground,
The Gods themselves the ruin'd seats bemoan,
And blame the mischiefs that themselves have done.

This view must still have been more pleasant, when the whole bay was encompassed with so long a range of buildings, that it appeared, to those who looked on it at a distance, but as one continued city. On both the shores of that fruitful bottom, which I have before mentioned, are still to be seen the marks of ancient edifices, particularly on that which looks towards the south there is a little kind of mole, which seems to have been the foundation of a palace; unless we may suppose that the Pharos of Caprea stood there, which Statius takes notice of in his poem that invites his wife to Naples, and is, I think, the most natural among the silvæ.

Nec desunt variæ circùm oblectamina vitæ,
Sive vaporiferas, blandissima littora, Bajas,
Enthea fatidicæ seu visere tecta Sibyllæ,
Dulce sit, Iliacoque jugum memorabile remo:
Seu tibi Bacchei vineta madentia Gauri,
Teleboumque domos, trepidis ubi dulcia nautis
Lumina noctivagæ tollit Pharus æmula lunæ,
Caraque non molli juga Surrentina Lyæo. Lib. 3.

The blissful seats with endless pleasures flow,
Whether to Baja's sunny shores you go,
And view the sulphur to the baths convey'd,
Or the dark grot of the prophetic maid,
Or steep Miseno from the Trojan nam'd,
Or Gaurus for its flowing vintage fam'd,
Or Caprea, where the lanthorn fix'd on high
Shines like a moon through the benighted sky,
While by its beams the wary sailor steers:
Or where Surrentum, clad in vines, appears.

They found in Ano-Caprea, some years ago, a statue and a rich pavement under ground, as they had occa-

Digitized by Google

sion to turn up the earth that lay upon them. One still sees, on the bendings of these mountains, the marks of several ancient scales of stairs, by which they used to ascend them. The whole island is so unequal that there were but few diversions to be found in it without doors; but what recommended it most to Tiberius was its wholesome air, which is warm in winter and cool in summer, and its inaccessible coasts, which are generally so very steep, that a handful of men might defend them against a powerful army.

We need not doubt but Tiberius had his different residences, according as the seasons of the year, and his different sets of pleasure required. Suetonius says, *duodecim villas totidem nominibus ornavit.* The whole island was probably cut into several easy ascents, planted with variety of palaces, and adorned with as great a multitude of groves and gardens as the situation of the place would suffer. The works under ground were, however, more extraordinary than those above it; for the rocks were all undermined with highways, grottos, galleries, bagnios, and several subterraneous retirements, that suited with the brutal pleasures of the emperor. One would, indeed, very much wonder to see such small appearances of the many works of art, that were formerly to be met with in this island, were we not told that the Romans, after the death of Tiberius, sent hither an army of pioneers on purpose to demolish the buildings, and deface the beauties of the island.

In sailing round Caprea we were entertained with many rude prospects of rocks and precipices, that rise in several places half a mile high in perpendicular. At the bottom of them are caves and grottos, formed by the continual breaking of the waves upon them. I entered one which the inhabitants call *grotto oscuro,* and after the light of the sun was a little worn off my eyes, could see all the parts of it distinctly, by a glimmering reflection that played upon them from the surface of the water. The mouth is low and narrow, but, after having entered pretty far in, the grotto opens itself on both sides in an oval figure of an hundred yards from one ex-

Digitized by Google

tremity to the other, as we were told, for it would not have been safe measuring of it. The roof is vaulted, and distils fresh water from every part of it, which fell upon us as fast as the first droppings of a shower. The inhabitants and Neapolitans who have heard of Tiberius's grottos, will have this to be one of them, but there are several reasons that show it to be natural. For besides the little use we can conceive of such a dark cavern of salt waters, there are no where any marks of the chissel; the sides are of a soft mouldering stone, and one sees many of the like hollow spaces worn in the bottoms of the rocks, as they are more or less able to resist the impressions of the water that beats against them.

Not far from this grotto lie the *Sirenum Scopuli*, which Virgil and Ovid mention in Æneas's voyage; they are two or three sharp rocks that stand about a stone's throw from the south-side of the island, and are generally beaten by waves and tempests, which are much more violent on the south than on the north of Caprea.

Jamque adeo scopulos Sirenum advecta subibat
Difficiles quondam, multorumque ossibus albos,
Tum rauca assiduo longè sale saxa sonabant. ÆN.

Glides by the Syren's cliffs, a shelfy coast,
Long infamous for ships and sailors lost,
And white with bones: th' impetuous ocean roars,
And rocks rebellow from the sounding shores. DRYDEN.

I have before said that they often find medals in this island. Many of those they call the Spintriæ, which Aretin has copied, have been dug up here. I know none of the antiquaries that have written on this subject, and find nothing satisfactory of it where I thought it most likely to be met with, in Patin's edition of Suetonius, illustrated by medals. Those I have conversed with about it, are of opinion they were made to ridicule the brutality of Tiberius, though I cannot but believe they were stamped by his order. They are unquestionably antique, and no bigger than medals of the third magnitude. They bear on one side some lewd invention of that hellish society which Suetonius calls *monstrosi con-*

Digitized by Google

cubitûs repertores, and on the other the number of the medal. I have seen of them as high as to twenty. I cannot think they were made as a jest on the emperor, because raillery on coins is of a modern date. I know but two in the upper empire, besides the *Spintriæ*, that lie under any suspicion of it. The first is one of Marcus Aurelius, where, in compliment to the emperor and empress, they have stamped on the reverse the figure of Venus caressing Mars, and endeavouring to detain him from the wars.

———Quoniam belli fera munera Mavors
Armipotens regit, in gremium qui sæpe tuum se
Rejicit, æterno devinctus vulnere amoris. Luc. lib. 1.

The Venus has Faustina's face, her lover is a naked figure with a helmet on his head, and a shield on his arm.

Tu scabie frueris mali quod in aggere rodit,
Qui tegitur, parmâ et galeâ——— Juv. Sat. 3.

This unluckily brings to mind Faustina's fondness for the Gladiator, and is therefore interpreted by many as a hidden piece of satire. But besides, that such a thought was inconsistent with the gravity of a senate, how can one imagine that the fathers would have dared affront the wife of Aurelius, and the mother of Commodus, or that they could think of giving offence to an empress whom they afterwards deified, and to an emperor that was the darling of the army and people?

The other medal is a golden one of Gallienus preserved in the French king's cabinet; it is inscribed *Gallienæ Augustæ, pax ubique*, and was stamped at a time when the emperor's father was in bondage, and the empire torn in pieces by several pretenders to it. Yet, if one considers the strange stupidity of this emperor, with the senseless security which appears in several of his sayings that are still left on record, one may very well believe this coin was of his own invention. We may be sure, if raillery had once entered the old Roman coins, we should have been overstocked with medals of this nature; if we consider there were often rival emperors

Digitized by Google

proclaimed at the same time, who endeavoured at the lessening of each other's character, and that most of them were succeeded by such as were enemies to their predecessor. These medals of Tiberius's were never current money, but rather of the nature of medallions, which seem to have been made on purpose to perpetuate the discoveries of that infamous society. Suetonius tells us, that their monstrous inventions were registered several ways, and preserved in the emperor's private apartments. *Cubicula plurifariam disposita tabellis ac sigillis lascivissimarum picturarum et figurarum adornavit, librisque elephantidis instruxit: ne cui in operâ edendâ exemplar impetratæ schemæ deesset.* The elephantis here mentioned, is probably the same Martial takes notice of for her book of postures.

In Sabellum.

Facundos mihi de libidinosis
Legisti nimium Sabelle versus,
Quales nec Didymi sciunt puellæ,
Nec molles Elephantidos libelli.
Sunt illic Veneris novæ figuræ:
Quales, &c.——— Lib. 12. Ep. 43.

Ovid mentions the same kind of pictures that found a place even in Augustus's cabinet.

Scilicet in domibus vestris, ut prisca virorum
Artifici fulgent corpora picta manu;
Sic quæ concubitus varios Venerisque figuras
Exprimat, est aliquo parva tabella loco. De Trist. lib. 2.

There are several of the sigilla, or seals, Suetonius speaks of, to be met with in collections of ancient *intaglios*.

But, I think, what puts it beyond all doubt that these coins were rather made by the emperor's order, than as a satire on him, is because they are now found in the very place that was the scene of these his unnatural lusts.

———Quem rupes Caprearum tetra latebit
Incesto possessa seni?——— Cl. de 4to, Cons. Hon.

Who has not heard of Caprea's guilty shore,
Polluted by the rank old emperor.

Digitized by Google

FROM NAPLES TO ROME, BY SEA.

I took a felucca at Naples to carry me to Rome, that I might not be forced to run over the same sights a second time, and might have an opportunity of seeing many things in a road which our voyage-writers have not so particularly described.[a] As in my journey from Rome to Naples I had Horace for my guide, so I had the pleasure of seeing my voyage, from Naples to Rome, described by Virgil. It is, indeed, much easier to trace out the way Æneas took, than that of Horace, because Virgil has marked it out by capes, islands, and other parts of nature, which are not so subject to change or decay as are towns, cities, and the works of art. Mount Pausilypo makes a beautiful prospect to those who pass by it: at a small distance from it lies the little island of Nisida, adorned with a great variety of plantations, rising one above another in so beautiful an order, that the whole island looks like a large terrace-garden. It has two little ports, and is not at present troubled with any of those noxious steams that Lucan mentions.

> ——————— *Tali spiramine Nesis*
> *Emittit Stygium nebulosis aëra saxis.* Lib. 6.
>
> Nesis' high rocks such Stygian air produce,
> And the blue breathing pestilence diffuse.

From Nisida we rowed to cape Miseno. The extremity of this cape has a long cleft in it, which was enlarged and cut into shape by Agrippa, who made this the great port for the Roman fleet that served in the Mediterranean; as that of Ravenna held the ships designed for the Adriatic and Archipelago. The highest end of this promontory rises in the fashion of a sepulchre or monument to those that survey it from the land, which perhaps might occasion Virgil's burying Misenus under it. I have seen a grave Italian author, who has

[a] Did Mr. Addison forget, that our countryman, Mr. Sandys, had described this route, *very particularly?*

Digitized by Google

written a very large book on the *Campania Felice*, that from Virgil's description of this mountain, concludes it was called Aërius before Misenus had given it a new name.

At pius Æneas ingenti mole sepulchrum
Imponit, suaque arma viro remumque tubamque
Monte sub Aerio, qui nunc Misenus ab illo
Dicitur, æternumque tenet per sæcula nomen. ÆN. lib. 6.

There are still to be seen a few ruins of old Misenum, but the most considerable antiquity of the place is a set of galleries that are hewn into the rock, and are much more spacious than the Piscina Mirabilis. Some will have them to have been a reservoir of water, but others, more probably, suppose them to have been Nero's baths. I lay the first night on the Isle of Procita, which is pretty well cultivated, and contains about four thousand inhabitants, who are all vassals to the Marquis De Vasto.

The next morning I went to see the Isle of Ischia, that stands further out into the sea. The ancient poets call it *Inarime*, and lay Typhæus under it, by reason of its eruptions of fire. There has been no eruption for near these three hundred years. The last was very terrible, and destroyed a whole city. At present there are scarce any marks left of a subterraneous fire, for the earth is cold, and overrun with grass and shrubs, where the rocks will suffer it. There are, indeed, several little cracks in it, through which there issues a constant smoke, but 'tis probable this arises from the warm springs that feed the many baths with which this island is plentifully stocked. I observed, about one of these breathing passages, a spot of myrtles that flourish within the steam of these vapours, and have a continual moisture hanging upon them. On the south of Ischia lies a round lake of about three-quarters of a mile diameter, separate from the sea by a narrow tract of land. It was formerly a Roman port. On the north end of the island stands the town and castle, on an exceeding high rock, divided from the body of the island, and inaccessible to an enemy on all sides. This island is

Digitized by Google

larger, but much more rocky and barren than Procita. Virgil makes them both shake at the fall of part of the Mole of Bajæ, that stood at a few miles distance from them.

Qualis in Euboïcæ Bajarum littore quondam
Saxea pila cadit, magnis quam molibus ante
Constructam jecere mari: sic illa ruinam
Prona trahit, penitusque vadis illisa recumbit;
Miscent se maria et nigræ attolluntur arenæ:
Tum sonitu Prochita alta tremit, durumque cubile
Inarime, Jovis imperiis imposta Typhœo. Æn. 9.

Not with less ruin than the Bajan Mole
(Built on the seas the surges to control)
At once comes tumbling down the rocky wall,
Prone to the deep the stones disjointed fall
Off the vast pile; the scatter'd ocean flies;
Black sands, discolour'd froth, and mingl'd mud arise.
The frighted billows roll, and seek the shores:
Trembles high Prochyta, and Ischia roars:
Typhœus roars beneath, by Jove's command,
Astonish'd at the flaw that shakes the land,
Soon shifts his weary side, and scarce awake,
With wonder feels the weight press lighter on his back.
DRYDEN.

I do not see why Virgil in this noble comparison has given the epithet of *alta* to Procita, for it is not only no high island in itself, but is much lower than Ischia, and all the points of land that lie within its neighbourhood. I should think *alta* was joined adverbially with *tremit*, did Virgil make use of so equivocal a syntax. I cannot forbear inserting in this place, the lame imitation Silius Italicus has made of the foregoing passage.

Haud aliter structo Tyrrhena ad littora saxo,
Pugnatura fretis subter cæcisque procellis
Pila immane sonans, impingitur ardua ponto;
Immugit Nereus, divisaque cærula pulsu
Illinum accipiunt irata sub æquore montem. Lib. 4.

So a vast fragment of the Bajan Mole,
That fix'd amid the Tyrrhene waters, braves
The beating tempests and insulting waves,
Thrown from its basis with a dreadful sound,
Dashes the broken billows all around,
And with resistless force the surface cleaves,
That in its angry waves the falling rock receives.

Digitized by Google

The next morning going to Cumæ through a very pleasant path, by the Mare Mortuum, and the Elisian Fields, we saw in our way a great many ruins of sepulchres, and other ancient edifices. Cumæ is at present utterly destitute of inhabitants, so much is it changed since Lucan's time, if the poem to Piso be his.

——— Acidaliâ quæ condidit Alite muros
Baboicam referens fœcunda Neapolis urbem.

Where the fam'd walls of fruitful Naples lie,
That may for multitudes with Cumæ vie.

They show here the remains of Apollo's Temple, which all the writers of the antiquities of this place suppose to have been the same Virgil describes in his sixth Æneid, as built by Dædalus, and that the very story which Virgil there mentions, was actually engraven on the front of it.

Redditus his primùm terris tibi Phœbe sacravit
Remigium Alarum, posuitque immania templa.
In foribus lethum Androgeo, tum pendere pœnas
Cecropidæ jussi, miserum! Septena quotannis
Corpora natorum: stat ductis sortibus urna.
Contra elata mari respondet Gnossia tellus, &c. Æn. 6.

To the Cumean coast at length he came,
And, here alighting, built his costly frame
Inscrib'd to Phœbus, here he hung on high
The steerage of his wings that cut the sky;
Then o'er the lofty gate his art emboss'd
Androgeo's death, and offerings to his ghost,
Sev'n youths from Athens yearly sent to meet
The fate appointed by revengeful Crete;
And next to those the dreadful urn was plac'd,
In which the destin'd names by lots were cast. Dryden.

Among other subterraneous works there is the beginning of a passage, which is stopped up within less than a hundred yards of the entrance, by the earth that is fallen into it. They suppose it to have been the other mouth of the Sibyl's grotto. It lies, indeed, in the same line with the entrance near the Avernus, is faced alike with the *opus reticulatum*, and has still the marks of chambers that have been cut into the sides of it. Among the many fables and conjectures which have been made

Digitized by Google

on this grotto, I think it is highly probable, that it was once inhabited by such as, perhaps, thought it a better shelter against the sun than any other kind of building, or at least that it was made with smaller trouble and expense. As for the Mosaic and other works that may be found in it, they may very well have been added in later ages, according as they thought fit to put the place to different uses. The story of the Cimmerians is indeed clogged with improbabilities, as Strabo relates it, but it is very likely there was in it some foundation of truth. Homer's description of the Cimmerians, whom he places in these parts, answers very well to the inhabitants of such a long dark cavern.

The gloomy race, in subterraneous cells,
Among surrounding shades and darkness dwells;
Hid in th' unwholesome covert of the night,
They shun th' approaches of the cheerful light:
The sun ne'er visits their obscure retreats,
Nor when he runs his course, nor when he sets.
Unhappy mortals!———— Odyss. lib. 10.

Tu quoque littoribus nostris, Æneïa nutrix,
Æternam moriens famam Cajeta dedisti:
Et nunc servat honos sedem tuus, ossaque nomen
Hesperiâ in magnâ, si qua est ea gloria, signat. Æn. 7.

And thou, O matron, of immortal fame,
Here dying, to the shore hast left thy name:
Cajeta still the place is call'd from thee,
The nurse of great Æneas' infancy.
Here rest thy bones in rich Hesperia's plains;
Thy name ('tis all a ghost can have) remains. Dryden.

I saw at Cajeta the rock of marble, said to be cleft by an earthquake at our Saviour's death. There is written over the chapel door, that leads into the crack, the words of the evangelist, *Ecce terræ-motus factus est magnus.* I believe every one who sees this vast rent in so high a rock, and observes how exactly the convex parts of one side tally with the concave of the other, must be satisfied that it was the effect of an earthquake, though I question not but it either happened long before the time of the Latin writers, or in the darker ages since, for otherwise I cannot but think they would

Digitized by Google

have taken notice of its original. The port, town, castle, and antiquities of this place have been often described.

We touched next at Monte Circeio, which Homer calls Insula Æëa, whether it be that it was formerly an island, or that the Greek sailors of his time thought it so. It is certain they might easily have been deceived by its appearance, as being a very high mountain joined to the main land by a narrow tract of earth, that is many miles in length, and almost of a level with the surface of the water. The end of this promontory is very rocky, and mightily exposed to the winds and waves, which, perhaps, gave the first rise to the howlings of wolves, and the roarings of lions, that used to be heard thence. This I had a very lively idea of, being forced to lie under it a whole night. Virgil's description of Æneas passing by this coast, can never be enough admired. It is worth while to observe how, to heighten the horror of the description, he has prepared the reader's mind, by the solemnity of Cajeta's funeral, and the dead stillness of the night.

At pius exequiis Æneas rite solutis
Aggere composito tumuli, postquam alta quiêrunt
Æquora, tendit iter velis, portumque relinquit.
Adspirant auræ in noctem, nec candida cursus
Luna negat: splendet tremulo sub lumine pontus.
Proxima Circeæ raduntur littora terræ:
Dives inaccessos ubi solis filia lucos
Assiduo resonat cantu, tectisque superbis
Urit odoratam nocturna in lumina cedrum,
Arguto tenues percurrens pectine telas:
Hinc exaudiri gemitus, iræque leonum
Vincla recusantum, et sera sub nocte rudentum:
Setigerique sues, atque in præsepibus ursi
Sævire, ac formæ magnorum ululare luporum:
Quos hominum ex facie Dea sæva potentibus herbis
Induerat Circe in vultus ac terga ferarum.
Quæ nè monstra pii paterentur talia Troes
Delati in portus, neu littora dira subirent
Neptunus ventis implevit vela secundis:
Atque fugam dedit, et præter vada fervida vexit. ÆN. lib. 7.

Now, when the prince her fun'ral rites had paid,
He plow'd the Tyrrhene seas with sails display'd.

Digitized by Google

From land a gentle breeze arose by night,
Serenely shone the stars, the moon was bright,
And the sea trembled with her silver light.
Now near the shelves of Circe's shores they run,
(Circe the rich, the daughter of the sun)
A dang'rous coast: the goddess wastes her days
In joyous songs, the rocks resound her lays:
In spinning, or the loom, she spends her night,
And cedar brands supply her father's light.
From hence were heard, (rebellowing to the main)
The roars of lions that refuse the chain,
The grunts of bristled boars, and groans of bears,
And herds of howling wolves that stun the sailor's ears.
These from their caverns, at the close of night,
Fill the sad isle with horror and affright.
Darkling they mourn their fate, whom Circe's pow'r,
(That watch'd the moon, and planetary hour)
With words and wicked herbs, from human kind
Had alter'd, and in brutal shapes confin'd.
Which monsters, lest the Trojan's pious host
Should bear, or touch upon th' inchanted coast;
Propitious Neptune steer'd their course by night
With rising gales, that sped their happy flight. DRYDEN.

Virgil calls this promontory Æëæ Insula Circes in the third Æneid, but 'tis the hero, and not the poet that speaks. It may, however, be looked upon as an intimation, that he himself thought it an island in Æneas's time. As for the thick woods, which not only Virgil, but Homer mentions, in the beautiful description that Plutarch and Longinus have taken notice of, they are most of them grubbed up since the promontory has been cultivated and inhabited, though there are still many spots of it which show the natural inclination of the soil leans[a] that way.

The next place we touched upon was Nettuno, where we found nothing remarkable besides the extreme poverty and laziness of the inhabitants. At two miles distance from it lie the ruins of Antium, that are spread over a great circuit of land. There are still left the foundations of several buildings, and what are always the last parts that perish in a ruin, many subterraneous

[a] *The natural inclination of the soil leans*] i. e. *inclination inclines*—he should have said—*lies* that way—or, the *nature* of the soil leans that way.

Digitized by Google

grottos and passages of a great length. The foundations of Nero's port are still to be seen. It was altogether artificial, and composed of huge moles running round it, in a kind of circular figure, except where the ships were to enter, and had about three quarters of a mile in its shortest diameter. Though the making of this port must have cost prodigious sums of money, we find no medal of it, and yet the same emperor has a medal struck in his own name for the port of Ostia, which in reality was a work of his predecessor Claudius. The last pope was at considerable charges to make a little kind of harbour in this place, and to convey fresh water to it, which was one of the artifices of the grand duke, to divert his holiness from his project of making Civitavecchia a free port. There lies between Antium and Nettuno, a cardinal's villa, which is one of the pleasantest for walks, fountains, shades, and prospects, that I ever saw.

Antium was formerly famous for the Temple of Fortune that stood in it. All agree there were two Fortunes worshipped here, which Suetonius calls the Fortunæ Antiates, and Martial the Sorores Antii. Some are of opinion, that by these two goddesses were meant the two Nemeses, one of which rewarded good men, as the other punished the wicked. Fabretti and others are apt to believe, that by the two Fortunes were only meant in general the goddess who sent prosperity, or she who sent afflictions to mankind, and produce in their behalf an ancient monument found in this very place, and superscribed *Fortunæ Felici*, which, indeed, may favour one opinion as well as the other, and shows, at least, they are not mistaken in the general sense of their division. I do not know whether any body has taken notice, that this double function of the goddess gives a considerable light and beauty to the ode which Horace has addressed to her. The whole poem is a prayer to Fortune, that she would prosper Cæsar's arms, and confound his enemies, so that each of the goddesses has her task assigned in the poet's prayer; and we may observe the invocation is divided between the two dei-

Digitized by Google

ties, the first line relating indifferently to either. That which I have marked speaks to the goddess of Prosperity, or, if you please, to the Nemesis of the good, and the other to the goddess of Adversity, or to the Nemesis of the wicked.

O Diva gratum quæ regis Antium,
Præsens vel imo tollere de gradu
Mortale corpus, *vel superbos*
Vertere funeribus triumphos! &c.

Great goddess, Antium's guardian power,
Whose force is strong, and quick to raise
The lowest to the highest place;
Or with a wondrous fall
To bring the haughty lower,
And turn proud triumphs to a funeral, &c. CREECH.

If we take the first interpretation of the two fortunes for the double Nemesis, the compliment to Cæsar is the greater, and the fifth stanza clearer than the commentators usually make it, for the *clavi trabales, cunei, uncus, liquidumquæ plumbum,* were actually used in the punishment of criminals.

Our next stage brought us to the mouth of the Tiber, into which we entered with some danger, the sea being generally very rough in these parts, where the river rushes into it. The season of the year, the muddiness of the stream, with the many green trees hanging over it, put me in mind of the delightful image that Virgil has given us when Æneas took the first view of it.

Atque hic Æneas ingentem ex æquore lucum
Prospicit: hunc inter fluvio Tiberinus amæno
Vorticibus rapidis et multâ flavus arenâ
In mare prorumpit: variæ circumque supraque
Assuetæ ripis volucres et fluminis alveo
Æthera mulcebant cantu, lucoque volabant.
Flectere iter sociis terræque advertere proras
Imperat, et lætus fluvio succedit opaco. ÆN. lib. 7.

The Trojan from the main beheld a wood,
Which thick with shades, and a brown horror stood:
Betwixt the trees the Tiber took his course,
With whirlpools dimpled, and with downward force
That drove the sand along, he took his way,
And roll'd his yellow billows to the sea;

Digitized by Google

About him, and above, and round the wood,
The birds that haunt the borders of his flood,
That bath'd within, or bask'd upon his side,
To tuneful songs their narrow throats apply'd.
The captain gives command, the joyful train
Glide through the gloomy shade, and leave the main.
DRYDEN.

It is impossible to learn from the ruins of the port of Ostia, what its figure was when it stood whole and entire. I shall, therefore, set down the medal that I have before mentioned, which represents it as it was formerly.

It is worth while to compare Juvenal's description of this port with the figure it makes on the coin.

Tandem intrat positas inclusa per æquora moles,
Tyrrhenamque Pharon, porrectaque brachia, rursus
Quæ pelago occurrunt medio longèque relinquunt
Italiam: non sic igitur mirabere portus
Quos natura dedit——— JUV. Sat. 12.

At last within the mighty mole she gets,
Our Tyrrhene Pharos, that the mid sea meets
With its embrace, and leaves the land behind;
A work so wond'rous Nature ne'er design'd. DRYD. Juv.

The seas may very properly be said to be inclosed *(inclusa)* between the two semicircular moles that almost surround them. The Colossus, with something like a lighted torch in its hand, is probably the Pharos in the second line. The two moles that we must suppose are joined to the land behind the Pharos, are very poetically described by the

———*Porrectaque brachia, rursus*
Quæ pelago occurrunt medio, longèque relinquunt
Italiam———

as they retire from one another in the compass they make, 'till their two ends almost meet a second time in the midst of the waters, where the figure of Neptune sits. The poet's reflection on the haven is very just, since there are few natural ports better land-locked, and closed on all sides, than this seems to have been. The figure of Neptune has a rudder by him, to mark the convenience of the harbour for navigation, as he is re-

Digitized by Google

presented himself at the entrance of it, to show it stood in the sea. The dolphin distinguishes him from a river god, and figures out his dominion over the seas. He holds the same fish in his hand on other medals. What it means we may learn from the Greek epigram on the figure of a Cupid, that had a dolphin in one hand, and a flower in the other.

Οὐδὲ μάτην παλάμαις κάλιχει δελφῖνα ϗ ἄνθος,
Τῷ μεν γας γαῖαν τῇδε θάλασσαν ἔχει.

A proper emblem graces either hand,
In one he holds the sea, in one the land.

Half a day more brought us to Rome, through a road that is commonly visited by travellers.

ROME.

It is generally observed, that modern Rome stands higher than the ancient; some have computed it about fourteen or fifteen feet, taking one place with another. The reason given for it is, that the present city stands upon the ruins of the former; and indeed I have often observed, that where any considerable pile of building stood anciently, one still finds a rising ground, or a little kind of hill, which was doubtless made up out of the fragments and rubbish of the ruined edifice. But besides this particular cause, we may assign another that has very much contributed to the raising the situation of several parts of Rome: it being certain the great quantities of earth, that have been washed off from the hills by the violence of showers, have had no small share in it. This any one may be sensible of, who observes how far several buildings, that stand near the roots of mountains, are sunk deeper in the earth than those that have been on the tops of hills, or in open plains; for which reason the present face of Rome is much more even and level than it was formerly; the same cause that has raised the lower grounds having contributed to sink those that were higher.

Digitized by Google

There are in Rome two sets of antiquities, the christian and the heathen. The former, though of a fresher date, are so embroiled with fable and legend, that one receives but little satisfaction from searching into them. The other give a great deal of pleasure to such as have met with them before in ancient authors; for a man who is in Rome can scarce see an object that does not call to mind a piece of a Latin poet or historian. Among the remains of old Rome, the grandeur of the commonwealth shows itself chiefly in works that were either necessary or convenient, such as temples, highways, aqueducts, walls, and bridges of the city. On the contrary, the magnificence of Rome, under the emperors, is seen principally in such works as were rather for ostentation or luxury, than any real usefulness or necessity, as in baths, amphitheatres, circusses, obelisks, triumphal pillars, arches, and mausoleums; for what they added to the aqueducts was rather to supply their baths and naumachias, and to embellish the city with fountains, than out of any real necessity there was for them. These several remains have been so copiously described by abundance of travellers, and other writers, particularly by those concerned in the learned collection of Grævius, that it is very difficult to make any new discoveries on so beaten a subject. There is, however, so much to be observed in so spacious a field of antiquities, that it is almost impossible to survey them without taking new hints, and raising different reflections, according as a man's natural turn of thoughts, or the course of his studies, direct him.

No part of the antiquities of Rome pleased me so much as the ancient statues, of which there is still an incredible variety. The workmanship is often the most exquisite of any thing in its kind. A man would wonder how it were possible for so much life to enter into marble, as may be discovered in some of the best of them; and even in the meanest, one has the satisfaction of seeing the faces, postures, airs, and dress of those that have lived so many ages before us. There is a strange resemblance between the figures of the several heathen

Digitized by Google

deities, and the descriptions that the Latin poets have given us of them; but as the first may be looked upon as the ancienter of the two, I question not but the Roman poets were the copiers of the Greek statuaries. Though on other occasions we often find the statuaries took their subjects from the poets. The Laocoon is too known an instance among many others that are to be met with at Rome. In the villa Aldabrandina are the figures of an old and young man, engaged together at the Cæstus, who are probably the Dares and Entellus of Virgil; where by the way one may observe the make of the ancient Cæstus, that it only consisted of so many large thongs about the hand, without any thing like a piece of lead at the end of them, as some writers of antiquities have falsely imagined.

I question not but many passages in the old poets hint at several parts of sculpture, that were in vogue in the author's time, though they are now never thought of, and that therefore such passages lose much of their beauty in the eye of a modern reader, who does not look upon them in the same light with the author's contemporaries. I shall only mention two or three out of Juvenal, that his commentators have not taken notice of. The first runs thus,

Multa pudicitiæ veteris vestigia forsan,
Aut aliqua extiterint, et sub Jove, sed Jove nondum
Barbato———— Sat. 6.

Some thin remains of chastity appear'd
Ev'n under Jove, but Jove without a beard. DRYDEN.

I appeal to any reader, if the humour here would not appear much more natural and unforced to a people that saw every day some or other statue of this god with a thick bushy beard, as there are still many of them extant at Rome, than it can to us who have no such idea of him; especially if we consider there was in the same city a temple dedicated to the young Jupiter, called *Templum Vejovis*, where, in all probability, there stood the particular statue of a *Jupiter Imberbis*.[a]

[a] Vid. Ov. de Fastis, lib. 3. ecl. 71.

Digitized by Google

Juvenal, in another place, makes his flatterer compare the neck of one that is but feebly built, to that of Hercules holding up Antæus from the earth.

Et longum invalidi collum cervicibus æquat
Herculis Antæum procul a tellure tenentis. Sat. 3.

His long crane neck and narrow shoulders praise;
You'd think they were describing Hercules
Lifting Antæus———— DRYDEN.

What a strained unnatural similitude must this seem to a modern reader, but how full of humour, if we suppose it alludes to any celebrated statues of these two champions, that stood perhaps in some public place or highway near Rome? And what makes it more than probable there were such statues, we meet with the figures, which Juvenal here describes, on antique intaglios and medals. Nay, Propertius has taken notice of the very statues.

———*Luctantum in pulvere signa*
Herculis Antæique———— Lib. 3. car. 1.

Antæus here and stern Alcides strive,
And both the grappling statues seem to live.

I cannot forbear observing here, that the turn of the neck and arms is often commended in the Latin poets among the beauties of a man, as in Horace, we find both put together, in that beautiful description of jealousy.

Dum tu Lydia Telephi
Cervicem roseam, et cerea Telephi
Laudas brachia, væ meum
Fervens difficile bile tumet jecur:
Tunc nec mens mihi, nec color
Certâ sede manent: humor et in genas
Furtim labitur, arguens
Quàm lentis penitus macerer ignibus.

While Telephus's youthful charms,
His rosy neck, and winding arms,
With endless rapture you recite,
And in the tender name delight;
My heart, enrag'd by jealous heats,
With numberless resentments beats;
From my pale cheeks the colour flies,
And all the man within me dies;

Digitized by Google

By fits my swelling grief appears
In rising sighs, and falling tears,
That show too well the warm desires,
The silent, slow, consuming fires,
Which on my inmost vitals prey,
And melt my very soul away.

This we should be at a loss to account for, did we not observe in the old Roman statues, that these two parts were always bare, and exposed to view, as much as our hands and face are at present. I cannot leave Juvenal without taking notice that his

Ventilat æstivum digitis sudantibus aurum
Nec sufferre queat majoris pondera Gemmæ. Sat. 1.

Charg'd with light summer rings his fingers sweat,
Unable to support a gem of weight. DRYDEN.

was not anciently so great an hyperbole as it is now, for I have seen old Roman rings so very thick about, and with such large stones in them, that 'tis no wonder a fop should reckon them a little cumbersome in the summer season of so hot a climate.

It is certain that satire delights in such allusions and instances as are extremely natural and familiar: when therefore we see any thing in an old satirist that looks forced and pedantic, we ought to consider how it appeared in the time the poet writ, and whether or no there might not be some particular circumstances to recommend it to the readers of his own age, which we are now deprived of. One of the finest ancient statues in Rome is a Meleager with a spear in his hand, and the head of a wild boar on one side of him. It is of Parian marble, and as yellow as ivory. One meets with many other figures of Meleager in the ancient basso relievos, and on the sides of the Sarcophagi, or funeral monuments. Perhaps it was the arms or device of the old Roman hunters; which conjecture I have found confirmed in a passage of Manilius, that lets us know the pagan hunters had Meleager for their patron, as the christians have their St. Hubert. He speaks of the constellation which makes a good sportsman.

Digitized by Google

——Quibus aspirantibus orti
Te Meleagre coluni—— MANIL. lib. 1.

I question not but this sets a verse, in the fifth satire of Juvenal, in a much better light than if we suppose that the poet aims only at the old story of Meleager, without considering it as so very common and familiar a one among the Romans.

——Flavi dignus ferro Meleagri
Spumat aper—— JUV. Sat. 5.

A boar entire, and worthy of the sword
Of Meleager, smokes upon the board. Mr. BOWLES.

In the beginning of the ninth satire, Juvenal asks his friend why he looks like Marsya when he was overcome?

Scire velim quare toties mihi Nævole tristis
Occurris fronte obductâ, seu Marsya victus?

Tell me, while saunt'ring thus from place to place,
I meet thee, Nevolus, with a clouded face? DRYD. JUV.

Some of the commentators tell us, that Marsya was a lawyer who had lost his cause; others say that this passage alludes to the story of the satyr Marsyas, who contended with Apollo; which I think is more humorous than the other, if we consider there was a famous statue of Apollo fleaing Marsya in the midst of the Roman forum, as there are still several ancient statues of Rome on the same subject.

There is a passage in the sixth satire of Juvenal, that I could never tell what to make of, 'till I had got the interpretation of it from one of Bellorio's ancient basso relievos.

Magnorum artificum frangebat pocula miles
Ut phaleris gauderet equus: cælataque cassis
Romuleæ simulachra feræ mansuescere jussæ
Imperii fato, et geminos sub rupe Quirinos,
Ac nudam effigiem clypeo fulgentis et hastâ,
Pendentisque Dei, perituro ostenderet hosti. JUV. Sat. 11.

Or else a helmet for himself he made,
Where various warlike figures were inlaid:
The Roman wolf suckling the twins was there,
And Mars himself, arm'd with his shield and spear,

Digitized by Google

Hov'ring above his crest, did dreadful show,
As threat'ning death to each resisting foe. DRYD. JUV.

Juvenal here describes the simplicity of the old Roman soldiers, and the figures that were generally engraven on their helmets. The first of them was the wolf giving suck to Romulus and Rhemus: the second, which is comprehended in the two last verses, is not so intelligible. Some of the commentators tell us, that the god here mentioned is Mars, that he comes to see his two sons sucking the wolf, and that the old sculptors generally drew their figures naked, that they might have the advantage of representing the different swelling of the muscles, and the turns of the body. But they are extremely at a loss to know what is meant by the word *pendentis;* some fancy it expresses only the great embossment of the figure, others believe it hung off the helmet in *alto relievo*, as in the foregoing translation. Lubin supposes that the god Mars was engraven on the shield, and that he is said to be hanging, because the shield which bore him hung on the left shoulder. One of the old interpreters is of opinion, that by hanging is only meant a posture of bending forward to strike the enemy. Another will have it, that whatever is placed on the head may be said to hang, as we call hanging gardens, such as are planted on the top of the house. Several learned men, who like none of these explications, believe there has been a fault in the transcriber, and that *pendentis* ought to be *perdentis;* but they quote no manuscript in favour of their conjecture. The true meaning of the words is certainly as follows. The Roman soldiers, who were not a little proud of their founder, and the military genius of their republic, used to bear on their helmets the first history of Romulus, who was begot by the god of war, and suckled by a wolf. The figure of the god was made as if descending upon the priestess Ilia, or as others call her, Rhea Silvia. The occasion required his body should be naked,

Tu quoque inermis eras cum te formosa sacerdos
Cepit: ut huic urbi semina magna dares. OV. DE FAS. lib. 3.

Digitized by Google

Then too, our mighty Sire, thou stood'st disarm'd,
When thy rapt soul the lovely priestess charm'd,
That Rome's high founder bore————

Though on other occasions he is drawn, as Horace has described him, *Tunicâ cinctum adamantinâ*. The sculptor, however, to distinguish him from the rest of the gods, gave him what the medallists call his proper attributes, a spear in one hand, and a shield in the other. As he was represented descending, his figure appeared suspended in the air over the vestal virgin, in which sense the word *pendentis* is extremely proper and poetical. Besides the antique *basso relievo*, that made me first think of this interpretation, I have since met with the same figures on the reverses of a couple of ancient coins, which were stamped in the reign of Antoninus Pius, as a compliment to that emperor, whom for his excellent government and conduct of the city of Rome, the senate regarded as a second kind of founder.

Ilia Vestalis (quid enim vetat inde moveri)
Sacra lavaturas manè petebat aquas:
Fessa resedit humi, ventosque accepit aperto
Pectore; turbatas restituitque comas.
Dum sedet; umbrosæ salices volucresque canoræ
Fecerunt somnos, et leve murmur aquæ.
Blanda quies victis furtim subrepit ocellis,
Et cadit a mento languida facta manus?
Mars videt hanc, visamque cupit, potiturque cupitâ:
Et sua divinâ furta fefellit ope.
Somnus abit: jacet illa gravis, jam scilicet intra
Viscera Romanæ conditor urbis erat.

Ov. de Fast. lib. 3. eleg. 1.

As the fair vestal to the fountain came,
(Let none be startled at a vestal's name)
Tir'd with the walk, she laid her down to rest,
And to the winds expos'd her glowing breast
To take the freshness of the morning air,
And gather'd in a knot her flowing hair:
While thus she rested on her arm reclin'd,
The hoary willows waving with the wind,
And feather'd choirs that warbled in the shade,
And purling streams that through the meadow stray'd,
In drowsy murmurs lull'd the gentle maid.
The god of war beheld the virgin lie,
The god beheld her with a lover's eye,

Digitized by Google

And by so tempting an occasion press'd,
The beauteous maid, whom he beheld, possess'd:
Conceiving as she slept, her fruitful womb
Swell'd with the founder of immortal Rome.

I cannot quit this head without taking notice of a line in Seneca the tragedian.

——————— *Primus emergit solo*
Dextrâ ferocem cornibus premens taurum
Zetus——————————— SEN. Œdip. act. 3.

——— First Zetus rises through the ground,
Bending the bull's tough neck with pain,
That tosses back his horns in vain.

I cannot doubt but the poet had here in view the posture of Zetus in the famous group of figures, which represents the two brothers binding Dirce to the horns of a mad bull.

I could not forbear taking particular notice of the several musical instruments that are to be seen in the hands of the Apollos, muses, fauns, satyrs, bacchanals, and shepherds, which might certainly give a great light to the dispute for preference between the ancient and modern music. It would, perhaps, be no impertinent design to take off all their models in wood, which might not only give us some notion of the ancient music, but help us to pleasanter instruments than are now in use. By the appearance they make in marble, there is not one string-instrument that seems comparable to our violins, for they are all played on, either by the bare fingers, or the plectrum, so that they were incapable of adding any length to their notes, or of varying them by those insensible swellings, and wearings away of sound upon the same string, which give so wonderful a sweetness to our modern music. Besides, that the string-instruments must have had very low and feeble voices, as may be guessed from the small proportion of wood about them, which could not contain air enough to render the strokes, in any considerable measure, full and sonorous. There is a great deal of difference in the make, not only of the several kinds of instruments, but even among those of the same name. The Syringa, for

Digitized by Google

example, has sometimes four, and sometimes more pipes, as high as the twelve. The same variety of strings may be observed on their harps, and of stops on their Tibiæ, which shows the little foundation that such writers have gone upon, who, from a verse perhaps in Virgil's Eclogues, or a short passage in a classic author, have been so very nice in determining the precise shape of the ancient musical instruments, with the exact number of their pipes, strings, and stops. It is, indeed, the usual fault of the writers of antiquities, to straighten and confine themselves to particular models. They are for making a kind of stamp on every thing of the same name, and if they find any thing like an old description of the subject they treat on, they take care to regulate it on all occasions, according to the figure it makes in such a single passage: as the learned German author, quoted by Monsieur Baudelot, who had probably never seen any thing of a household god, more than a canopus, affirms roundly, that all the ancient lares were made in the fashion of a jug-bottle. In short, the antiquaries have been guilty of the same fault as the system-writers, who are for cramping their subjects into as narrow a space as they can, and for reducing the whole extent of a science into a few general maxims. This a man has occasion of observing more than once, in the several fragments of antiquity that are still to be seen in Rome. How many dresses are there for each particular deity? What a variety of shapes in the ancient urns, lamps, lachrymary vessels, Priapuses, household gods, which have some of them been represented under such a particular form, as any one of them has been described with in an ancient author, and would probably be all so, were they not still to be seen in their own vindication? Madam Dacier, from some old cuts of Terence, fancies that the larva, or the persona of the Roman actors, was not only a vizard for the face, but had false hair to it, and came over the whole head like a helmet. Among all the statues at Rome, I remember to have seen but two that are the figures of actors, which are both in the Villa Matthei. One sees on them the fashion of the

Digitized by Google

old sock and larva, the latter of which answers the description that is given of it by this learned lady, though I question not but several others were in use; for I have seen the figure of Thalia, the comic muse, sometimes with an entire head-piece in her hand, sometimes with about half the head, and a little frizze, like a tower, running round the edges of the face, and sometimes with a mask for the face only, like those of a modern make. Some of the Italian actors wear at present these masks for the whole head. I remember formerly I could have no notion of that fable in Phædrus, before I had seen the figures of these entire head-pieces.

Personam tragicam fortè vulpes viderat:
O quanta species, inquit, cerebrum non habet! Lib. 1. Fab. 7.

As wily Renard walk'd the streets at night,
On a tragedian's mask he chanc'd to light,
Turning it o'er, he mutter'd with disdain,
How vast a head is here without a brain?

I find Madam Dacier has taken notice of this passage in Phædrus, upon the same occasion; but not of the following one in Martial, which alludes to the same kind of masks.

Non omnes fallis, scit te Proserpina canum,
Personam capiti detrahet illa tuo. Lib. 3. ep. 43.

Why shouldst thou try to hide thyself in youth?
Impartial Proserpine beholds the truth,
And, laughing at so fond and vain a task,
Will strip thy hoary noddle of its mask.

In the Villa Borghese is the bust of a young Nero, which shows us the form of an ancient Bulla on the breast, which is neither like a heart, as Macrobius describes it, nor altogether resembles that in Cardinal Chigi's cabinet; so that without establishing a particular instance into a general rule, we ought, in subjects of this nature, to leave room for the humour of the artist or wearer. There are many figures of gladiators at Rome, though I do not remember to have seen any of the Retiarius, the Samnite, or the antagonist to the Pinnirapus. But what I could not find among the sta-

Digitized by Google

tues, I met with in two antique pieces of Mosaic, which are in the possession of a cardinal. The Retiarius is engaged with the Samnite, and has had so lucky a throw, that his net covers the whole body of his adversary from head to foot, yet his antagonist recovered himself out of the toils, and was conqueror, according to the inscription. In another piece is represented the combat of the Pinnirapus, who is armed like the Samnite, and not like the Retiarius, as some learned men have supposed: on the helmet of his antagonist are seen the two Pinnæ, that stand up on either side like the wings in the petasus of a Mercury, but rise much higher, and are more pointed.

There is no part of the Roman antiquities that we are better acquainted with, than what relates to their sacrifices. For as the old Romans were very much devoted to their religion, we see several parts of it entering their ancient *basso relievos*, statues, and medals, not to mention their altars, tombs, monuments, and those particular ornaments of architecture which were borrowed from it. An heathen ritual could not instruct a man better than these several pieces of antiquity, in the particular ceremonies and punctilios that attended the different kinds of sacrifices. Yet there is much greater variety in the make of the sacrificing instruments, than one finds in those who have treated of them, or have given us their pictures. For not to insist too long on such a subject, I saw in Signior Antonio Polito's collection, a patera without any rising in the middle, as it is generally engraven, and another with a handle to it, as Macrobius describes it, though it is quite contrary to any that I have ever seen cut in marble; and I have observed, perhaps, several hundreds. I might here enlarge on the shape of the triumphal chariot, which is different in some pieces of sculpture from what it appears in others; and on the figure of the discus, that is to be seen in the hand of the celebrated Castor at Don Livio's, which is perfectly round, and not oblong, as some antiquaries have represented it, nor has it any

Digitized by Google

thing like a sling fastened to it, to add force to the toss.

Protinus imprudens, actusque cupidine lusus
Tollere Tænarides orbem properabat———
———De Hyacinthi disco. Ov. Met. lib. 10.

Th' unwary youth, impatient for the cast,
Went to snatch up the rolling orb in haste.

Notwithstanding, there are so great a multitude of cloathed statues at Rome, I could never discover the several different Roman garments, for 'tis very difficult to trace out the figure of a vest, through all the plaits and foldings of the drapery; besides that, the Roman garments did not differ from each other, so much by the shape as by the embroidery and colour, the one of which was too nice for the statuary's observation, as the other does not lie within the expression of the chissel. I observed, in abundance of *bas reliefs*, that the *cinctus gabinus* is nothing else but a long garment, not unlike a surplice, which would have trailed on the ground had it hung loose, and was therefore gathered about the middle with a girdle. After this it is worth while to read the laborious description that Ferrarius has made of it. *Cinctus gabinus non aliud fuit quàm cum togæ lacinia lævo brachio sudducta in tergum ita rejiciebatur, ut contracta retraheretur ad pectus, atque ita in nodum necteretur; qui nodus sive cinctus togam contrahebat, brevioremque et strictiorem reddidit. De re Vestiar.* L. 1. c. 14. Lipsius's description of the Samnite armour, seems drawn out of the very words of Livy; yet not long ago a statue, which was dug up at Rome, dressed in this kind of armour, gives a much different explication of Livy from what Lipsius has done. This figure was superscribed *BA. TO. NI.* from whence Fabretti[a] concludes, that it was a monument erected to the gladiator Bato, who, after having succeeded in two combats, was killed in the third, and honourably interred by order of the Emperor Caracalla. The manner of punctuation after each

[a] Vid. Fabr. de Columnâ Trajani.

Digitized by Google

syllable is to be met with in other antique inscriptions. I confess I could never learn where this figure is now to be seen, but I think it may serve as an instance of the great uncertainty of this science of antiquities.

In a palace of Prince Cesarini, I saw busts of all the Antonine family, which were dug up about two years since, not far from Albano, in a place where is supposed to have stood a villa of Marcus Aurelius. There are the heads of Antoninus Pius, the Faustinas, Marcus Aurelius, Lucius Verus, a young Commodus, and Annius Verus, all incomparably well cut.

Though the statues that have been found among the ruins of old Rome are already very numerous, there is no question but posterity will have the pleasure of seeing many noble pieces of sculpture which are still undiscovered, for, doubtless, there are greater treasures of this nature under ground, than what are yet brought to light. They have often dug into lands that are described in old authors, as the places where such particular statues or obelisks stood, and have seldom failed of success in their pursuits. There are still many such promising spots of ground that have never been searched into. A great part of the Palatine mountain, for example, lies untouched, which was formerly the seat of the imperial palace, and may be presumed to abound with more treasures of this nature than any other part of Rome.

Ecce Palatino crevit reverentia monti,
Exultatque habitante Deo, potioraque Delphis
Supplicibus latè populis oracula pandit.
Non alium certè decuit rectoribus orbis
Esse Larem, nulloque magis se colle potestas
Æstimat et summi sentit fastigia juris,
Attollens apicem subjectis regia rostris
Tot circum delubra videt, tantisque Deorum
Cingitur excubiis ——————

CLAUD. de Sexto Consulat. Honorii.

The Palatine, proud Rome's imperial seat,
(An awful pile!) stands venerably great:
Thither the kingdoms and the nations come,
In supplicating crowds to learn their doom;
To Delphi less th' inquiring worlds repair,
Nor does a greater God inhabit there:

Digitized by Google

This sure the pompous mansion was design'd
To please the mighty rulers of mankind;
Inferior temples rise on either hand,
And on the borders of the palace stand,
While o'er the rest her head she proudly rears,
And lodg'd amidst her guardian gods appears.

But whether it be that the richest of these discoveries fall into the pope's hands, or for some other reason, it is said that the prince Farnese, who is the present owner of this seat, will keep it from being turned up 'till he sees one of his own family in the chair. There are undertakers in Rome who often purchase the digging of fields, gardens, or vineyards, where they find any likelihood of succeeding, and some have been known to arrive at great estates by it. They pay according to the dimensions of the surface they are to break up, and after having made essays into it, as they do for coal in England, they rake into the most promising parts of it. though they often find, to their disappointment, that others have been beforehand with them. However, they generally gain enough by the rubbish and bricks, which the present architects value much beyond those of a modern make, to defray the charges of their search. I was shown two spaces of ground, where part of Nero's golden house stood, for which the owner has been offered an extraordinary sum of money. What encouraged the undertakers, are several very ancient trees, which grow upon the spot, from whence they conclude that these particular tracts of ground must have lain untouched for some ages. 'Tis pity there is not something like a public register, to preserve the memory of such statues as have been found from time to time, and to mark the particular places where they have been taken up, which would not only prevent many fruitless searches for the future, but might often give a considerable light into the quality of the place, or the design of the statue.

But the great magazine for all kinds of treasure, is supposed to be the bed of the Tiber. We may be sure, when the Romans lay under the apprehensions of seeing their city sacked by a barbarous enemy, as they

Digitized by Google

have done more than once, that they would take care to bestow such of their riches this way as could best bear the water: besides, what the insolence of a brutish conqueror may be supposed to have contributed, who had an ambition to waste and destroy all the beauties of so celebrated a city. I need not mention the old common-shore of Rome, which ran from all parts of the town with the current and violence of an ordinary river, nor the frequent inundations of the Tiber, which may have swept away many of the ornaments of its banks, nor the several statues that the Romans themselves flung into it, when they would revenge themselves on the memory of an ill citizen, a dead tyrant, or a discarded favourite. At Rome they have so general an opinion of the riches of this river, that the Jews have formerly proffered the pope to cleanse it, so they might have for their pains, what they found in the bosom of it. I have seen the valley near Ponte Molle, which they proposed to fashion into a new channel for it, 'till they had cleared the old for its reception. The pope, however, would not comply with the proposal, as fearing the heats might advance too far before they had finished their work, and produce a pestilence among his people; though I do not see why such a design might not be executed now with as little danger as in Augustus's time, were there as many hands employed upon it. The city of Rome would receive a great advantage from the undertaking, as it would raise the banks and deepen the bed of the Tiber, and by consequence free them from those frequent inundations to which they are so subject at present; for the channel of the river is observed to be narrower within the walls, than either below or above them.

Before I quit this subject of the statues, I think it very observable, that among those which are already found there should be so many not only of the same persons, but made after the same design. One would not indeed wonder to see several figures of particular deities and emperors, who had a multitude of temples erected to them, and had their several sets of worship-

Digitized by Google

pers and admirers. Thus Ceres, the most beneficent and useful of the heathen divinities, has more statues than any other of the gods or goddesses, as several of the Roman empresses took a pleasure to be represented in her dress. And I believe one finds as many figures of that excellent emperor Marcus Aurelius, as of all the rest together; because the Romans had so great a veneration for his memory, that it grew into a part of their religion to preserve a statue of him in almost every private family. But how comes it to pass, that so many of these statues are cut after the very same model, and not only of these, but of such as had no relation, either to the interest or devotion of the owner, as the dying Cleopatra, the Narcissus, the Fawn leaning against the trunk of a tree, the boy with the bird in his hand, the Leda and her swan, with many others of the same nature? I must confess I always look upon figures of this kind, as the copies of some celebrated master-piece, and question not but they were famous originals, that gave rise to the several statues which we see with the same air, posture, and attitudes. What confirms me in this conjecture, there are many ancient statues of the Venus de Medicis, the Silenus with the young Bacchus in his arms, the Hercules Farnese, the Antinöus, and other beautiful originals of the ancients, that are already drawn out of the rubbish, where they lay concealed for so many ages. Among the rest I have observed more that are formed after the design of the Venus of Medicis than of any other, from whence I believe one may conclude, that it was the most celebrated statue among the ancients, as well as among the moderns. It has always been usual for sculptors to work upon the best models, as it is for those that are curious to have copies of them.

I am apt to think something of the same account may be given of the resemblance that we meet with in many of the antique *basso relievos*. I remember I was very well pleased with the device of one that I met with on the tomb of a young Roman lady, which had been made for her by her mother. The sculptor had chosen the rape of Pro-

Digitized by Google

serpine for his device, where in one end you might see the god of the dead (Pluto) hurrying away a beautiful young virgin, (Proserpine) and at the other the grief and distraction of the mother (Ceres) on that occasion. I have since observed the same device upon several sarcophagi, that have inclosed the ashes of men or boys, maids or matrons; for when the thought took, though at first it received its rise from such a particular occasion as I have mentioned, the ignorance of the sculptors applied it promiscuously. I know there are authors who discover a mystery in this device.

A man is sometimes surprised to find so many extravagant fancies as are cut on the old Pagan tombs. Masks, hunting-matches, and bacchanals are very common; sometimes one meets with a lewd figure of a Priapus, and in the villa Pamphilia is seen a satyr coupling with a goat. There are, however, many of a more serious nature, that shadow out the existence of the soul after death, and the hopes of a happy immortality. I cannot leave the basso relievos, without mentioning one of them, where the thought is extremely noble. It is called Homer's apotheosis, and consists of a groupe of figures cut in the same block of marble, and rising one above another by four or five different ascents. Jupiter sits at the top of it with a thunderbolt in his hand, and, in such a majesty as Homer himself represents him, presides over the ceremony.

Ευρον δ' ἰυρυοπα χρονίδην ἄτερ ἤμενον ἄλλων·
Ακροτάτῃ κορυφῇ πολυδείραδος Ουλύμποιο.

Immediately beneath him are the figures of the nine muses, supposed to be celebrating the praises of the poet. Homer himself is placed at one end of the lowest row, sitting in a chair of state, which is supported on each side by the figure of a kneeling woman. The one holds a sword in her hand to represent the Iliad, or actions of Achilles, as the other has an Aplustre to represent the Odyssey, or voyage of Ulysses. About the poet's feet are creeping a couple of mice, as an emblem of the Batrachomyomachia. Behind the chair stands

Digitized by Google

Time, and the Genius of the Earth, distinguished by their proper attributes, and putting a garland on the poet's head, to intimate the mighty reputation he has gained in all ages and in all nations of the world. Before him stands an altar with a bull ready to be sacrificed to the new god, and behind the victim a train of the several virtues that are represented in Homer's works, or to be learnt out of them, lifting up their hands in admiration of the poet, and in applause of the solemnity. This antique piece of sculpture is in the possession of the constable Colonna, but never shown to those who see the palace, unless they particularly desire it.

Among the great variety of ancient coins which I saw at Rome, I could not but take particular notice of such as relate to any of the buildings or statues that are still extant. Those of the first kind have been already published by the writers of the Roman antiquities, and may be most of them met with in the last edition of Donatus, as the pillars of Trajan and Antonine, the arches of Drusus Germanicus, and Septimius Severus, the temples of Janus, Concord, Vesta, Jupiter tonans, Apollo and Faustina, the Circus Maximus, Agonalis, and that of Caracalla, or, according to Fabretti, of Galienus, of Vespasian's amphitheatre, and Alexander Severus's baths; though, I must confess, the subject of the last may be very well doubted of. As for the *Meta sudans* and *Pons Ælius*, which have gained a place among the buildings that are now standing, and to be met with on old reverses of medals; the coin that shows the first is generally rejected as spurious: nor is the other, though cited in the last edition of Monsieur Vaillant, esteemed more authentic by the present Roman medalists, who are certainly the most skilful in the world, as to the mechanical part of this science. I shall close up this set of medals with a very curious one, as large as a medallion, that is singular in its kind. On one side is the head of the emperor Trajan, the reverse has on it the Circus Maximus, and a view of the side of the Palatine mountain that faces it, on which are

Digitized by Google

seen several edifices, and among the rest the famous Temple of Apollo, that has still a considerable ruin standing. This medal I saw in the hands of Monseigneur Strozzi, brother to the duke of that name, who has many curiosities in his possession, and is very obliging to a stranger, who desires the sight of them. It is a surprising thing, that among the great pieces of architecture represented on the old coins, one can never meet with the Pantheon, the Mausoleum of Augustus, Nero's golden house, the Moles Adriani, the Septizonium of Severus, the baths of Dioclesian, &c. But since it was the custom of the Roman emperors thus to register their most remarkable buildings, as well as actions, and since there are several in either of these kinds not to be found on medals, more extraordinary than those that are: we may, I think, with great reason suspect our collections of old coins to be extremely deficient, and that those which are already found out, scarce bear a proportion to what are yet undiscovered. A man takes a great deal more pleasure in surveying the ancient statues, who compares them with medals, than it is possible for him to do without some little knowledge this way; for these two arts illustrate each other; and as there are several particulars in history and antiquities which receive a great light from ancient coins, so would it be impossible to decypher the faces of the many statues that are to be seen at Rome, without so universal a key to them. It is this that teaches to distinguish the kings and consuls, emperors and empresses, the deities and virtues, with a thousand other particulars relating to statuary, and not to be learnt by any other means. In the villa Pamphilia stands the statue of a man in woman's cloaths, which the antiquaries do not know what to make of, and therefore pass it off for an hermaphrodite; but a learned medalist in Rome has lately fixed it to Clodius, who is so famous for having intruded into the solemnities of the Bona Dea in a woman's habit, for one sees the same features and make of face in a medal of the Clodian family.

I have seen on coins the four finest figures perhaps

Digitized by Google

that are now extant: the Hercules Farnese, the Venus of Medicis, the Apollo in the Belvidere, and the famous Marcus Aurelius on horseback. The oldest medal that the first appears upon is one of Commodus, the second on one of Faustina, the third on one of Antoninus Pius, and the last on one of Lucius Verus. We may conclude, I think, from hence, that these statues were extremely celebrated among the old Romans, or they would never have been honoured with a place among the emperor's coins. We may further observe, that all four of them make their first appearance in the Antonine family, for which reason I am apt to think they are all of them the product of that age. They would probably have been mentioned by Pliny the naturalist, who lived in the next reign save one before Antoninus Pius, had they been made in his time. As for the brazen figure of Marcus Aurelius on horseback, there is no doubt of its being of this age, though I must confess it may be doubted, whether the medal I have cited represents it. All I can say for it is, that the horse and man on the medal are in the same posture as they are on the statue, and that there is a resemblance of Marcus Aurelius's face, for I have seen this reverse on a medalion of Don Livio's cabinet, and much more distinctly in another very beautiful one, that is in the hands of Signior Marc. Antonio. It is generally objected, that Lucius Verus would rather have placed the figure of himself on horseback upon the reverse of his own coin, than the figure of Marcus Aurelius. But it is very well known that an emperor often stamped on his coins the face or ornaments of his colleague, as an instance of his respect or friendship for him; and we may suppose Lucius Verus would omit no opportunity of doing honor to Marcus Aurelius, whom he rather revered as his father, than treated as his partner in the empire. The famous Antinous in the Belvidere must have been made too about this age, for he died towards the middle of Adrian's reign, the immediate predecessor of Antoninus Pius. This entire figure, though not to be found in medals, may be seen in several precious stones. Monsieur La Chausse, the

Digitized by Google

author of the Museum Romanum showed me an Antinous that he has published in his last volume, cut in a cornelian, which he values at fifty pistoles. It represents him in the habit of a Mercury, and is the finest *intaglia* that I ever saw.

Next to the statues, there is nothing in Rome more surprising than that amazing variety of ancient pillars of so many kinds of marble. As most of the old statues may be well supposed to have been cheaper to their first owners, than they are to a modern purchaser, several of the pillars are certainly rated at a much lower price at present than they were of old. For not to mention what a huge column of granite, serpentine, or porphyry, must have cost in the quarry, or in its carriage from Egypt to Rome, we may only consider the great difficulty of hewing it into any form, and of giving it the due turn, proportion, and polish. It is well known how these sorts of marble resist the impressions of such instruments as are now in use. There is, indeed, a Milanese at Rome who works in them, but his advances are so very slow, that he scarce lives upon what he gains by it. He showed me a piece of porphyry worked into an ordinary salver, which had cost him four months continual application, before he could bring it into that form. The ancients had probably some secret to harden the edges of their tools, without recurring to those extravagant opinions of their having an art to mollify the stone, or that it was naturally softer at its first cutting from the rock, or what is still more absurd, that it was an artificial composition, and not the natural product of mines and quarries. The most valuable pillars about Rome, for the marble of which they are made, are the four columns of oriental jasper in St. Paulina's chapel at St. Maria Maggiore; two of oriental granite in St. Pudenziana; one of transparent oriental jasper in the Vatican library; four of Nero-Bianco, in St. Cecilia Transtevere; two of Brocatello, and two of oriental agate in Don Livio's palace; two of Giallo Antico in St. John Lateran, and two of Verdi Antique in the Villa Pamphilia. These are all entire and solid pil-

Digitized by Google

lars, and made of such kinds of marble as are no where to be found but among antiquities, whether it be that the veins of it are undiscovered, or that they were quite exhausted upon the ancient buildings. Among these old pillars, I cannot forbear reckoning a great part of an alabaster column, which was found in the ruins of Livia's portico. It is of the colour of fire, and may be seen over the high altar of St. Maria in Campitello, for they have cut it into two pieces, and fixed it in the shape of a cross in a hole of the wall that was made on purpose to receive it; so that the light passing through it from without, makes it look, to those who are in the church, like a huge transparent cross of amber. As for the workmanship of the old Roman pillars, Monsieur Desgodetz, in his accurate measures of these ruins, has observed, that the ancients have not kept to the nicety of proportion, and the rules of art, so much as the moderns in this particular. Some, to excuse this defect, lay the blame of it on the workmen of Egypt, and of other nations, who sent most of the ancient pillars ready shaped to Rome: others say that the ancients, knowing architecture was chiefly designed to please the eye, only took care to avoid such disproportions as were gross enough to be observed by the sight, without minding whether or no they approached to a mathematical exactness: others will have it rather to be an effect of art, and of what the Italians call the *gusto grande*, than of any negligence in the architect; for they say the ancients always considered the situation of a building, whether it were high or low, in an open square or in a narrow street, and more or less deviated from their rules of art, to comply with the several distances and elevations from which their works were to be regarded. It is said there is an Ionic pillar in the Santa Maria Transtevere, where the marks of the compass are still to be seen on the volute, and that Palladio learnt from hence the working of that difficult problem; but I never could find time to examine all the old columns of that church. Among the pillars, I must not pass over the two noblest in the world, of Trajan and Antonine.

Digitized by Google

There could not have been a more magnificent design than that of Trajan's pillar. Where could an emperor's ashes have been so nobly lodged, as in the midst of his metropolis, and on the top of so exalted a monument, with the greatest of his actions underneath him? Or, as some will have it, his statue was on the top, his urn at the foundation, and his battles in the midst. The sculpture of it is too well known to be here mentioned. The most remarkable piece of Antonine's pillar is the figure of Jupiter Pluvius, sending down rain on the fainting army of Marcus Aurelius, and thunderbolts on his enemies, which is the greatest confirmation possible of the story of the Christian legion, and will be a standing evidence for it, when any passage in an old author may be supposed to be forged. The figure that Jupiter here makes among the clouds, puts me in mind of a passage in the Æneid, which gives just such another image of him. Virgil's interpreters are certainly to blame, that suppose it is nothing but the air which is here meant by Jupiter.

Quantus ab occasu veniens pluvialibus hædis
Verberat imber humum, quàm multâ grandine nimbi
In vada præcipitant, quum Jupiter horridus austris
Torquet aquosam hyemem, et cælo cava nubila rumpit. Æn. 9.

The combat thickens, like the storm that flies
From westward, when the show'ry kids arise:
Or patt'ring hail comes pouring on the main,
When Jupiter descends in harden'd rain;
Or bellowing clouds burst with a stormy sound,
And with an armed winter strew the ground. Dryden.

I have seen a medal that, according to the opinion of many learned men, relates to the same story. The emperor is entitled on it Germanicus, (as it was in the wars of Germany that this circumstance happened) and carries on the reverse a thunderbolt in his hand; for the Heathens attributed the same miracle to the piety of the emperor, that the Christians ascribed to the prayers of their legion. *Fulmen de cælo precibus suis contra hostium machinamentum Marcus extorsit, suis pluviâ impetratâ cùm siti laborarent.* Jul. Capit.

Digitized by Google

Claudian takes notice of this miracle, and has given the same reason for it.

——————————Ad templa vocatus,
Clemens Marce, redis, cum gentibus undique cinctam
Exuit Hesperiam paribus fortuna periclis.
Laus ibi nulla ducum, nam flammeus imber in hostem
Decidit: hunc dorso trepidum fumante ferebat
Ambustus sonipes; hic tabescente solutus
Subsedit galeâ, liquefactaque fulgure cuspis
Canduit, et subitis fluxere vaporibus enses.
Tunc, contenta polo, mortalis nescia teli
Pugna fuit; Chaldæa mago seu carmina ritu
Armavere Deos; seu, quod reor, omne tonantis
Obsequium Marci mores potuere mereri. De Sexto Cons. Hon.

So mild Aurelius to the gods repaid
The grateful vows that in his feurs he made,
When Latium from unnumber'd foes was freed:
Nor did he then by his own force succeed;
But with descending show'rs of brimstone fir'd,
The wild barbarian in the storm expir'd.
Wrapt in devouring flames the horse-man rag'd,
And spurr'd the steed, in equal flames engag'd:
Another pent in his scorch'd armour glow'd,
While from his head the melting helmet flow'd;
Swords by the lightning's subtle force distill'd,
And the cold sheath with running metal fill'd:
No human arm its weak assistance brought,
But Heav'n, offended Heav'n, the battle fought;
Whether dark magic and Chaldean charms
Had fill'd the skies, and set the gods in arms;
Or good Aurelius (as I more believe)
Deserv'd whatever aid the Thunderer could give.

I do not remember that M. Dacier, among several quotations on this subject, in the life of Marcus Aurelius, has taken notice, either of the forementioned figure on the pillar of Marcus Antoninus, or of the beautiful passage I have quoted out of Claudian.

It is pity the obelisks in Rome had not been charged with several parts of the Egyptian histories instead of hieroglyphics, which might have given no small light to the antiquities of that nation, which are now quite sunk out of sight in those remoter ages of the world. Among the triumphal arches, that of Constantine is not only

Digitized by Google

the noblest of any in Rome, but in the world. I searched narrowly into it, especially among those additions of sculpture made in the emperor's own age, to see if I could find any marks of the apparition, that is said to have preceded the very victory which gave occasion to the triumphal arch. But there are not the least traces of it to be met with, which is not very strange, if we consider that the greatest part of the ornaments were taken from Trajan's arch, and set up to the new conqueror in no small haste, by the senate and people of Rome, who were then most of them heathens. There is, however, something in the inscription, which is as old as the arch itself, which seems to hint at the emperor's vision. *Imp. Cæs. Fl. Constantino maximo P. F. Augusto S. P. Q. R. quod* instinctu Divinitatis *mentis magnitudine cum exercitu suo tam de Tyranno quàm de omni ejus factione uno tempore justis Rempublicam ultus est armis arcum triumphis insignem dicavit.* There is no statue of this emperor at Rome with a cross to it, though the ecclesiastical historians say there were many such erected to him. I have seen of his medals that were stamped with it, and a very remarkable one of his son Constantius, where he is crown'd by a victory on the reverse with this inscription, *In hoc Signo Victor eris* ☧. This triumphal arch, and some other buildings of the same age, shows us that architecture held up its head after all the other arts of designing were in a very weak and languishing condition, as it was probably the first among them that revived. If I was surprised not to find the cross in Constantine's arch, I was as much disappointed not to see the figure of the temple of Jerusalem on that of Titus, where are represented the golden candlestick, the table of shew-bread, and the river Jordan. Some are of opinion, that the composite pillars of this arch were made in imitation of the pillars of Solomon's temple, and observe that these are the most ancient of any that are found of that order.

It is almost impossible for a man to form, in his imagination, such beautiful and glorious scenes, as are to be met with in several of the Roman churches and cha-

Digitized by Google

pels; for having such a prodigious stock of ancient marble within the very city, and at the same time so many different quarries in the bowels of their country, most of their chapels are laid over with such a rich variety of incrustations, as cannot possibly be found in any other part of the world. And notwithstanding the incredible sums of money which have been already laid out this way, there is still the same work going forward in other parts of Rome, the last still endeavouring to outshine those that went before them. Painting, sculpture, and architecture, are at present far from being in a flourishing condition, but it is thought they may all recover themselves under the present pontificate, if the wars and confusions of Italy will give them leave. For as the pope is himself a master of polite learning, and a great encourager of arts, so at Rome any of these arts immediately thrives under the encouragement of the prince, and may be fetched up to its perfection in ten or a dozen years, which is the work of an age or two in other countries, where they have not such excellent models to form themselves upon.

I shall conclude my observations on Rome, with a letter of King Henry the Eighth to Ann of Bulleyn, transcribed out of the famous manuscript in the Vatican, which the Bishop of Salisbury assures us is written with the king's own hand.

"The cause of my writing at this time is to hear of your health and prosperity, of which I would be as glad as in manner of my own, praying God that it be his pleasure to send us shortly together, for I promise I long for it; howbeit I trust it shall not be long too, and seeing my darling is absent I can no less do than send her some flesh, prognosticating that hereafter thou must have some of mine, which, if he please, I would have now. As touching your sister's mother, I have consigned Walter Welsh to write to my Lord Manwring my mind therein, whereby I trust he shall not have power to disseid her; for surely, whatever is said, it cannot so stand with his honour, but that he must needs

Digitized by Google

take his natural daughter in her extreme necessity. No more to you at this time, my own darling, but that with a whistle. I wish we were together one evening; by the hand of yours.

" HENRY."

These letters are always shown to an Englishman that visits the Vatican library.

TOWNS WITHIN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF ROME.

I spent three or four days on Tivoli, Frescati, Palestrina, and Albano. In our way to Tivoli I saw the rivulet of Salforata, formerly called Albula, and smelt the stench that arises from its waters some time before I saw them. Martial mentions this offensive smell in an epigram of the fourth book, as he does the rivulet itself in the first.

Quod siccæ redolet lacus lacunæ,
Crudarum nebulæ quod Albularum. Lib. 4. ep. 4.

The drying marshes such a stench convey,
Such the rank steams of reeking Albula.

Itur ad Herculeæ gelidas quà Tiburis arces,
Canaque sulphureis Albula fumat aquis. Lib. 1. ep. 5.

As from high Rome to Tivoli you go,
Where Albula's sulphureous waters flow.

The little lake that gives rise to this river, with its floating islands, is one of the most extraordinary natural curiosities about Rome. It lies in the very flat of Campania, and as it is the drain of these parts, it is no wonder that it is so impregnated with sulphur. It has at bottom so thick a sediment of it, that upon throwing in a stone the water boils for a considerable time over the place which has been stirred up. At the same time are seen little flakes of scurf rising up, that are probably the parts which compose the islands, for they

Digitized by Google

often mount of themselves, though the water is not troubled.

I question not but this lake was formerly much larger than it is at present, and that the banks have grown over it by degrees, in the same manner as the islands have been formed on it. Nor is it improbable but that, in process of time, the whole surface of it may be crusted over, as the islands enlarge themselves, and the banks close in upon them. All about the lake, where the ground is dry, we found it to be hollow by the trampling of our horses' feet. I could not discover the least traces of the Sibyls Temple and Grove, which stood on the borders of this lake. Tivoli is seen at a distance lying along the brow of a hill. Its situation has given Horace occasion to call it Tibur Supinum, as Virgil, perhaps for the same reason, entitles it Superbum. The Villa de Medicis with its water-works, the cascade of the Teverone, and the ruins of the Sibyls temple (of which Vignola has made a little copy at Peters de Montorio) are described in every itinerary. I must confess I was most pleased with a beautiful prospect that none of them have mentioned, which lies at about a mile distance from the town. It opens on one side into the Roman Campania, where the eye loses itself on a smooth spacious plain. On the other side is a more broken and interrupted scene, made up of an infinite variety of inequalities and shadowings, that naturally arise from an agreeable mixture of hills, groves, and valleys. But the most enlivening part of all, is the river Teverone, which you see at about a quarter of a mile's distance, throwing itself down a precipice, and falling by several cascades from one rock to another, till it gains the bottom of the valley, where the sight of it would be quite lost, did not it sometimes discover itself through the breaks and openings of the woods that grow about it. The Roman painters often work upon this landscape, and I am apt to believe that Horace had his eye upon it in those two or three beautiful touches which he has given us of these seats. The Teverone was formerly called the Anio.

Digitized by Google

Me nec tam patiens Lacedæmon,
Nec tam Larissæ percussit campus opimæ,
Quam domus Albuneæ resonantis,
Et præceps Anio, et Tiburni lacus, et uda
Mobilibus pomaria rivis. Lib. 1. Od. 7.

Not fair Larissa's fruitful shore,
Nor Lacedæmon charms me more,
Than high Albunea's airy walls
Resounding with her water-falls,
And Tivoli's delightful shades,
And Anio rolling in cascades,
That through the flow'ry meadows glides,
And all the beauteous scene divides.

I remember Monsieur Dacier explains *mobilibus* by *ductilibus*, and believes that the word relates to the conduits, pipes, and canals, that were made to distribute the waters up and down, according to the pleasure of the owner. But any one who sees the Teverone must be of another opinion, and conclude it to be one of the most moveable rivers in the world, that has its stream broken by such a multitude of cascades, and is so often shifted out of one channel into another. After a very turbulent and noisy course of several miles among the rocks and mountains, the Teverone falls into the valley before-mentioned, where it recovers its temper, as it were, by little and little, and after many turns and windings glides peaceably into the Tiber. In which sense we are to understand Silius Italicus's description, to give it its proper beauty.

Sulphureis gelidus qud serpit leniter undis,
Ad genitorem Anio labens sine murmure Tibrim.

Here the loud Anio's boist'rous clamours cease,
That with submissive murmurs glides in peace
To his old sire the Tiber———————

At Frescati I had the satisfaction of seeing the first sketch of Versailles in the walks and water-works. The prospect from it was doubtless much more delightful formerly, when the Campania was set thick with towns, villas, and plantations. Cicero's Tusculum was at a place called Grotto Ferrate, about two miles off this town, though most of the modern writers have fixed it

Digitized by Google

to Frescati. Nardini says, there was found among the ruins at Grotto Ferrate a piece of sculpture which Cicero himself mentions in one of his familiar epistles. In going to Frescati we had a fair view of Mount Algido.

On our way to Palæstrina we saw the lake Regillus, famous for the apparition of Castor and Pollux, who were here seen to give their horses drink after the battle between the Romans and the son-in-law of Tarquin. At some distance from it we had a view of the Lacus Gabinus, that is much larger than the former. We left the road for about half a mile to see the sources of a modern aqueduct. It is entertaining to observe how the several little springs and rills, that break out of the sides of the mountain, are gleaned up, and conveyed through little covered channels into the main hollow of the aqueduct. It was certainly very lucky for Rome, seeing it had occasion for so many aqueducts, that there chanced to be such a range of mountains within its neighbourhood. For by this means they could take up their water from what height they pleased, without the expense of such an engine as that of Marli. Thus the Claudian aqueduct ran thirty-eight miles, and sunk after the proportion of five foot and a half every mile, by the advantage only of a high source, and the low situation of Rome. Palæstrina stands very high, like most other towns in Italy, for the advantage of the cool breezes, for which reason Virgil calls it *Altum*, and Horace, *Frigidum Prænestе*. Statius calls it *Prænestе Sacrum*, because of the famous Temple of Fortune that stood in it. There are still great pillars of granite, and other fragments of this ancient temple. But the most considerable remnant of it is a very beautiful Mosaic pavement, the finest I have ever seen in marble. The parts are so well joined together, that the whole piece looks like a continued picture. There are in it the figures of a rhinoceros, of elephants, and of several other animals, with little landscapes which look very lively and well painted, though they are made out of the natural colours and shadows of the marble. I do not remember ever to have met with an old Roman Mo-

Digitized by Google

saic, composed of little pieces of clay half vitrified, and prepared at the glass-houses, which the Italians call Smalte. These are much in use at present, and may be made of what colour and figure the workman pleases, which is a modern improvement of the art, and enables those who are employed in it to make much finer pieces of Mosaic than they did formerly.

In our excursion to Albano we went as far as Nemi, that takes its name from the Nemus Dianæ. The whole country thereabouts is still overrun with woods and thickets. The lake of Nemi lies in a very deep bottom, so surrounded on all sides with mountains and groves, that the surface of it is never ruffled with the least breath of wind, which, perhaps, together with the clearness of its waters, gave it formerly the name of Diana's looking-glass.

——————— *Speculumque Dianæ.* VIRG.

Prince Cæsarini has a palace at Jensano, very near Nemi, in a pleasant situation, and set off with many beautiful walks. In our return from Jensano to Albano, we passed through La Ricca, the Aricia of the ancients, Horace's first stage from Rome to Brundisi. There is nothing at Albano so remarkable as the prospect from the Capuchin's garden, which for the extent and variety of pleasing incidents is, I think, the most delightful one that I ever saw. It takes in the whole Campania, and terminates in a full view of the Mediterranean. You have a sight at the same time of the Alban lake, which lies just by in an oval figure of about seven miles round, and, by reason of the continued circuit of high mountains that encompass it, looks like the area of some vast amphitheatre. This, together with the several green hills and naked rocks within the neighbourhood, makes the most agreeable confusion imaginable. Albano keeps up its credit still for wine, which, perhaps, would be as good as it was anciently, did they preserve it to as great an age; but as for olives there are now very few here, though they are in great plenty at Tivoli.

Digitized by Google

——————— *Albani pretiosa senectus.* Juv. Sat. 13.

Cras bibet Albanis aliquid de montibus aut de
Setinis, cujus patriam titulumque senectus
Delevit multâ veteris fuligine testæ. Idem. Sat. 5.

Perhaps to-morrow he may change his wine,
And drink old sparkling Alban, or Setine;
Whose title, and whose age, with mould o'ergrown,
The good old cask for ever keeps unknown. Bowles.

——— *Palladiæ seu colibus uteris Albæ.* Mar. lib. 5. ep. 1.

Albana——————*Oliva.* Idem. lib. 9. ep. 16.

The places mentioned in this chapter were all of them formerly the cool retirements of the Romans, where they used to hide themselves among the woods and mountains, during the excessive heats of their summer; as Bajæ was the general winter rendezvous.

Jam terras volucremque polum fuga veris aquosi
Laxat, et Icariis cælum latratibus urit.
Ardua jam densæ rarescunt mœnia Romæ:
Hos Præneste sacrum, nemus hos glaciale Dianæ,
Algidus aut horrens, aut Tuscula protegit umbra,
Tiburis hi lucos, Anienaque frigora captant. Sil. 4. 1.

Albanos quoque Tusculosque colles
Et quodcunque jacet sub urbe frigus.
Fidenas veteres, brevesque Rubras,
Et quod Virgineo cruore gaudet
Annæ pomiferum nemus Perennæ. Mar. lib. e. 123.

All shun the raging dog-star's sultry heat,
And from the half-unpeopled town retreat:
Some hid in Nemi's gloomy forests lie,
To Palestrina some for shelter fly;
Others to catch the breeze of breathing air,
To Tusculun or Algido repair;
Or in moist Tivoli's retirements find
A cooling shade, and a refreshing wind.

On the contrary, at present, Rome is never fuller of nobility than in summer time; for the country towns are so infested with unwholesome vapours, that they dare not trust themselves in them while the heats last. There is no question but the air of the Campania would be now as healthful as it was formerly, were there as many fires burning in it, and as many inhabitants to manure the soil. Leaving Rome about the latter end of

Digitized by Google

October, in my way to Sienna. I lay the first night at a little village in the territories of the ancient Veii.

Hæc tum nomina erant, nunc sunt sine nomine Campi.

The ruins of their capital city are at present so far lost, that the geographers are not able to determine exactly the place where they once stood: so literally is that noble prophecy of Lucan fulfilled, of this and other places of Latium.

————Gentes Mars iste futuras
Obruet, et populos ævi venientis in orbem
Erepto natale feret, tunc omne Latinum
Fabula nomen erit: Gabios, Veïosque, Coramque,
Pulvere vix tectæ poterunt monstrare ruinæ,
Albanosque lares, Laurentinosque penates
Rus vacuum, quod non habitet nisi nocte coactâ
Invitus———— Lib. 7.

Succeeding nations by the sword shall die,
And swallow'd up in dark oblivion lie;
Almighty Latium, with her cities crown'd,
Shall like an antiquated fable sound;
The Veïan and the Gabian tow'rs shall fall,
And one promiscuous ruin cover all.
Nor, after length of years, a stone betray
The place where once the very ruins lay:
High Alba's walls, and the Lavinian strand,
(A lonely desert, and an empty land)
Shall scarce afford, for needful hours of rest,
A single house to their benighted guest.

We here saw the lake Bacca, that gives rise to the Cremera, on whose banks the Fabii were slain.

Tercentum numerabat avos, quos turbine Martis,
Abstulit una dies, cùm fors non æqua labori
Patricio Cremeræ maculavit sanguine ripas. Sil. It. lib. 1.

Fabius a num'rous ancestry could tell,
Three hundred heroes that in battle fell,
Near the fam'd Cremera's disast'rous flood,
That ran polluted with Patrician blood.

We saw afterwards, in the progress of our voyage, the lakes of Vico and Bolsena. The last is reckoned one and twenty miles in circuit, and is plentifully stocked with fish and fowl. There are in it a couple of islands, that are perhaps the two floating isles mentioned by

Digitized by Google

Pliny, with that improbable circumstance of their appearing sometimes like a circle, sometimes like a triangle, but never like a quadrangle. It is easy enough to conceive how they might become fixed, though they once floated; and it is not very credible, that the naturalist could be deceived in his account of a place that lay, as it were, in the neighbourhood of Rome. At one end of this lake stands Montefiascone, the habitation of Virgil's Æqui Falisci, Æn. 7. and on the side of it the town of the Volsinians, now called Bolsena.

Aut positis nemorosa inter juga Volsiniis. JUV. SAT. 3.

——————Volsinium stood
Cover'd with mountains, and inclos'd with wood.

I saw in the church-yard of Bolsena an antique funeral monument (of that kind which they called a sarcophagus) very entire, and what is particular, engraven on all sides with a curious representation of a bacchanal. Had the inhabitants observed a couple of lewd figures at one end of it, they would not have thought it a proper ornament for the place where it now stands. After having travelled hence to Aquapendente, that stands in a wonderful pleasant situation, we came to the little brook which separates the pope's dominions from the great duke's. The frontier castle of Radicofani is seated on the highest mountain in the country, and is as well fortified as the situation of the place will permit. We here found the natural face of the country quite changed from what we had been entertained with in the pope's dominions. For instead of the many beautiful scenes of green mountains and fruitful vallies, that we had been presented with for some days before, we saw now nothing but a wild naked prospect of rocks and hills, worn on all sides with gutters and channels, and not a tree or shrub to be met with in a vast circuit of several miles. This savage prospect put me in mind of the Italian proverb, that 'the pope has the flesh, and the great duke the bones of Italy.' Among a large extent of these barren mountains I saw but a single spot that was cultivated, on which there stood a convent.

Digitized by Google

SIENNA, LEGHORN, PISA.

Sienna stands high, and is adorned with a great many towers of brick, which in the time of the commonwealth were erected to such of the members as had done any considerable service to their country. These towers gave us a sight of the town a great while before we entered it. There is nothing in this city so extraordinary as the cathedral, which a man may view with pleasure after he has seen St. Peter's, though it is quite of another make, and can only be looked upon as one of the master-pieces of gothic architecture. When a man sees the prodigious pains and expense, that our forefathers have been at in these barbarous buildings, one cannot but fancy to himself what miracles of architecture they would have left us, had they been only instructed in the right way; for when the devotion of those ages was much warmer than that of the present, and the riches of the people much more at the disposal of the priests, there was so much money consumed on these gothic cathedrals, as would have finished a greater variety of noble buildings, than have been raised either before or since that time.

One would wonder to see the vast labour that has been laid out on this single cathedral. The very spouts are loaden with ornaments; the windows are formed like so many scenes of perspective, with a multitude of little pillars retiring one behind another; the great columns are finely engraven with fruits and foliage that run twisting about them from the very top to the bottom; the whole body of the church is chequered with different lays of white and black marble; the pavement curiously cut out in designs and scripture-stories; and the front covered with such a variety of figures, and over-run with so many little mazes and labyrinths of sculpture, that nothing in the world can make a prettier show to those who prefer false beauties, and affected ornaments, to a noble and majestic simplicity

Digitized by Google

Over-against this church stands a large hospital, erected by a shoemaker who has been beatified, though never sainted. There stands a figure of him superscribed, *sutor ultra crepidam*. I shall speak nothing of the extent of this city, the cleanliness of its streets, nor the beauty of its piazza, which so many travellers have described. As this is the last republic that fell under the subjection of the duke of Florence, so is it still supposed to retain many hankerings after its ancient liberty: for this reason, when the keys and pageants of the duke's towns and governments pass in procession before him, on St. John Baptist's day, I was told that Sienna comes in the rear of his dominions, and is pushed forward by those who follow, to show the reluctancy it has to appear in such a solemnity. I shall say nothing of the many gross and absurd traditious of St. Catherine of Sienna, who is the great saint of this place. I think there is as much pleasure in hearing a man tell his dreams, as in reading accounts of this nature: a traveller that thinks them worth his observation, may fill a book with them at every great town in Italy.

From Sienna we went forward to Leghorn, where the two ports, the bagnio, and Donatelli's statue of the great duke, amidst the four slaves chained to his pedestal, are very noble sights. The square is one of the largest, and will be one of the most beautiful in Italy, when this statue is erected in it, and a town-house built at one end of it to front the church that stands at the other. They are at a continual expense to cleanse the ports, and keep them from being choked up, which they do by the help of several engines that are always at work, and employ many of the great duke's slaves. Whatever part of the harbour they scoop in, it has an influence on all the rest, for the sea immediately works the whole bottom to a level. They draw a double advantage from the dirt that is taken up, as it clears the port, and at the same time dries up several marshes about the town, where they lay it from time to time. One can scarce imagine how great profits the duke of Tuscany receives from this single place, which are not

Digitized by Google

generally thought so considerable, because it passes for a free port. But, it is very well known how the great duke, on a late occasion, notwithstanding the privileges of the merchants, drew no small sums of money out of them; though still, in respect of the exorbitant dues that are paid at most other ports, it deservedly retains the name of free. It brings into his dominions a great increase of people from all other nations. They reckon in it near ten thousand Jews, many of them very rich, and so great traffickers, that our English factors complain they have most of our country trade in their hands. 'Tis true the strangers pay little or no taxes directly, but out of every thing they buy there goes a large gabel to the government. The very ice merchant at Leghorn pays above a thousand pound sterling annually for his privilege, and the tobacco merchant ten thousand. The ground is sold by the great duke at a very high price, and houses are every day rising on it. All the commodities that go up into the country, of which there are great quantities, are clogged with impositions as soon as they leave Leghorn. All the wines, oils, and silks, that come down from the fruitful vallies of Pisa, Florence, and other parts of Tuscany, must make their way through several duties and taxes before they can reach the port. The canal that runs from the sea into the Arno gives a convenient carriage to all goods that are to be shipped off, which does not a little enrich the owners; and in proportion as private men grow wealthy, their legacies, law-suits, daughters' portions, &c. increase, in all which the great duke comes in for a considerable share. The Lucquese, who traffic at this port, are said to bring in a great deal into the duke's coffers. Another advantage, which may be of great use to him, is, that at five or six days warning he might find credit in this town for very large sums of money, which no other prince in Italy can pretend to. I need not take notice of the reputation that this port gives him among foreign princes, but there is one benefit arising from it, which, though never thrown into the account, is doubtless very considerable. It is well known how the Pisans and Flo-

Digitized by Google

rentines long regretted the loss of their ancient liberty, and their subjection to a family that some of them thought themselves equal to, in the flourishing times of their commonwealths. The town of Leghorn has accidentally done what the greatest fetch of politics would have found difficult to have brought about,[a] for it has almost unpeopled Pisa, if we compare it with what it was formerly, and every day lessens the number of the inhabitants of Florence. This does not only weaken those places, but at the same time turns many of the busiest spirits from their old notions of honour and liberty, to the thoughts of traffic and merchandise: and as men engaged in a road of thriving are no friends to changes and revolutions, they are at present worn into a habit of subjection, and push all their pursuits another way. It is no wonder, therefore, that the great duke has such apprehensions of the pope's making Civita Vecchia a free port, which may in time prove so very prejudicial to Leghorn. It would be thought an improbable story, should I set down the several methods that are commonly reported to have been made use of during the last pontificate, to put a stop to this design. The great duke's money was so well bestowed in the conclave, that several of the cardinals dissuaded the pope from the undertaking, and at last turned all his thoughts upon the little port which he made at Antium, near Nettuno. The chief workmen that were to have conveyed the water to Civita Vecchia were bought off, and when a poor capucin, who was thought proof against all bribes, had undertaken to carry on the work, he died a little after he had entered upon it. The present pope, however, who is very well acquainted with the secret history, and the weakness of his predecessor, seems resolved to bring the project to its perfection. He has already been at vast charges in finishing the aqueduct, and had some hopes that, if the war should drive our English merchants from Sicily and Naples, they would settle here. His holiness has told some English gentlemen, that those of our nation should have the

[a] *To bring about.*

Digitized by Google

greatest privileges of any but the subjects of the church. One of our countrymen, who makes a good figure at Rome, told me the pope has this design extremely at his heart; but that he fears the English will suffer nothing like a resident or consul in his dominions; though at the same time he hoped the business might as well be transacted by one that had no public character. This gentleman has so busied himself in the affair, that he has offended the French and Spanish cardinals, insomuch that Cardinal Janson refused to see him when he would have made his apology for what he had said to the pope on this subject. There is one great objection to Civita Vecchia, that the air of the place is not wholesome; but this they say proceeds from want of inhabitants, the air of Leghorn having been worse than this before the town was well peopled.

The great profits which have accrued to the duke of Florence from his free port, have set several of the states of Italy on the same project. The most likely to succeed in it would be the Genoese, who lie more convenient than the Venetians, and have a more inviting form of government than that of the church, or that of Florence. But as the port of Genoa is so very ill guarded against storms, that no privileges can tempt the merchants from Leghorn into it, so dare not the Genoese make any other of their ports free, lest it should draw to it most of their commerce and inhabitants, and by consequence ruin their chief city.

From Leghorn I went to Pisa, where there is still the shell of a great city, though not half furnished with inhabitants. The great church, baptistery, and leaning tower, are very well worth seeing, and are built after the same fancy with the cathedral of Sienna. Half a day's journey more brought me into the republic of Lucca.

Digitized by Google

THE REPUBLIC OF LUCCA.

It is very pleasant to see how the small territories of this little republic are cultivated to the best advantage, so that one cannot find the least spot of ground, that is not made to contribute its utmost to the owner. In all the inhabitants there appears an air of cheerfulness and plenty, not often to be met with in those of the countries which lie about them. There is but one gate for strangers to enter at, that it may be known what numbers of them are in the town. Over it is written, in letters of gold, *libertas*.

This republic is shut up in the great duke's dominions, who at present is very much incensed against it, and seems to threaten it with the fate of Florence, Pisa, and Sienna. The occasion is as follows.

The Lucquese plead prescription for hunting in one of the duke's forests, that lies upon their frontiers, which about two years since was strictly forbidden them, the prince intending to preserve the game for his own pleasure. Two or three sportsmen of the republic, who had the hardiness to offend against the prohibition, were seized, and kept in a neighbouring prison. Their countrymen, to the number of threescore, attacked the place where they were kept in custody, and rescued them. The great duke redemands his prisoners, and, as a further satisfaction, would have the governor of the town, where the threescore assailants had combined together, delivered into his hands; but receiving only excuses, he resolved to do himself justice. Accordingly he ordered all the Lucquese to be seized that were found on a market-day in one of his frontier towns. These amounted to fourscore, among whom were persons of some consequence in the republic. They are now in prison at Florence, and, as it is said, treated hardly enough, for there are fifteen of the number dead within less than two years. The king of Spain, who is protector of the commonwealth, received information from the great duke of what had passed, and approved of his

Digitized by Google

proceedings, with orders to the Lucquese, by his governor of Milan, to give a proper satisfaction. The republic, thinking themselves ill used by their protector, as they say at Florence, have sent to prince Eugene to desire the emperor's protection, with an offer of winter-quarters, as it is said, for four thousand Germans. The great duke rises on them in his demands, and will not be satisfied with less than a hundred thousand crowns, and a solemn embassy to beg pardon for the past, and promise amendment for the future. Thus stands the affair at present, that may end in the ruin of the commonwealth, if the French succeed in Italy. It is pleasant, however, to hear the discourse of the common people of Lucca, who are firmly persuaded that one Lucquese can beat five Florentines, who are grown low spirited, as they pretend, by the great duke's oppressions, and have nothing worth fighting for. They say they can bring into the field twenty or thirty thousand fighting men, all ready to sacrifice their lives for their liberty. They have a good quantity of arms and ammunition, but few horse. It must be owned these people are more happy, at least in imagination, than the rest of their neighbours, because they think themselves so; though such a chimerical happiness is not peculiar to republicans, for we find the subjects of the most absolute prince in Europe are as proud of their monarch as the Lucquese of being subject to none. Should the French affairs prosper in Italy, it is possible the great duke may bargain for the republic of Lucca, by the help of his great treasures, as his predecessors did formerly with the emperor for that of Sienna. The great dukes have never yet attempted any thing on Lucca, as not only fearing the arms of their protector, but because they are well assured, that should the Lucquese be reduced to the last extremities, they would rather throw themselves under the government of the Genoese, or some stronger neighbour, than submit to a state for which they have so great an aversion. And the Florentines are very sensible, that it is much better to have a weak state within their dominions, than the branch of

Digitized by Google

one as strong as themselves. But should so formidable a power, as that of the French king, support them in their attempts, there is no government in Italy that would dare to interpose. This republic, for the extent of its dominions, is esteemed the richest and best peopled state of Italy. The whole administration of the government passes into different hands at the end of every two months, which is the greatest security imaginable to their liberty, and wonderfully contributes to the quick dispatch of all public affairs: but in any exigence of state, like that they are now pressed with, it certainly asks a much longer time to conduct any design, for the good of the commonwealth, to its maturity and perfection.

FLORENCE.

I had the good luck to be at Florence when there was an opera acted, which was the eighth that I had seen in Italy, I could not but smile to read the solemn protestation of the poet in the first page, where he declares that he believes neither in the fates, deities, or destinies; and that if he has made use of the words, it is purely out of a poetical liberty, and not from his real sentiments, for that in all these particulars he believes as the Holy Mother Church believes and commands.

PROTESTA.

Le voci Fato, Deità, Destino, e simili, che per entro questo Drama trovarai, son messe per ischerzo poetico, e non per sentimento vero, credendo sempre in tutto quello, che crede, e comanda Santa Madre chiesa.

There are some beautiful palaces in Florence; and as Tuscan pillars and rustic work owe their original to this country, the architects always take care to give them a place in the great edifices that are raised in Tuscany. The duke's new palace is a very noble pile, built after this manner, which makes it look extremely solid and majestic. It is not unlike that of Luxemburg

Digitized by Google

at Paris, which was built by Mary of Medicis, and for that reason, perhaps, the workmen fell into the Tuscan humour. I found in the court of this palace what I could not meet with any where in Rome. I mean an antique statue of Hercules lifting up Antæus from the earth, which I have already had occasion to speak of. It was found in Rome, and brought hither under the reign of Leo the Tenth. There are abundance of pictures in the several apartments, by the hands of the greatest masters.

But 'tis the famous gallery of the old palace, where are, perhaps, the noblest collections of curiosities to be met with in any part of the whole world. The gallery itself is made in the shape of an L, according to Mr. Lassel, but, if it must needs be like a letter, it resembles the Greek π most. It is adorned with admirable pieces of sculpture, as well modern as ancient. Of the last sort I shall mention those that are rarest, either for the person they represent, or the beauty of the sculpture. Among the busts of the emperors and empresses there are these that follow, which are all very scarce, and some of them almost singular in their kind. Agrippa, Caligula, Otho, Nerva, Ælius Verus, Pertinax, Geta, Didius Julianus, Albinus, extremely well wrought, and, what is seldom seen, in alabaster, Gordianus Africanus the elder, Eliogabalus, Galien the elder, and the younger Pupienus. I have put Agrippa among the emperors, because he is generally ranged so in sets of medals, as some that follow among the empresses have no other right to the company they are joined with. Domitia, Agrippina, wife of Germanicus, Antonia, Matidia, Plotina, Mallia Scantilla, falsely inscribed under her bust Julia Severi, Aquilia Severa, Julia Mæsa. I have generally observed at Rome, which is the great magazine of these antiquities, that the same heads which are rare in medals are also rare in marble, and, indeed, one may commonly assign the same reason for both, which was the shortness of the emperors' reigns, that did not give the workmen time to make many of their figures; and as the shortness of their reigns was gene-

Digitized by Google

rally occasioned by the advancement of a rival, it is no wonder that nobody worked on the figure of a deceased emperor, when his enemy was in the throne. This observation, however, does not always hold. An Agrippa or Caligula, for example, is a common coin, but a very extraordinary bust; and a Tiberius a rare coin, but a common bust, which one would the more wonder at, if we consider the indignities that were offered to this emperor's statues after his death. The Tiberius in Tiberim is a known instance.

Among the busts of such emperors as are common enough, there are several in the gallery that deserve to be taken notice of for the excellence of the sculpture, as those of Augustus, Vespasian, Adrian, Marcus Aurelius, Lucius Verus, Septimius Severus, Caracalla, Geta. There is in the same gallery a beautiful bust of Alexander the Great, casting up his face to heaven, with a noble air of grief or discontentedness in his looks. I have seen two or three antique busts of Alexander in the same air and posture, and am apt to think the sculptor had in his thoughts the conqueror's weeping for new worlds, or some other the like circumstance of his history. There is also, in porphyry, the head of a faun, and of the god Pan. Among the entire figures I took particular notice of a Vestal Virgin, with the holy fire burning before her. This statue, I think, may decide that notable controversy among the antiquaries, whether the vestals, after having received the tonsure, ever suffered their hair to come again, for it is here full grown, and gathered under the veil. The brasen figure of the consul, with the ring on his finger, reminded me of Juvenal's *majoris pondera gemmæ*. There is another statue in brass, supposed to be of Apollo, with this modern inscription on the pedestal, which I must confess I do not know what to make of. *Ut potui huc veni musis et fratre relicto*. I saw in the same gallery the famous figure of the wild boar, the Gladiator, the Narcissus, the Cupid and Psyche, the Flora, with some modern statues that several others have described. Among the antique figures, there is a fine one of Morpheus in

Digitized by Google

touchstone. I have always observed, that this God is represented by the ancient statuaries under the figure of a boy asleep, with a bundle of poppy in his hand. I at first took it for a Cupid, 'till I had taken notice that it had neither bow nor quiver. I suppose Doctor Lister has been guilty of the same mistake in the reflections he makes on what he calls the sleeping Cupid with poppy in his hands.

——————— *Qualia namque*
Corpora nudorum tabulâ pinguntur Amorum
Talis erat, sed nè faciat discrimina cultus,
Aut huic adde leves aut illis deme Pharetras. Ov. Met. lib. 10.

Such are the Cupids that in paint we view;
But that the likeness may be nicely true,
A loaden quiver to his shoulders tie,
Or bid the Cupids lay their quivers by.

'Tis probable they chose to represent the god of sleep under the figure of a boy, contrary to all our modern designers, because it is that age which has its repose the least broken by cares and anxieties. Statius, in his celebrated invocation of sleep, addresses himself to him under the same figure.

Crimine quo merui, juvenis placidissime Divûm,
Quove errore miser, donis ut solus egerem
Somne tuis? tacet omne pecus, volucresque feræque, &c.
SILV. lib. 5.

Tell me, thou best of gods, thou gentle youth,
Tell me my sad offence; that only I,
While hush'd at ease thy drowsy subjects lie,
In the dead silence of the night complain,
Nor taste the blessings of thy peaceful reign.

I never saw any figure of sleep that was not of black marble, which has probably some relation to the night, which is the proper season for rest. I should not have made this remark, but that I remember to have read in one of the ancient authors, that the Nile is generally represented in stone of this colour, because it flows from the country of the Ethiopians; which shows us that the statuaries had sometimes an eye to the person they were to represent, in the choice they made of their marble. There are still at Rome some of these black statues of the Nile which are cut in a kind of touchstone.

Digitized by Google

Usque coloratis amnis devexus ab Indis. VIRG. Geor. 4. de Nilo.

At one end of the gallery stand two antique marble pillars, curiously wrought with the figures of the old Roman arms and instruments of war. After a full survey of the gallery, we were led into four or five chambers of curiosities that stand on the side of it. The first was a cabinet of antiquities, made up chiefly of idols, talismans, lamps, and hieroglyphics. I saw nothing in it that I was not before acquainted with, except the four following figures in brass.

I. A little image of Juno Sispita, or Sospita, which, perhaps, is not to be met with any where else but on medals. She is cloathed in a goat's skin, the horns sticking out above her head. The right arm is broken that probably supported a shield, and the left a little defaced, though one may see it held something in its grasp formerly. The feet are bare. I remember Tully's description of this goddess in the following words: *Hercle inquit quàm tibi illam nostram Sospitam quam tu nunquam ne in Somniis vides, nisi cum pelle Caprinâ, cum hastâ, cum scutulo, cum calceolis repandis.*

II. An antique model of the famous Laocöon and his two sons, that stands in the Belvidera at Rome. This is the more remarkable, as it is entire in those parts where the statue is maimed. It was by the help of this model that Bandinelli finished his admirable copy of the Laocöon, which stands at one end of this gallery.

III. An Apollo, or Amphion. I took notice of this little figure for the singularity of the instrument, which I never before saw in ancient sculpture. It is not unlike a violin, and played on after the same manner. I doubt, however, whether this figure be not of a later date than the rest, by the meanness of the workmanship.

IV. A Corona Radialis, with only eight spikes to it. Every one knows the usual number was twelve, some say, in allusion to the signs of the Zodiac, and others, to the labours of Hercules.

——— Ingenti mole Latinus
Quadrijugo vehitur curru; cui tempora circum
Aurati bis sex radii fulgentia cingunt,
Solis avi specimen——— VIRG. Æn. 12.

Digitized by Google

Four steeds the chariot of Latinus bear:
Twelve golden beams around his temples play,
To mark his lineage from the god of day. DRYDEN.

The two next chambers are made up of several artificial curiosities in ivory, amber, crystal, marble, and precious stones, which all voyage-writers are full of. In the chamber that is shown last, stands the celebrated Venus of Medicis. The statue seems much less than the life, as being perfectly naked, and in company with others of a larger make: it is, notwithstanding, as big as the ordinary size of a woman, as I concluded from the measure of her wrist; for from the bigness of any one part it is easy to guess at all the rest, in a figure of such nice proportions. The softness of the flesh, the delicacy of the shape, air, and posture, and the correctness of design in this statue, are inexpressible. I have several reasons to believe that the name of the sculptor on the pedestal is not so old as the statue. This figure of Venus put me in mind of a speech she makes in one of the Greek epigrams.

Γυμνην ἰδε Πάρις μὲ καὶ Ἀγχίσης καὶ Ἄδωνις
Τὰς τρεῖς ἰδὰ μόνας. Πραξίτελης δὲ πόθεν;

Anchises, Paris, and Adonis too
Have seen me naked, and expos'd to view;
All these I frankly own without denying:
But where has this Praxiteles been prying?

There is another Venus in the same circle, that would make a good figure any where else. There are among the old Roman statues, several of Venus in different postures and habits, as there are many particular figures of her made after the same design. I fancy it is not hard to find among them some that were made after the three statues of this goddess, which Pliny mentions. In the same chamber is the Roman slave whetting his knife and listening, which, from the shoulders upwards, is incomparable. The two wrestlers are in the same room. I observed here, likewise, a very curious bust of Annius Verus, the young son of Marcus Aurelius, who died at nine years of age. I have seen several other

Digitized by Google

busts of him at Rome, though his medals are exceeding rare.

The great duke has ordered a large chamber to be fitted up for old inscriptions, urns, monuments, and the like sets of antiquities. I was shown several of them which are not yet put up. There are the two famous inscriptions that give so great a light to the histories of Appius, who made the highway, and of Fabius the dictator; they contain a short account of the honours they passed through, and the actions they performed. I saw too the busts of Tranquillina, mother to Gordianus Pius, and of Quintus Herennius, son to Trajan Decius, which are extremely valuable for their rarity, and a beautiful old figure made after the celebrated hermaphrodite in the Villa Borghese. I saw nothing that has not been observed by several others in the Argenteria, the tabernacle of St. Lawrence's chapel, and the chamber of painters. The chapel of St. Laurence will be, perhaps, the most costly piece of work on the face of the earth when compleated, but it advances so very slowly, that 'tis not impossible but the family of Medicis may be extinct before their burial place is finished.

The great duke has lived many years separate from the duchess, who is at present in the court of France, and intends there to end her days. The cardinal, his brother, is old and infirm, and could never be induced to resign his purple for the uncertain prospect of giving an heir to the dukedom of Tuscany. The great prince has been married several years without any children, and notwithstanding all the precautions in the world were taken for the marriage of the prince his younger brother (as the finding out a lady for him who was in the vigour and flower of her age, and had given marks of her fruitfulness by a former husband) they have all hitherto proved unsuccessful. There is a branch of the family of Medicis in Naples: the head of it has been owned as a kinsman by the great duke, and it is thought will succeed to his dominions, in case the princes, his

Digitized by Google

sons, die childless; though it is not impossible but in such a conjuncture, the commonwealths that are thrown under the great duchy, may make some efforts towards the recovery of their ancient liberty.

I was in the library of manuscripts belonging to St. Laurence, of which there is a printed catalogue. I looked into the Virgil which disputes its antiquity with that of the Vatican. It wants the "*Ille ego qui quondam,*" &c. and the twenty-two lines in the second Æneid, beginning at *Jamque adeo super unus eram.*—— I must confess I always thought this passage left out with a great deal of judgment by Tucca and Varius, as it seems to contradict a part in the sixth Æneid, and represents the hero in a passion, that is, at least, not at all becoming the greatness of his character. Besides, I think the apparition of Venus comes in very properly to draw him away immediately after the sight of Priam's murder; for, without such a machine to take him off, I cannot see how the hero could, with honour, leave Neoptolemus triumphant, and Priam unrevenged. But since Virgil's friends thought fit to let drop this incident of Helen, I wonder they would not blot out, or alter a line in Venus's speech, that has a relation to the rencounter, and comes in improperly without it.

Non tibi Tyndaridæ facies invisa Lacænæ,
Culpatusve Paris—————— Æn. 2.

Florence, for modern statues, I think excels even Rome, but these I shall pass over in silence, that I may not transcribe out of others.

The way from Florence to Bolonia runs over several ranges of mountains, and is the worst road, I believe, of any over the Appennines; for this was my third time of crossing them. It gave me a lively idea of Silius Italicus's description of Hannibal's march.

Quoque magis subiere jugo atque evadere nisi
Erexere gradum, crescit labor, ardua supra
Sese aperit, fessis, et nascitur altera moles. Lib. 3.

From steep to steep the troops advanc'd with pain,
In hopes at last the topmost cliff to gain:

Digitized by Google

But still by new ascents the mountain grew,
And a fresh toil presented to their view.

I shall conclude this chapter with the descriptions which the Latin poets have given us of the Appennines. We may observe in them all the remarkable qualities of this prodigious length of mountains, that run from one extremity of Italy to the other, and give rise to an incredible variety of rivers that water this delightful country.

——— *Nubifer Appenninus.* Ov. Met. lib. 2.

——— *Qui Siculum porrectus ad usque Pelorum.*
Finibus ab Ligurum populos amplectitur omnes
Italiæ, geminumque latus stringentia longè
Utraque perpetuo discriminat æquora tractu.
CLAUD. de Sexto Cons. Hon.

——— *Mole nivali*
Alpibus æquatum attollens caput Appenninus. SIL. IT. lib. 2.

Horrebat glacie saxa inter lubrica summo
Piniferum cælo miscens caput Appenninus:
Condiderat nix alta trabes, et vertice celso
Canus apex strictâ surgebat ad astra pruinâ. Lib. 4. Id.

Umbrosis mediam quâ collibus Appenninus
Erigit Italiam, nullo quâ vertice tellus
Altius intumuit, propiùsque accessit Olympo,
Mons inter geminas medius se porrigit undas
Inferni superique maris: collesque coercent
Hinc Tyrrhena vado frangentes æquora Pisæ,
Illinc Dalmaticis obnoxia fluctibus Ancon.
Fontibus hic vastis immensos concipit annes,
Fluminaque in gemini spargit divortia ponti. Luc. lib. 2.

In pomp the shady Appennines arise,
And lift th' aspiring nation to the skies;
No land like Italy erects the sight
By such a vast ascent, or swells to such a height:
Her num'rous states the tow'ring hills divide,
And see the billows rise on either side;
At Pisa here the range of mountains ends,
And here to high Ancona's shores extends:
In their dark womb a thousand rivers lie,
That with continu'd streams the double sea supply.

Digitized by Google

BOLONIA, MODENA, PARMA, TURIN, &c.

After a very tedious journey over the Appennines, we at last came to the river that runs at the foot of them, and was formerly called the little Rhine. Following the course of this river, we arrived in a short time at Bolonia.

———*Parvique Bononia Rheni.* SIL. IT. 8.

Bolonia water'd by the petty Rhine.

We here quickly felt the difference of the northern from the southern side of the mountains, as well in the coldness of the air, as in the badness of the wine. This town is famous for the richness of the soil that lies about it, and the magnificence of its convents. It is likewise esteemed the third in Italy for pictures, as having been the school of the Lombard painters. I saw in it three rarities of different kinds, which pleased me more than any other shows of the place. The first was an authentic silver medal of the younger Brutus, in the hands of an eminent antiquary. One may see the character of the person in the features of the face, which is exquisitely well cut. On the reverse is the cap of liberty, with a dagger on each side of it, subscribed Id. Mar. for the Ides of March, the famous date of Cæsar's murder. The second was a picture of Raphael's in St. Giouanni in Monte. It is extremely well preserved, and represents St. Cecilia with an instrument of music in her hands. On one side of her are the figures of St. Paul, and St. John; and on the other, of Mary Magdalen and St. Austin. There is something wonderfully divine in the airs of this picture. I cannot forbear mentioning, for my third curiosity, a new staircase that strangers are generally carried to see, where the easiness of the ascent within so small a compass, the disposition of the lights, and the convenient landing, are admirably well contrived. The wars of Italy, and the season of the year, made me pass through the

Digitized by Google

duchies of Modena, Parma, and Savoy, with more haste than I would have done at another time. The soil of Modena and Parma is very rich and well cultivated. The palaces of the princes are magnificent, but neither of them is yet finished. We procured a licence of the duke of Parma to enter the theatre and gallery, which deserve to be seen as well as any thing of that nature in Italy. The theatre is, I think, the most spacious of any I ever saw, and at the same time so admirably well contrived, that from the very depth of the stage the lowest sound may be heard distinctly to the farthest part of the audience, as in a whispering-place; and yet if you raise your voice as high as you please, there is nothing like an echo to cause in it the least confusion. The gallery is hung with a numerous collection of pictures, all done by celebrated hands. On one side of the gallery, is a large room adorned with inlaid tables, cabinets, works in amber, and other pieces of great art and value. Out of this we were led into another great room, furnished with old inscriptions, idols, busts, medals, and the like antiquities. I could have spent a day with great satisfaction in this apartment, but had only time to pass my eye over the medals, which are in great number, and many of them very rare. The scarcest of all is a Pescennius Niger on a medallion well preserved. It was coined at Antioch, where this emperor trifled away his time 'till he lost his life and empire. The reverse is a *Dea Salus*. There are two of Otho, the reverse a Serapis; and two of Messalina and Poppæa in middle brass, the reverses of the emperor Claudius. I saw two medallions of Plotina and Matidia, the reverse to each a Pietas; with two medals of Pertinax, the reverse of one *Vota Decennalia*, and of the other *Diis Custodibus;* and another of Gordianus Africanus, the reverse I have forgot.

The principalities of Modena and Parma are much about the same extent; and have each of them two large towns, besides a great number of little villages. The duke of Parma, however, is much richer than the duke of Modena. Their subjects would live in great plenty

Digitized by Google

amidst so rich and well cultivated a soil, were not the taxes and impositions so very exorbitant; for the courts are much too splendid and magnificent for the territories that lie about them, and one cannot but be amazed to see such a profusion of wealth laid out in coaches, trappings, tables, cabinets, and the like precious toys, in which there are few princes in Europe who equal them, when at the same time they have not had the generosity to make bridges over the rivers of their countries for the convenience of their subjects, as well as strangers, who are forced to pay an unreasonable exaction at every ferry, upon the least rising of the waters. A man might well expect, in these small governments, a much greater regulation of affairs, for the ease and benefit of the people, than in large overgrown states, where the rules of justice, beneficence, and mercy, may be easily put out of their course, in passing through the hands of deputies, and a long subordination of officers. And it would certainly be for the good of mankind, to have all the mighty empires and monarchies of the world cantoned out into petty states and principalities, that, like so many large families, might lie under the eye and observation of their proper governors; so that the care of the prince might extend itself to every individual person under his protection. But since such a general scheme can never be brought about, and if it were, it would quickly be destroyed by the ambition of some particular state aspiring above the rest, it happens very ill at present to be born under one of these petty sovereigns, that will be still endeavouring, at his subjects cost, to equal the pomp and grandeur of greater princes, as well as to out-vie[a] those of his own rank.

For this reason there are no people in the world who

[a] *Out-vie*] *To vye,* is to contend with; to *out-vye,* to *out-do* any one, in *vyeing* with him. But the word seems to be of an ill composition, and should not, I think, be used thus *absolutely.*—If employed at all, it should be in some such way as this: "in the affectation of pomp and pageantry he *outvied* others, *i. e.* in *this respect,* he strove or contended *beyond* them. I know not if Mr. Addison had any authority for the use of it:—he had, perhaps, done better to use the common word "*outstrip.*"

Digitized by Google

live with more ease and prosperity than the subjects of little commonwealths, as on the contrary there are none who suffer more under the grievances of a hard government, than the subjects of little principalities. I left the road of Milan on my right hand, having before seen that city, and after having passed through Asti, the frontier town of Savoy, I at last came within sight of the Po, which is a fine river even at Turin, though within six miles of its source. This river has been made the scene of two or three poetical stories. Ovid has chosen it out to throw his Phaëton into it, after all the smaller rivers had been dried up in the conflagration.

I have read some botanical critics, who tell us the poets have not rightly followed the traditions of antiquity, in metamorphosing the sisters of Phaëton into poplars, who ought to have been turned into larch-trees; for that it is this kind of tree which sheds a gum, and is commonly found on the banks of the Po. The change of Cycnus into a swan, which closes up the disasters of Phaëton's family, was wrought on the same place where the sisters were turned into trees. The descriptions that Virgil and Ovid have made of it cannot be sufficiently admired.

Claudian has set off his description of the Eridanus, with all the poetical stories that have been made of it,

———Ille caput placidis sublime fluentis
Extulit, et totis lucem spargentia ripis
Aurea roranti micuerunt cornua vultu.
Non illi madidum vulgaris Arundine crinem
Velat honos, rami caput umbravere virentes
Heliadum, totisque fluunt electra capillis.
Palla tegit latos humeros, currumque paterno
Intextus Phaëton glaucos incendit amictus:
Fultaque sub gremio cælatis nobilis astris
Ætherium probat urna decus. Namque omnia luctûs
Argumenta sui Titan signavit Olympo,
Mutatumque senem plumis, et fronde sorores,
Et fluvium, nati qui vulnera lavit anheli.
Stat gelidis Auriga plagis, vestigia fratris
Germanæ servant Hyades, Cycnique sodalis
Lacteus extentas aspergit circulus alas.
Stellifer Eridanus sinuatis fluctibus errans.
Clara noti convexa rigat.———

CLAUDIAN, De Sexto Cons. Honorii.

Digitized by Google

His head above the floods he gently rear'd,
And as he rose his golden horns appear'd,
That on the forehead shone divinely bright,
And o'er the banks diffus'd a yellow light:
No interwoven reeds a garland made,
To hide his brows within the vulgar shade,
But poplar wreaths around his temples spread,
And tears of amber trickled down his head:
A spacious veil from his broad shoulders flew,
That set th' unhappy Phaëton to view:
The flaming chariot and the steeds it show'd,
And the whole fable in the mantle glow'd:
Beneath his arm an urn supported lies,
With stars embellish'd, and fictitious skies.
For Titan, by the mighty loss dismay'd,
Among the heav'ns th' immortal fact display'd,
Lest the remembrance of his grief should fail,
And in the constellation wrote his tale.
A swan in memory of Cycnus shines:
The mourning sisters weep in wat'ry signs:
The burning chariot and the charioteer,
In bright Boötes and his wane appear;
Whilst in a track of light the waters run,
That wash'd the body of his blasted son.

The river Po gives a name to the chief street of Turin, which fronts the duke's palace, and, when finished, will be one of the noblest in Italy for its length. There is one convenience in this city that I never observed in any other, and which makes some amends for the badness of the pavement. By the help of a river that runs on the upper side of the town, they can convey a little stream of water through all the most considerable streets, which serves to cleanse the gutters, and carries away all the filth that is swept into it. The manager opens his sluice every night, and distributes the water into what quarters of the town he pleases. Besides the ordinary convenience that arises from it, it is of great use when a fire chances to break out, for at a few minutes warning they have a little river running by the very wall of the house that is burning. The court of Turin is reckoned the most splendid and polite of any in Italy; but by reason of its being in mourning, I could not see it in its magnificence. The common people of this state are more exasperated against the French than even

Digitized by Google

the rest of the Italians. For the great mischiefs they have suffered from them are still fresh upon their memories, and notwithstanding this interval of peace, one may easily trace out the several marches which the French armies have made through their country, by the ruin and desolation they have left behind them. I passed through Piemont and Savoy, at a time when the duke was forced, by the necessity of his affairs, to be in alliance with the French.

I came directly from Turin to Geneva, and had a very easy journey over mount Cennis, though about the beginning of December, the snows having not yet fallen. On the top of this high mountain is a large plain, and in the midst of the plain a beautiful lake, which would be very extraordinary were there not several mountains in the neighbourhood rising over it. The inhabitants thereabouts pretend that it is unfathomable, and I question not but the waters of it fill up a deep valley, before they come to a level with the surface of the plain. It is well stocked with trouts, though they say it is covered with ice three quarters of the year.

There is nothing in the natural face of Italy that is more delightful to a traveller, than the several lakes which are dispersed up and down among the many breaks and hollows of the Alps and Appennines. For as these vast heaps of mountains are thrown together with so much irregularity and confusion, they form a great variety of hollow bottoms, that often lie in the figure of so many artificial basons; where, if any fountains chance to rise, they naturally spread themselves into lakes before they can find any issue for their waters. The ancient Romans took a great deal of pains to hew out a passage for these lakes to discharge themselves into some neighbouring river, for the bettering of the air, or the recovering of the soil that lay underneath them. The draining of the Fucinus, by the emperor Claudius, with the prodigious multitude of spectators who attended it, and the famous Naumachia and splendid entertainment which were made upon it before the sluices were opened, is a known piece of history. In all our

Digitized by Google

journey through the Alps, as well when we climbed as when we descended them, we had still a river running along with the road, that probably at first occasioned the discovery of this passage. I shall end this chapter with a description of the Alps, as I did the last with those of the Appennines. The poet, perhaps, would not have taken notice, that there is no spring nor summer on these mountains, but because in this respect the Alps are quite different from the Appennines, which have as delightful green spots among them as any in Italy.

Cuncta gelu canâque æternum grandine tecta,
Atque ævi glaciem cohibent: riget ardua montis
Ætherii facies, surgentique obvia Phœbo
Duratus nescit flammis mollire pruinas.
Quantum Tartareus regni pallentis hiatus
Ad manes imos atque atræ stagna paludis
A superâ tellure patet: tam longa per auras
Erigitur tellus, et cœlum intercipit umbrâ.
Nullum ver usquam, nullique æstatis honores:
Sola jugis habitat diris, sedesque tuetur
Perpetuas deformis hyems: illa undique nubes
Huc atras agit et mixtos cum grandine nimbos.
Nam cuncti flatus ventique furentia regna
Alpinâ posuere domo, caligat in altis
Obtutus saxis, abeuntque in nubila montes. SIL. IT. lib. 3.

Stiff with eternal ice, and hid in snow,
That fell a thousand centuries ago,
The mountain stands; nor can the rising sun
Unfix her frosts, and teach 'em how to run:
Deep as the dark infernal waters lie
From the bright regions of the cheerful sky,
So far the proud ascending rocks invade
Heav'ns upper realms, and cast a dreadful shade:
No spring, nor summer, on the mountain seen,
Smiles with gay fruits, or with delightful green;
But hoary winter, unadorn'd and bare,
Dwells in the dire retreat, and freezes there;
There she assembles all her blackest storms,
And the rude hail in rattling tempests forms;
Thither the loud tempestuous winds resort,
And on the mountain keep their boist'rous court,
That in thick show'rs her rocky summit shrowds,
And darkens all the broken view with clouds.

Digitized by Google

GENEVA AND THE LAKE.

Near St. Julian in Savoy the Alps begin to enlarge themselves on all sides, and open into a vast circuit of ground, which in respect of the other parts of the Alps may pass for a plain champaign country. This extent of lands, with the Leman lake, would make one of the prettiest and most defensible dominions in Europe, was it all thrown into a single state, and had Geneva for its metropolis. But there are three powerful neighbours who divide among them the greatest part of this fruitful country. The duke of Savoy has the Chablais, and all the fields that lie beyond the Arve, as far as to the Ecluse. The king of France is master of the whole country of Gex; and the canton of Berne comes in for that of Vaud. Geneva and its little territories lie in the heart of these three states. The greatest part of the town stands upon a hill, and has its views bounded on all sides by several ranges of mountains, which are, however, at so great a distance, that they leave open a wonderful variety of beautiful prospects. The situation of these mountains has some particular effects on the country, which they enclose. As first, they cover it from all winds, except the south and north. 'Tis to the last of these winds that the inhabitants of Geneva ascribe the healthfulness of their air; for as the Alps surround them on all sides, they form a vast kind of bason, where there would be a constant stagnation of vapours, the country being so well watered, did not the north wind put them in motion, and scatter them from time to time. Another effect the Alps have on Geneva is, that the sun here rises later and sets sooner than it does to other places of the same latitude. I have often observed that the tops of the neighbouring mountains have been covered with light above half an hour after the sun is down in respect of those who live at Geneva. These mountains likewise very much increase their summer heats, and make up an horizon that has something in it very

Digitized by Google

singular and agreeable. On one side you have the long tract of hills, that goes under the name of mount Jura, covered with vineyards and pasturage, and on the other huge precipices of naked rocks rising up in a thousand odd figures, and cleft in some places, so as to discover high mountains of snow that lie several leagues behind them. Towards the south the hills rise more insensibly, and leave the eye a vast uninterrupted prospect for many miles. But the most beautiful view of all is the lake, and the borders of it that lie north of the town.

This lake resembles a sea in the colour of its waters, the storms that are raised on it, and the ravage it makes on its banks. It receives too a different name from the coasts it washes, and in summer has something like an ebb and flow, which arises from the melting of the snows that fall into it more copiously at noon than at other times of the day. It has five different States bordering on it, the kingdom of France, and the duchy of Savoy, the canton of Berne, the bishopric of Sion, and the republic of Geneva. I have seen papers fixed up in the canton of Berne, with this magnificent preface; "Whereas we have been informed of several abuses committed in our ports and harbours on the lake," &c.

I made a little voyage round the lake, and touched on the several towns that lie on its coasts; which took up near five days, though the wind was pretty fair for us all the while.

The right side of the lake from Geneva belongs to the duke of Savoy, and is extremely well cultivated. The greatest entertainment we found in coasting it were the several prospects of woods, vineyards, meadows, and corn-fields, which lie on the borders of it, and run up all the sides of the Alps, where the barrenness of the rocks, or the steepness of the ascent will suffer them. The wine, however, on this side of the lake is by no means so good as that on the other, as it has not so open a soil, and is less exposed to the sun. We here passed by Yvoire, where the duke keeps his gallies, and lodged at Tonon, which is the greatest town on the lake belonging to the Savoyard. It has four convents, and

Digitized by Google

they say about six or seven thousand inhabitants. The lake is here about twelve miles in breadth. At a little distance from Tonon stands Ripaille, where is a convent of Carthusians. They have a large forest cut out into walks, that are extremely thick and gloomy, and very suitable to the genius of the inhabitants. There are vistas in it of a great length, that terminate upon the lake. At one side of the walks you have a near prospect of the Alps, which are broken into so many steps and precipices, that they fill the mind with an agreeable kind of horror, and form one of the most irregular mis-shapen scenes in the world. The house that is now in the hands of the Carthusians belonged formerly to the hermits of St. Maurice, and is famous in history for the retreat of an anti-pope, who called himself Felix the fifth. He had been duke of Savoy, and, after a very glorious reign, took on him the habit of a hermit, and retired into this solitary spot of his dominions. His enemies will have it, that he lived here in great ease and luxury, from whence the Italians to this day make use of the proverb, *Andare a Ripaglia*, and the French, *Faire Ripaille*, to express a delightful kind of life. They say too, that he had great managements with several ecclesiastics before he turned hermit, and that he did it in the view of being advanced to the pontificate. However it was, he had not been here half a year before he was chosen pope by the council of Basil, who took upon them to depose Eugenio the fourth. This promised fair at first, but by the death of the emperor, who favored Amadeo, and the resolution of Eugenio, the greatest part of the church threw itself again under the government of their deposed head. Our anti-pope, however, was still supported by the council of Basil, and owned by Savoy, Switzerland, and a few other little states. This schism lasted in the church nine years, after which Felix voluntarily resigned his title into the hands of pope Nicholas the fifth, but on the following conditions, that Amadeo should be the first cardinal in the conclave; that the pope should always receive him standing, and offer him his mouth to

Digitized by Google

kiss; that he should be perpetual cardinal-legate in the states of Savoy and Switzerland, and in the archbishoprics of Geneva, Sion, Bress, &c. And lastly, that all the cardinals of his creation should be recognised by the pope. After he had made a peace so acceptable to the church, and so honourable to himself, he spent the remainder of his life with great devotion at Ripaille, and died with an extraordinary reputation of sanctity.

At Tonon they showed us a fountain of water that is in great esteem for its wholesomeness. They say it weighs two ounces in a pound less than the same measure of the lake water, notwithstanding this last is very good to drink, and as clear as can be imagined. A little above Tonon is a castle and small garrison. The next day we saw other small towns on the coast of Savoy, where there is nothing but misery and poverty. The nearer you come to the end of the lake, the mountains on each side grow thicker and higher, till at last they almost meet. One often sees on the tops of the mountains several sharp rocks that stand above the rest; for as these mountains have been doubtless much higher than they are at present, the rains have washed away abundance of the soil, that has left the veins of stone shooting out of them; as in a decayed body the flesh is still shrinking from the bones. The natural histories of Switzerland talk very much of the fall of these rocks, and the great damage they have sometimes done, when their foundations have been mouldered with age, or rent by an earthquake. We saw in several parts of the Alps that bordered upon us, vast pits of snow, as several mountains that lie at a greater distance are wholly covered with it. I fancied the confusion of mountains and hollows, I here observed, furnished me with a more probable reason than any I have met with for those periodical fountains in Switzerland, which flow only at such particular hours of the day. For as the tops of these mountains cast their shadows upon one another, they hinder the sun's shining on several parts at such certain times, so that there are several heaps of snow which have the sun lying upon them two or three hours

Digitized by Google

together, and are in the shade all the day afterwards. If, therefore, it happens that any particular fountain takes its rise from any of these reservoirs of snow, it will naturally begin to flow on such hours of the day as the snow begins to melt: but as soon as the sun leaves it again to freeze and harden, the fountain dries up, and receives no more supplies till about the same time the next day, when the heat of the sun again sets the snows a running that fall into the same little conduits, traces, and canals, and by consequence break out and discover themselves always in the same place. At the very extremity of the lake the Rhone enters, and, when I saw it, brought along with it a prodigious quantity of water; the rivers and lakes of this country being much higher in summer than in winter, by reason of the melting of the snows. One would wonder how so many learned men could fall into so great an absurdity, as to believe this river could preserve itself unmixed with the lake till its going out again at Geneva, which is a course of many miles. It was extremely muddy at its entrance when I saw it, though as clear as rock water at its going out. Besides that, it brought in much more water than it carried off. The river, indeed, preserves itself for about a quarter of a mile in the lake, but is afterwards so wholly mixed, and lost with the waters of the lake, that one discovers nothing like a stream till within about a quarter of a mile of Geneva. From the end of the lake to the source of the Rhone, is a valley of about four days' journey in length, which gives the name of Vallesins to its inhabitants, and is the dominion of the Bishop of Sion. We lodged the second night at Ville Neuve, a little town in the canton of Berne, where we found good accommodations, and a much greater appearance of plenty than on the other side of the lake. The next day, having passed by the castle of Chillon, we came to Versoy, another town in the canton of Berne, where Ludlow retired after having left Geneva and Lausanne. The magistrates of the town warned him out of the first by the solicitation of the Duchess of Orleans, as the death of his friend Lisle made him quit

Digitized by Google

the other. He probably chose this retreat as a place of the greatest safety, it being an easy matter to know what strangers are in the town, by reason of its situation. The house he lived in has this inscription over the door.

Omne solum forti patria
quia patris.

The first part is a piece of a verse in Ovid, as the last is a cant of his own. He is buried in the best of the churches with the following epitaph.

Siste gradum et respice

Hic jacet Edmond Ludlow Anglus Natione, Provinciæ Wiltoniensis, filius Henrici Equestris Ordinis, Senatorisque Parlamenti, cujus quoque fuit ipse membrum, Patrum stemmate clarus et nobilis, virtute propriâ nobilior, religione protestans et insigni pietate coruscus, ætatis Anno 23. Tribunus Militum, paulo post exercitûs prætor primarius. Tunc Hibernorum domitor, in pugnâ intrepidus et vitæ prodigus, in victoriâ clemens et mansuetus, patriæ libertatis defensor, et potestatis arbitrariæ impugnator acerrimus; cujus causâ ab eâdem patriâ 32 annis extorris, meliorique fortunâ dignus apud Helvetios se recepit ibique ætatis Anno 73. Moriens sui desiderium relinquens sedes æternas lætus advolavit.

Hocce Monumentum, in perpetuam veræ et sinceræ pietatis erga Maritum defunctum memoriam, dicat et vovet Domina Elizabeth de Thomas, ejus strenua et mœstissima, tam in infortuniis quam in matrimonio, consors dilectissima, quæ animi magnitudine et vi amoris conjugalis mota eum in exilium ad obitum usque constanter secuta est. Anno Dom. 1693.

Ludlow was a constant frequenter of sermons and prayers, but would never communicate with them either of Geneva or Vevy. Just by his monument is a tombstone with the following inscription.

Depositorium.

Andreæ Broughton Armigeri Anglicani Maydstonensis in Comitatu Cantii ubi bis prætor Urbanus. Dignatusque etiam fuit sententiam Regis Regum profari. Quam ob causam expulsus patriâ suâ, peregrinatione ejus finitâ, solo senectutis morbo affectus requiescens a laboribus suis in Domino obdormivit, 23 die Feb. Anno D. 1687. *ætatis suæ* 84.

The inhabitants of the place could give no account of this Broughton, but, I suppose, by his epitaph, it is the same person that was clerk to the pretended high

Digitized by Google

court of justice, which passed sentence on the royal martyr.

The next day we spent at Lausanne, the greatest town on the lake, after Geneva. We saw the wall of the cathedral church that was opened by an earthquake, and shut again some years after by a second. The crack can but be just discerned at present, though there are several in the town still living who have formerly passed through it. The duke of Schomberg, who was killed in Savoy, lies in this church, but without any monument or inscription over him. Lausanne was once a republic, but is now under the canton of Berne, and governed, like the rest of their dominions, by a baily, who is sent them every three years from the senate of Berne. There is one street of this town that has the privilege of acquitting or condemning any person of their own body, in matters of life and death. Every inhabitant of it has his vote, which makes a house here sell better than in any other part of the town. They tell you that not many years ago it happened, that a cobbler had the casting vote for the life of a criminal, which he very graciously gave on the merciful side. From Lausanne to Geneva we coasted along the country of the Vaud, which is the fruitfullest and best cultivated part of any among the Alps. It belonged formerly to the Duke of Savoy, but was won from him by the canton of Berne, and made over to it by the treaty of St. Julian, which is still very much regretted by the Savoyard. We called in at Morge, where there is an artificial port, and a show of more trade than in any other town on the lake. From Morge we came to Nyon. The *colonia equestris*, that Julius Cæsar settled in this country, is generally supposed to have been planted in this place. They have often dug up old Roman inscriptions and statues, and as I walked in the town, I observed in the walls of several houses the fragments of vast Corinthian pillars, with several other pieces of architecture, which must have formerly belonged to some very noble pile of building. There is no author that mentions this colony, yet it is certain, by several

Digitized by Google

old Roman inscriptions, that there was such an one. Lucan, indeed, speaks of a part of Cæsar's army, that came to him from the Leman lake in the beginning of the civil war.

Descrucre cavo tentoria fixa Lemanno.

At about five miles distance from Nyon they show still the ruins of Cæsar's wall, that reached eighteen miles in length from Mount Jura to the borders of the lake, as he has described it in the first book of his Commentaries. The next town upon the lake is Versoy, which we could not have an opportunity of seeing, as belonging to the King of France. It has the reputation of being extremely poor and beggarly. We sailed from hence directly for Geneva, which makes a very noble show from the lake. There are near Geneva several quarries of free-stone that run under the lake. When the water is at lowest they make within the borders of it a little square inclosed with four walls. In this square they sink a pit, and dig for free-stone; the walls hindering the waters from coming in upon them, when the lake rises and runs on all sides of them. The great convenience of carriage makes these stones much cheaper than any that can be found upon firm land. One sees several deep pits that have been made at several times as one sails over them. As the lake approaches Geneva it grows still narrower and narrower, till at last it changes its name into the Rhone, which turns all the mills of the town, and is extremely rapid, notwithstanding its waters are very deep. As I have seen a great part of the course of this river, I cannot but think it has been guided by the particular hand of Providence. It rises in the very heart of the Alps, and has a long valley that seems hewn out on purpose to give its waters a passage amidst so many rocks and mountains which are on all sides of it. This brings it almost in a direct line to Geneva. It would there overflow all the country, were there not one particular cleft that divides a vast circuit of mountains, and conveys it off to Lyons. From Lyons there is another great rent, which runs across the whole country in almost another straight line,

Digitized by Google

and, notwithstanding the vast height of the mountains that rise about it, gives it the shortest course it can take to fall into the sea. Had such a river as this been left to itself to have found its way out from among the Alps, whatever winding it had made it must have formed several little seas, and have laid many countries under water before it had come to the end of its course. I shall not make any remarks upon Geneva, which is a republic so well known to the English. It lies at present under some difficulties by reason of the emperor's displeasure, who has forbidden the importation of their manufactures into any part of the empire, which will certainly raise a sedition among the people, unless the magistrates find some way to remedy it: and they say it is already done by the interposition of the States of Holland. The occasion of the emperor's prohibition was their furnishing great sums to the King of France for the payment of his army in Italy. They obliged themselves to remit, after the rate of twelve hundred thousand pounds sterling, per annum, divided into so many monthly payments. As the interest was very great, several of the merchants of Lyons, who would not trust their king in their own names, are said to have contributed a great deal under the names of Geneva merchants. The republic fancies itself hardly treated by the emperor, since it is not any action of the state, but a compact among private persons that hath furnished out these several remittances. They pretend, however, to have put a stop to them, and by that means are in hopes again to open their commerce into the empire.

FRIBOURG, BERNE, SOLEURRE, ZURICH, ST. GAUL, LINDAW, &c.

From Geneva I travelled to Lausanne, and thence to Fribourg, which is but a mean town for the capital of so large a canton. Its situation is so irregular, that they are forced to climb up to several parts of it by stair-cases of a prodigious ascent. This inconvenience,

Digitized by Google

however, gives them a very great commodity in case a fire breaks out in any part of the town, for by reason of several reservoirs on the tops of these mountains, by the opening of a sluice they convey a river into what part of the town they please. They have four churches, four convents of women, and as many for men. The little chapel, called the Salutation, is very neat, and built with a pretty fancy. The college of Jesuits is, they say, the finest in Switzerland. There is a great deal of room in it, and several beautiful views from the different parts of it. They have a collection of pictures representing most of the fathers of their order, who have been eminent for their piety or learning. Among the rest, many Englishmen whom we name rebels, and they martyrs. Henry Garnet's inscription says, That when the heretics could not prevail with him, either by force or promises, to change his religion, they hanged and quartered him. At the Capuchins I saw the escargatoire, which I took the more notice of, because I do not remember to have met with any thing of the same in other countries. It is a square place boarded in, and filled with a vast quantity of large snails, that are esteemed excellent food when they are well dressed. The floor is strewed about half a foot deep with several kinds of plants, among which the snails nestle all the winter season. When Lent arrives they open their magazines, and take out of them the best meagre food in the world, for there is no dish of fish that they reckon comparable to a ragout of snails.

About two leagues from Fribourg we went to see a hermitage, that is reckoned the greatest curiosity of these parts. It lies in the prettiest solitude imaginable, among woods and rocks, which at first sight dispose a man to be serious. There has lived in it a hermit these five and twenty years, who with his own hands has worked in the rock a pretty chapel, a sacristy, a chamber, kitchen, cellar, and other conveniences. His chimney is carried up through the whole rock, so that you see the sky through it, notwithstanding the rooms lie very deep. He has cut the side of the rock into a flat

Digitized by Google

for a garden, and by laying on it the waste earth that he has found in several of the neighbouring parts, has made such a spot of ground of it as furnishes out a kind of luxury for a hermit. As he saw drops of water distilling from several parts of the rock, by following the veins of them, he has made himself two or three fountains in the bowels of the mountain, that serve his table, and water his little garden.

We had very bad ways from hence to Berne, a great part of them through woods of fir-trees. The great quantity of timber they have in this country, makes them mend their highways with wood instead of stone. I could not but take notice of the make of several of their barns I here saw. After having laid a frame of wood for the foundation, they place at the four corners of it four huge blocks, cut in such a shape as neither mice nor any other sort of vermin can creep up the sides of them, at the same time that they raise the corn above the moisture that might come into it from the ground. The whole weight of the barn is supported by these four blocks.

What pleased me most at Berne was, their public walks by the great church. They are raised extremely high, and that their weight might not break down the walls and pilasters which surround them, they are built upon arches and vaults. Though they are, I believe, as high as most steeples in England from the streets and gardens that lie at the foot of them, yet about forty years ago a person in his drink fell down from the very top to the bottom, without doing himself any other hurt than the breaking of an arm. He died about four years ago. There is the noblest summer-prospect in the world from this walk, for you have a full view of a huge range of mountains that lie in the country of the Grisons, and are buried in snow. They are about twenty-five leagues distance from the town, though by reason of their height and their colour they seem much nearer. The cathedral church stands on one side of these walks, and is, perhaps, the most magnificent of any Protestant church in Europe out of England. It is a very bold work, and a master-piece in Gothic architecture.

Digitized by Google

I saw the arsenal of Berne, where they say there are arms for twenty thousand men. There is, indeed, no great pleasure in visiting these magazines of war after one has seen two or three of them, yet it is very well worth a traveller's while to look into all that lie in his way; for besides the idea it gives him of the forces of a state, it serves to fix in his mind the most considerable parts of its history. Thus in that of Geneva, one meets with the ladders, petard, and other utensils which were made use of in their famous escalade, besides the weapons they took of the Savoyards, Florentines, and French, in the several battles mentioned in their history. In this of Berne, you have the figure and armour of the count who founded the town, of the famous Tell, who is represented as shooting at the apple on his son's head. The story is too well known to be repeated in this place. I here, likewise, saw the figure and armour of him that headed the peasants in the war upon Berne, with the several weapons which were found in the hands of his followers. They show, too, abundance of arms that they took from the Burgundians in the three great battles which established them in their liberty, and destroyed the great Duke of Burgundy himself, with the bravest of his subjects. I saw nothing remarkable in the chambers where the council meet, nor in the fortifications of the town. These last were made on occasion of the peasants' insurrection, to defend the place for the future against the like sudden assaults. In their library I observed a couple of antique figures in metal, of a priest pouring wine between the horns of a bull. The priest is veiled after the manner of the old Roman sacrificers, and is represented in the same action that Virgil describes in the third Æneid.

Ipsa tenens dextrâ pateram pulcherrima Dido
Candentis vaccæ media inter cornua fundit.

This antiquity was found at Lausanne.

The town of Berne is plentifully furnished with water, there being a great multitude of handsome fountains planted at set distances from one end of the streets to

Digitized by Google

the other. There is, indeed, no country in the world better supplied with water, than the several parts of Switzerland that I travelled through. One meets every where in the roads with fountains continually running into huge troughs that stand underneath them, which is wonderfully commodious in a country that so much abounds with horses and cattle. It has so many springs breaking out of the sides of the hills, and such vast quantities of wood to make pipes of, that it is no wonder they are so well stocked with fountains.

On the road between Berne and Soleurre there is a monument erected by the republic of Berne, which tells us the story of an Englishman, who is not to be met with in any of our own writers. The inscription is in Latin verse on one side of the stone, and in German on the other. I had not time to copy it, but the substance of it is this. "One Cussinus, an Englishman, to whom the Duke of Austria had given his sister in marriage, came to take her from among the Swiss by force of arms, but after having ravaged the country for some time, he was here overthrown by the canton of Berne."

Soleurre is our next considerable town that seemed to me to have a greater air of politeness than any I saw in Switzerland. The French ambassador has his residence in this place. His master contributed a great sum of money to the Jesuits' church, which is not yet quite finished. It is the finest modern building in Switzerland. The old cathedral church stood not far from it. At the ascent that leads to it are a couple of antique pillars which belonged to an old heathen temple, dedicated to Hermes: they seem Tuscan by their proportion. The whole fortification of Soleurre is faced with marble. But its best fortifications are the high mountains that lie within its neighbourhood, and separate it from the Franche Comptè.

The next day's journey carried us through other parts of the canton of Berne, to the little town of Meldingen. I was surprised to find in all my road through Switzerland, the wine that grows in the country of Vaud on the borders of the lake of Geneva, which is

Digitized by Google

very cheap, notwithstanding the great distance between the vineyards and the towns that sell the wine. But the navigable rivers of Switzerland are as commodious to them in this respect, as the sea is to the English. As soon as the vintage is over, they ship off their wine upon the lake, which furnishes all the towns that lie upon its borders. What they design for other parts of the country they unload at Vevy, and after about half a day's land-carriage convey it into the river Aar, which brings it down the stream to Berne, Soleurre, and, in a word, distributes it through all the richest parts of Switzerland; as it is easy to guess from the first sight of the map, which shows us the natural communication Providence has formed between the many rivers and lakes of a country that is at so great a distance from the sea. The canton of Berne is reckoned as powerful as all the rest together. They can send a hundred thousand men into the field; though the soldiers of the Catholic cantons, who are much poorer, and, therefore, forced to enter oftener into foreign armies, are more esteemed than the Protestants.

We lay one night at Meldingen, which is a little Roman catholic town with one church, and no convent. It is a republic of itself, under the protection of the eight ancient cantons. There are in it a hundred bourgeois, and about a thousand souls. Their government is modelled after the same manner with that of the cantons, as much as so small a community can imitate those of so large an extent. For this reason, though they have very little business to do, they have all the variety of councils and officers that are to be met with in the greater states. They have a town-house to meet in, adorned with the arms of the eight cantons their protectors. They have three councils, the great council of fourteen, the little council of ten, and the privy council of three. The chief of the state are the two avoyers: when I was there, the reigning avoyer, or the doge of the commonwealth, was son to the inn-keeper where I was lodged; his father having enjoyed the same honours before him. His revenue amounts to about thirty

Digitized by Google

pound a year. The several councils meet every Thursday upon affairs of state, such as the reparation of a trough, the mending of a pavement, or any the like matters of importance. The river that runs through their dominions puts them to the charge of a very large bridge, that is all made of wood, and coped overhead, like the rest in Switzerland. Those that travel over it pay a certain due towards the maintenance of this bridge. And as the French ambassador has often occasion to pass this way, his master gives the town a pension of twenty pound sterling, which makes them extremely industrious to raise all the men they can for his service, and keeps this powerful republic firm to the French interest. You may be sure the preserving of the bridge, with the regulation of the dues arising from it, is the grand affair that cuts out employment for the several councils of state. They have a small village belonging to them, whither they punctually send a bailiff for the distribution of justice; in imitation still of the great cantons. There are three other towns that have the same privileges and protectors.

We dined the next day at Zurich, that is prettily situated on the outlet of the lake, and is reckoned the handsomest town in Switzerland. The chief places shown to strangers are the arsenal, the library, and the town-house. This last is but lately finished, and is a very fine pile of building. The frontispiece has pillars of a beautiful black marble streaked with white, which is found in the neighbouring mountains. The chambers for the several councils, with the other apartments, are very neat. The whole building is indeed so well designed, that it would make a good figure even in Italy. It is pity they have spoiled the beauty of the walls with abundance of childish Latin sentences, that consist often in a jingle of words. I have indeed observed in several inscriptions of this country, that your men of learning here are extremely delighted in playing little tricks with words and figures; for your Swiss wits are not yet got out of anagram and acrostic. The library is a very large room, pretty well filled. Over it is another room fur-

Digitized by Google

nished with several artificial and natural curiosities. I saw in it a huge map of the country of Zurich drawn with a pencil, where they see every particular fountain and hillock in their dominions. I ran over their cabinet of medals, but do not remember to have met with any in it that are extraordinary rare. The arsenal is better than that of Berne, and they say has arms for thirty thousand men.

At about a day's journey from Zurich we entered on the territories of the abbot of St. Gaul. They are four hours riding in breadth, and twelve in length. The abbot can raise in it an army of twelve thousand men well armed and exercised. He is sovereign of the whole country, and under the protection of the cantons of Zurich, Lucerne, Glaris, and Switz. He is always chosen out of the abby of Benedictines at St. Gaul. Every father and brother of the convent has a voice in the election, which must afterwards be confirmed by the pope. The last abbot was cardinal Sfondrati, who was advanced to the purple about two years before his death. The abbot takes the advice and consent of his chapter, before he enters on any matters of importance, as the levying of a tax, or declaring of a war. His chief lay-officer is the grand *maître d' hôtel*, or high steward of the household, who is named by the abbot, and has the management of all affairs under him. There are several other judges and distributers of justice appointed for the several parts of his dominions, from whom there always lies an appeal to the prince. His residence is generally at the Benedictine convent at St. Gaul, notwithstanding the town of St. Gaul is a little Protestant republic, wholly independent of the abbot, and under the protection of the cantons.

One would wonder to see so many rich Bourgeois in the town of St. Gaul, and so very few poor people in a place that has scarce any lands belonging to it, and little or no income but what arises from its trade. But the great support and riches of this little state is its linen manufacture, which employs almost all ages and conditions of its inhabitants. The whole country about

Digitized by Google

them, furnishes them with vast quantities of flax, out of which they are said to make yearly forty thousand pieces of linen cloth, reckoning two hundred ells to the piece. Some of their manufacture is as finely wrought as any that can be met with in Holland; for they have excellent artisans, and great commodities for whitening. All the fields about the town were so covered with their manufacture, that coming in the dusk of the evening we mistook them for a lake. They send off their works upon mules into Italy, Spain, Germany, and all the adjacent countries. They reckon in the town of St. Gaul, and in the houses that lie scattered about it, near ten thousand souls, of which there are sixteen hundred bourgeois. They chuse their councils and burgomasters out of the body of the bourgeois, as in the other governments of Switzerland, which are every where of the same nature, the difference lying only in the numbers of such as are employed in state affairs, which are proportioned to the grandeur of the states that employ them. The abby and the town bear a great aversion to one another; but in the general diet of the cantons their representatives sit together, and act by concert. The abbot deputes his grand *maître d' hôtel*, and the town one of its burgomasters.

About four years ago the town and abby would have come to an open rupture, had it not been timely prevented by the interposition of their common protectors. The occasion was this. A Benedictine monk, in one of their annual processions, carried his cross erected through the town with a train of three or four thousand peasants following him. They had no sooner entered the convent but the whole town was in a tumult, occasioned by the insolence of the priest, who, contrary to all precedents, had presumed to carry his cross in that manner. The bourgeois immediately put themselves in arms, and drew down four pieces of their cannon to the gates of the convent. The procession, to escape the fury of the citizens, durst not return by the way it came, but after the devotions of the monks were finished, passed out at a back door of the convent, that im-

Digitized by Google

mediately led into the abbot's territories. The abbot on his part raises an army, blocks up the town on the side that faces his dominions, and forbids his subjects to furnish it with any of their commodities. While things were just ripe for a war, the cantons, their protectors, interposed as umpires in the quarrel, condemning the town, that had appeared too forward in the dispute, to a fine of two thousand crowns; and enacting at the same time, that, as soon as any procession entered their walls, the priest should let the cross hang about his neck without touching it with either hand, till he came within the precincts of the abby. The citizens could bring into the field near two thousand men well exercised, and armed to the best advantage, with which they fancy they could make head against twelve or fifteen thousand peasants, for so many the abbot could easily raise in his territories. But the Protestants, subjects of the abby, who, they say, make up a good third of its people, would probably, in case of a war, abandon the cause of their prince for that of their religion. The town of St. Gaul has an arsenal, library, town-houses, and churches, proportionable to the bigness of the state. It is well enough fortified to resist any sudden attack, and to give the cantons time to come to their assistance. The abby is by no means so magnificent as one would expect from its endowments. The church is one huge nef with a double aisle to it. At each end is a large choir. The one of them is supported by vast pillars of stone, cased over with a composition that looks the most like marble of any thing one can imagine. On the ceiling and walls of the church are lists of saints, martyrs, popes, cardinals, archbishops, kings, and queens, that have been of the Benedictine order. There are several pictures of such as have been distinguished by their birth, sanctity, or miracles, with inscriptions that let you into the name and history of the persons represented. I have often wished that some traveller would take the pains to gather all the modern inscriptions which are to be met with in Roman Catholic countries, as Gruter and others have copied out the an-

Digitized by Google

cient heathen monuments. Had we two or three volumes of this nature, without any of the collector's own reflections, I am sure there is nothing in the world could give a clearer idea of the Roman Catholic religion, nor expose more the pride, vanity, and self-interest of convents, the abuse of indulgencies, the folly and impertinence of votaries, and, in short, the superstition, credulity, and childishness of the Roman Catholic religion. One might fill several sheets at St. Gaul, as there are few considerable convents or churches that would not afford large contributions.

As the King of France distributes his pensions through all the parts of Switzerland, the town and abby of St. Gaul come in too for their share. To the first he gives five hundred crowns per annum, and to the other a thousand. This pension has not been paid these three years, which they attribute to their not acknowledging the Duke of Anjou for King of Spain. The town and abby of St. Gaul carry a bear for their arms. The Roman Catholics have this bear's memory in very great veneration, and represent him as the first convert their saint made in the country. One of the most learned of the Benedictine monks gave me the following history of him, which he delivered to me with tears of affection in his eyes. "St. Gaul, it seems, whom they call the great apostle of Germany, found all this country a little better than a vast desert. As he was walking in it on a very cold day he chanced to meet a bear in his way. The saint, instead of being startled at the rencounter, ordered the bear to bring him a bundle of wood, and make him a fire. The bear served him to the best of his ability, and, at his departure, was commanded by the saint to retire into the very depth of the woods, and there to pass the rest of his life without ever hurting man or beast. From this time, says the monk, the bear lived irreproachably, and observed, to his dying day, the orders that the saint had given him."

I have often considered, with a great deal of pleasure, the profound peace and tranquillity that reigns in Switzerland and its alliances. It is very wonderful to

Digitized by Google

see such a knot of governments, which are so divided among themselves in matters of religion, maintain so uninterrupted an union and correspondence, that no one of them is for invading the rights of another, but remains content within the bounds of its first establishment. This, I think, must be chiefly ascribed to the nature of the people, and the constitution of their governments. Were the Swiss animated by zeal or ambition, some or other of their states would immediately break in upon the rest; or were the states so many principalities, they might often have an ambitious sovereign at the head of them, that would embroil his neighbours, and sacrifice the repose of his subjects to his own glory. But as the inhabitants of these countries are naturally of a heavy phlegmatic temper, if any of their leading members have more fire and spirit than comes to their share, it is quickly tempered by the coldness and moderation of the rest who sit at the helm with them. To this we may add, that the Alps is the worst spot of ground in the world to make conquests in, a great part of its governments being so naturally intrenched among woods and mountains. However it be, we find no such disorders among them as one would expect in such a multitude of states; for as soon as any public rupture happens, it is immediately closed up by the moderation and good offices of the rest that interpose.

As all the considerable governments among the Alps are commonwealths, so, indeed, it is a constitution the most adapted of any other to the poverty and barrenness of these countries. We may see only in a neighbouring government the ill consequences of having a despotic prince, in a state that is most of it composed of rocks and mountains; for, notwithstanding there is a vast extent of lands, and many of them better than those of the Swiss and Grisons, the common people among the latter are much more at their ease, and in a greater affluence of all the conveniences of life. A prince's court eats too much into the income of a poor state, and generally introduces a kind of luxury and magnifi-

Digitized by Google

cence, that sets every particular person upon making a higher figure in his station than is consistent with his revenue.

It is the great endeavour of the several cantons of Switzerland, to banish from among them every thing that looks like pomp or superfluity. To this end the ministers are always preaching, and the governors putting out edicts against dancing, gaming, entertainments, and fine clothes. This is become more necessary in some of the governments, since there are so many refugees settled among them; for, though the Protestants in France affect ordinarily a greater plainness and simplicity of manners, than those of the same quality who are of the Roman Catholic communion, they have, however, too much of their country-gallantry for the genius and constitution of Switzerland. Should dressing, feasting, and balls, once get among the cantons, their military roughness would be quickly lost, their tempers would grow too soft for their climate, and their expences out-run their incomes; besides that the materials for their luxury must be brought from other nations, which would immediately ruin a country that has few commodities of its own to export, and is not over-stocked with money. Luxury indeed wounds a Republic in its very vitals, as its natural consequences are rapine, avarice, and injustice; for the more money a man spends, the more must he endeavour to augment his stock; which at last sets the liberty and votes of a common-wealth to sale, if they find any foreign power that is able to pay the price of them. We see no where the pernicious effects of luxury on a republic more than in that of the ancient Romans, who[a] immediately found itself poor as soon as this vice got footing among them, though they were possessed of all the riches in the world. We find in the beginnings and increases of their common-wealth strange instances of the contempt of money, because indeed they were utter

[a] *Who*] The relative, "*Who*" has a *person* for its antecedent—it should, therefore, have been: "*Who* found *herself* poor," or, "*which* found *itself* poor."

Digitized by Google

strangers to the pleasures that might be procured by it; or in other words, because they were wholly ignorant of the arts of luxury. But as soon as they once entered into a taste of pleasure, politeness, and magnificence, they fell into a thousand violences, conspiracies, and divisions, that threw them into all the disorders imaginable, and terminated in the utter subversion of the common-wealth. It is no wonder, therefore, the poor common-wealths of Switzerland are ever labouring at the suppressing and prohibition of every thing that may introduce vanity and luxury. Besides the several fines that are set upon plays, games, balls, and feastings, they have many customs among them which very much contribute to the keeping up of their ancient simplicity. The Burgeois, who are at the head of the governments, are obliged to appear at all their public assemblies in a black cloak and a band. The women's dress is very plain, those of the best quality wearing nothing on their heads generally but furs, which are to be met with in their own country. The persons of different qualities in both sexes are indeed allowed their different ornaments, but these are generally such as are by no means costly, being rather designed as marks of distinction than to make a figure. The chief officers of Berne, for example, are known by the crowns of their hats, which are much deeper than those of an inferior character. The peasants are generally clothed in a coarse kind of canvas, that is the manufacture of the country. Their holyday clothes go from father to son, and are seldom worn out, till the second or third generation: so that it is common enough to see a country man in the doublet and breeches of his great-grand-father.

Geneva is much politer than Switzerland, or any of its allies, and is therefore looked upon as the court of the Alps, whither the Protestant cantons often send their children to improve themselves in language and education. The Genevois have been very much refined, or, as others will have it, corrupted by the conversation of the French Protestants, who make up almost a third of their people. It is certain they have very much

Digitized by Google

forgotten the advice that Calvin gave them in a great council a little before his death, when he recommended to them, above all things, an exemplary modesty and humility, and as great a simplicity in their manners as in their religion. Whether or no they have done well, to set up for making another kind of figure, time will witness. There are several that fancy the great sums they have remitted into Italy, though by this means they make their court to the king of France at present, may some time or other give him inclination to become the master of so wealthy a city.

As this collection of little states abounds more in pasturage than in corn, they are all provided with their public granaries, and have the humanity to furnish one another in public exigencies, when the scarcity is not universal. As the administration of affairs relating to these public granaries is not very different in any of the particular governments, I shall content myself to set down the rules observed in it by the little commonwealth of Geneva, in which I had more time to inform myself of the particulars than in any other. There are three of the little council deputed for this office. They are obliged to keep together a provision sufficient to feed the people at least two years, in case of war or famine. They must take care to fill their magazines in times of the greatest plenty, that so they may afford cheaper, and increase the public revenue at a small expence of its members. None of the three managers must, upon any pretence, furnish the granaries from his own fields, that so they may have no temptation to pay too great a price, or put any bad corn upon the public. They must buy up no corn growing within twelve miles of Geneva, that so the filling their magazines may not prejudice their market, and raise the price of their provisions at home. That such a collection of corn may not spoil in keeping, all the inns and public houses are obliged to furnish themselves out of it, by which means is raised the most considerable branch of the public revenues; the corn being sold out at a much dearer rate than 'tis bought up. So that the greatest income of the

Digitized by Google

commonwealth, which pays the pensions of most of its officers and ministers, is raised on strangers and travellers, or such of their own body as have money enough to spend at taverns and public-houses.

It is the custom in Geneva and Switzerland to divide their estates equally among all their children, by which means every one lives at his ease without growing dangerous to the republic, for, as soon as an overgrown estate falls into the hands of one that has many children, it is broken into so many portions as render the sharers of it rich enough, without raising them too much above the level of the rest. This is absolutely necessary in these little republics, where the rich merchants live very much within their estates, and by heaping up vast sums from year to year, might become formidable to the rest of their fellow-citizens, and break the equality, which is so necessary in these kinds of governments, were there not means found out to distribute their wealth among several members of their republic. At Geneva, for instance, are merchants reckoned worth twenty hundred thousand crowns, though, perhaps, there is not one of them who spends to the value of five hundred pounds a year.

Though the Protestants and Papists know very well that it is their common interest to keep a steady neutrality in all the wars between the states of Europe, they cannot forbear siding with a party in their discourse. The Catholics are zealous for the French king, as the Protestants do not a little glory in the riches, power, and good success of the English and Dutch, whom they look upon as the bulwarks of the reformation. The ministers, in particular, have often preached against such of their fellow-subjects as enter into the troops of the French king; but so long as the Swiss see their interest in it, their poverty will always hold them fast to his service. They have, indeed, the exercise of their religion, and their ministers with them, which is the more remarkable, because the very same prince refused even those of the church of England, who followed

Digitized by Google

their master to St. Germains, the public exercise of their religion.

Before I leave Switzerland I cannot but observe, that the notion of witchcraft reigns very much in this country. I have often been tired with accounts of this nature from very sensible men, who are most of them furnished with matters of fact which have happened, as they pretend, within the compass of their own knowledge. It is certain there have been many executions on this account, as in the canton of Berne there were some put to death during my stay at Geneva. The people are so universally infatuated with the notion, that if a cow falls sick, it is ten to one but an old woman is clapt up in prison for it, and if the poor creature chance to think herself a witch, the whole country is for hanging her up without mercy. One finds, indeed, the same humour prevail in most of the rocky barren parts of Europe. Whether it be that poverty and ignorance, which are generally the products of these countries, may really engage a wretch in such dark practices, or, whether or no the same principles may not render the people too credulous, and, perhaps, too easy to get rid of some of their unprofitable members.

A great affair that employs the Swiss politics at present is the Prince of Conti's succession to the Duchess of Nemours in the government of Neuf-Chatel. The inhabitants of Neuf-Chatel can by no means think of submitting themselves to a prince who is a Roman Catholic, and a subject of France. They were very attentive to his conduct in the principality of Orange, which they did not question but he would rule with all the mildness and moderation imaginable, as it would be the best means in the world to recommend him to Neuf-Chatel. But, notwithstanding[a] it was so much his inte-

[a] *Notwithstanding*] *Notwithstanding*, may be followed by a whole sentence, or by a substantive; but it is not right to turn the several parts of the same period, so differently. It should be,—"Notwithstanding the interest he had, and the assurances he had given," or, "Notwithstanding [that] it was so much his interest to manage, and, that he had given the strongest assurances to protect."

Digitized by Google

rest to manage his Protestant subjects in the country, and the strong assurances he had given them in protecting them in all their privileges, and, particularly in the free exercise of their religion, he made over his principality in a very little time for a sum of money to the King of France. It is, indeed, generally believed the Prince of Conti would rather still have kept his title to Orange, but the same respect which induced him to quit this government, might, at another time, tempt him to give up that of Neuf-Chatel on the like conditions. The King of Prussia lays in his claim for Neuf-Chatel, as he did for the principality of Orange, and it is probable would be more acceptable to the inhabitants than the other; but they are generally disposed to declare themselves a free commonwealth, after the death of the Duchess of Nemours, if the Swiss will support them. The Protestant cantons seem much inclined to assist them, which they may very well do, in case the duchess dies whilst the King of France has his hands so full of business on all sides of him. It certainly very much concerns them not to suffer the French king to establish his authority on this side Mount Jura, and on the very borders of their country; but it is not easy to foresee what a round sum of money, or the fear of a rupture with France, may do among a people who have tamely suffered the Franche Compté to be seized on, and a fort to be built within cannon-shot of one of their cantons.

There is a new sect sprung up in Switzerland, which spreads very much in the Protestant cantons. The professors of it call themselves Pietists, and as enthusiasm carries men generally to the like extravagancies, they differ but little from several sectaries in other countries. They pretend in general to great refinements, as to what regards the practice of Christianity, and to observe the following rules. To retire much from the conversation of the world. To sink themselves into an entire repose and tranquillity of mind. In this state of silence to attend the secret elapse and flowings in of the Holy Spirit, that may fill their minds with peace

Digitized by Google

and consolation, joys or raptures. To favour all his secret intimations, and give themselves up entirely to his conduct and direction, so as neither to speak, move, or act, but as they find his impulse on their souls. To retrench themselves within the conveniences and necessities of life. To make a covenant with all their senses, so far as to shun the smell of a rose or violet, and to turn away their eyes from a beautiful prospect. To avoid, as much as is possible, what the world calls innocent pleasures, lest they should have their affections tainted by any sensuality, and diverted from the love of him who is to be the only comfort, repose, hope, and delight, of their whole beings. This sect prevails very much among the Protestants of Germany, as well as those of Switzerland, and has occasioned several edicts against it in the duchy of Saxony. The professors of it are accused of all the ill practices which may seem to be the consequence of their principles, as that they ascribe the worst of actions, which their own vicious tempers throw them upon, to the dictates of the Holy Spirit; that both sexes under pretence of devout conversation visit one another at all hours, and in all places, without any regard to common decency, often making their religion a cover for their immoralities; and that the very best of them are possessed with spiritual pride, and a contempt for all such as are not of their own sect. The Roman Catholics who reproach the Protestants for their breaking into such a multitude of religions, have certainly taken the most effectual way in the world for the keeping their flocks together; I do not mean the punishments they inflict on men's persons, which are commonly looked upon as the chief methods by which they deter them from breaking through the pale of the church, though certainly these lay a very great restraint on those of the Roman Catholic persuasion. But I take one great cause why there are so few sects in the church of Rome, to be the multitude of convents, with which they every where abound, that serve as receptacles for all those fiery zealots who would set the church in a flame, were not they got together in these houses

Digitized by Google

of devotion. All men of dark tempers, according to their degree of melancholy or enthusiasm, may find convents fitted to their humours, and meet with companions as gloomy as themselves. So that what the Protestants would call a fanatic, is in the Roman church a religious of such or such an order; as I have been told of an English merchant at Lisbon, who after some great disappointments in the world was resolved to turn Quaker or Capuchin; for, in the change of religion, men of ordinary understandings do not so much consider the principles, as the practice of those to whom they go over.

From St. Gaul I took horse to the lake of Constance, which lies at two leagues distance from it, and is formed by the entry of the Rhine. This is the only lake in Europe that disputes for greatness with that of Geneva; it appears more beautiful to the eye, but wants the fruitful fields and vineyards that border upon the other. It receives its name from Constance, the chief town on its banks. When the cantons of Berne and Zurich proposed, at a general diet, the incorporating Geneva in the number of the cantons, the Roman Catholic party, fearing the Protestant interest might receive by it too great a strengthening, proposed at the same time the incantoning of Constance, as a counterpoise; to which the Protestants not consenting, the whole project fell to the ground. We crossed the lake to Lindaw, and in several parts of it observed abundance of little bubbles of air, that came working upward from the very bottom of the lake. The watermen told us, that they are observed always to rise in the same places, from whence they conclude them to be so many springs that break out of the bottom of the lake. Lindaw is an imperial town on a little island that lies at about three hundred paces from the firm land, to which it is joined by a huge bridge of wood. The inhabitants were all in arms when we passed through it, being under great apprehensions of the Duke of Bavaria, after his having fallen upon Ulme and Memminghen. They flatter themselves, that by cutting their bridge they could hold out

Digitized by Google

against his army: but, in all probability, a shower of bombs would quickly reduce the Burgeois to surrender. They were formerly bombarded by Gustavus Adolphus. We were advised by our merchants, by no means to venture ourselves in the Duke of Bavaria's country, so that we had the mortification to lose the sight of Munich, Ausburg, and Ratisbon, and were forced to take our way to Vienna through Tirol, where we had very little to entertain us besides the natural face of the country.

TIROL, INSPRUCK, HALL, &c.

After having coasted the Alps for some time, we at last entered them by a passage which leads into the long valley of the Tirol, and following the course of the river Inn we came to Inspruck, that receives its name from this river, and is the capital city of the Tirol.

Inspruck is a handsome town, though not a great one, and was formerly the residence of the arch-dukes who were counts of Tirol: the palace where they used to keep their court is rather convenient than magnificent. The great hall is indeed a very noble room, the walls of it are painted in fresco, and represent the labours of Hercules. Many of them look very finely, though a great part of the work has been cracked by earthquakes, which are very frequent in this country. There is a little wooden palace that borders on the other, whither the court used to retire at the first shake of an earthquake. I saw here the largest menage that I have met with any where else. At one end of it is a great partition designed for an opera. They shewed us also a very pretty theatre. The last comedy that was acted on it was designed by the Jesuits for the entertainment of the queen of the Romans, who passed this way from Modena to Vienna. The compliment which the fathers made her majesty on this occasion was very particular, and did not a little expose them to the raillery of the court. For the arms of Hanover being a

Digitized by Google

horse, the fathers thought it a very pretty allusion to represent the queen by Bucephalus, that would let nobody get upon him but Alexander the Great. The wooden horse that acted this notable part is still to be seen behind the scenes. In one of the rooms of the palace which is hung with the pictures of several illustrious persons, they shewed us the portrait of Mary Queen of the Scots, who was beheaded in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The gardens about the house are very large, but ill kept. There is in the middle of them a beautiful statue in brass of an Arch-duke Leopold on horseback. There are near it twelve other figures of water-nymphs and river-gods well cast, and as big as the life. They were designed for the ornaments of a water-work, as one might easily make a great variety of jetteaus at a small expence in a garden that has the river Inn running by its walls. The late Duke of Lorrain had this palace, and the government of the Tirol, assigned him by the emperor, and his lady the queen dowager of Poland lived here several years after the death of the duke her husband. There are covered galleries that lead from the palace to five different churches. I passed through a very long one which reaches to the church of the Capuchin convent, where the duke of Lorrain used often to assist at their midnight devotions. They shewed us in this convent the apartments of Maximilian, who was arch-duke and count of Tirol about fourscore years ago. This prince at the same time that he kept the government in his hands, lived in this convent with all the rigour and austerity of a Capuchin. His anti-chamber and room of audience are little square chambers wainscoted. His private lodgings are three or four small rooms faced with a kind of fret-work, that makes them look like little hollow caverns in a rock. They preserve this apartment of the convent uninhabited, and shew in it the altar, bed, and stove, as likewise a picture and a stamp of this devout prince. The church of the Franciscan convent is famous for the monument of the Emperor Maximilian the First, which stands in the midst of it. It was erected to him by his grand-son Ferdinand

Digitized by Google

the First, who probably looked upon this emperor as the founder of the Austrian greatness. For as by his own marriage he annexed the Low Countries to the house of Austria, so by matching his son to Joane of Arragon he settled on his posterity the kingdom of Spain, and by the marriage of his grand-son Ferdinand got into his family the kingdoms of Bohemia and Hungary. This monument is only honorary, for the ashes of the emperor lie elsewhere. On the top of it is a brazen figure of Maximilian on his knees, and on the sides of it a beautiful bas-relief representing the actions of this prince. His whole history is digested into twenty four square pannels of sculpture in bas-relief; the subject of two of them is his confederacy with Henry the Eighth, and the wars they made together upon France. On each side of this monument is a row of very noble brazen statues much bigger than the life, most of them representing such as were some way or other related to Maximilian. Among the rest is one that the fathers of the convent tell us represents King Arthur, the old British king. But what relation had that Arthur to Maximilian? I do not question, therefore, but it was designed for Prince Arthur, elder brother of Henry the Eighth, who had espoused Catharine, sister of Maximilian, whose divorce afterwards gave occasion to such signal revolutions in England. This church was built by Ferdinand the First. One sees in it a kind of offer at modern architecture, but at the same time that the architect has shewn his dislike of the Gothic manner, one may see very well that in that age they were not, at least in this country, arrived at the knowledge of the true way. The portal, for example, consists of a composite order unknown to the ancients; the ornaments, indeed, are taken from them, but so put together that you see the volutes of the Ionic, the foliage of the Corinthian, and the ovali of the Doric mixed without any regularity on the same capital. So the vault of the church, though broad enough, is encumbered with so many little tricks in sculpture. It is, indeed, supported with single columns instead of those vast clusters of little pillars

Digitized by Google

that one meets with in Gothic cathedrals, but at the same time these columns are of no regular order, and at least twice too long for their diameter. There are other churches in the town, and two or three palaces which are of a more modern make, and built with a good fancy. I was shewn the little Notredame that is handsomely designed, and topped with a cupola. It was made as an offering of gratitude to the Blessed Virgin, for having defended the country of the Tirol against the victorious arms of Gustavus Adolphus, who could not enter this part of the empire after having over-run most of the rest. This temple was therefore built by the contributions of the whole country. At about half a league's distance from Inspruck stands the castle of Ambras, furnished with a prodigious quantity of medals, and many other sorts of rarities both in nature and art, for which I must refer the reader to Monsieur Patin's account in his letters to the Duke of Wirtemberg, having myself had neither time or opportunity to enter into a particular examination of them.

From Inspruck we came to Hall, that lies at a league distance on the same river. This place is particularly famous for its salt-works. There are in the neighbourhood vast mountains of a transparent kind of rock not unlike allum, extremely solid, and as piquant to the tongue as salt itself. Four or five hundred men are always at work in the mountains, where as soon as they have hewn down any quantities of the rock, they let in their springs and reservoirs among their works. The water eats away and dissolves the particles of salt which are mixed in the stone, and is conveyed by long troughs and canals from the mines to the town of Hall, where 'tis received in vast cisterns, and boiled off from time to time.

They make after the rate of eight hundred loaves a week, each loaf four hundred pound weight. This would raise a great revenue to the emperor, were there here such a tax on salt as there is in France. At present he clears but two hundred thousand crowns a year, after having defrayed all the charges of working it.

Digitized by Google

There are in Switzerland, and other parts of the Alps, several of these quarries of salt, that turn to very little account, by reason of the great quantities of wood they consume.

The salt works at Hall have a great convenience for fuel, which swims down to them on the river Inn. This river, during its course through the Tirol, is generally shut up between a double range of mountains that are most of them covered with woods of fir-trees. Abundance of peasants are employed in the hewing down of the largest of these trees, that after they are barked and cut into shape, are tumbled down from the mountains into the stream of the river, which carries them off to the salt works. At Inspruck they take up vast quantities for the convents and public officers, who have a certain portion of it allotted them by the emperor: the rest of it passes on to Hall. There are generally several hundred loads afloat; for they begin to cut above twenty-five leagues up the river above Hall, and there are other rivers that flow into the Inn, which bring in their contributions. These salt works, and a mint that is established at the same place, have rendered this town, notwithstanding the neighbourhood of the capital city, almost as populous as Inspruck itself. The design of this mint is to work off part of the metals which are found in the neighbouring mountains; where, as we were told, there are seven thousand men in constant employ. At Hall we took a boat to carry us to Vienna. The first night we lay at Rottenburg, where is a strong castle above the town. Count Serini is still close prisoner in this castle, who, as they told us in the town, had lost his senses by his long imprisonment and afflictions. The next day we dined at Kuffstain, where there is a fortress on a high rock above the town almost inaccessible on all sides: this being a frontier place on the duchy of Bavaria, where we entered after about an hour's rowing from Kuffstain. It was the pleasantest voyage in the world to follow the windings of this river Inn through such a variety of pleasing scenes as the course of it naturally led us. We had sometimes on

Digitized by Google

each side us a vast extent of naked rocks and mountains, broken into a thousand irregular steeps and precipices; in other places we saw a long forest of fir-trees so thick set together, that it was impossible to discover any of the soil they grew upon, and rising up so regularly one above another, as to give us the view of a whole wood at once. The time of the year, that had given the leaves of the trees so many different colours, completed the beauty of the prospect. But as the materials of a fine landscape are not always the most profitable to the owner of them, we met with but very little corn or pasturage for the proportion of earth that we passed through, the lands of the Tirol not being able to feed the inhabitants. This long valley of the Tirol lies inclosed on all sides by the Alps, though its dominions shoot out into several branches that lie among the breaks and hollows of the mountains. It is governed by three councils residing at Inspruck, one sits upon life and death, the other is for taxes and impositions, and a third for the common distributions of justice. As these courts regulate themselves by the orders they receive from the Imperial court, so in many cases there are appeals from them to Vienna. The inhabitants of the Tirol have many particular privileges above those of the other hereditary countries of the emperor. For as they are naturally well fortified among their mountains, and at the same time border upon many different governments, as the Grisons, Venetians, Swiss, Bavarians, &c. a severe treatment might tempt them to set up for a republic, or at least throw themselves under the milder government of some of their neighbours: besides that their country is poor, and that the emperor draws considerable incomes out of his mines of salt and metal. They are these mines that fill the country with greater numbers of people than it would be able to bear without the importation of corn from foreign parts. The emperor has forts and citadels at the entrance of all the passes that lead into the Tirol, which are so advantageously placed on rocks and mountains, that they command all the vallies and avenues that lie about them. Besides,

Digitized by Google

that the country itself is cut into so many hills and inequalities, as would render it defensible by a very little army against a numerous enemy. It was, therefore, generally thought the Duke of Bavaria would not attempt the cutting off any succours that were sent to Prince Eugene; or the forcing his way through the Tirol into Italy. The river Inn, that had hitherto been shut up among mountains, passes generally through a wide open country during all its course through Bavaria, which is a voyage of two days, after the rate of twenty leagues a day.

Digitized by Google

THE

TATLER

By ISAAC BICKERSTAFFE, Esq.

Digitized by Google

We now enter on those parts of Mr. Addison's prose-works, which have done him the greatest honour, and have placed him at the head of those, whom we call our polite writers. I know that many readers prefer Dr. Swift's prose to his:—but, whatever other merit the Dean's writings may have (and they have, certainly, a great deal) I affirm it with confidence (because I have examined them both with care) that they are not comparable to Mr. Addison's, in the correctness, propriety, and elegance of expression.

Mr. Addison possessed two talents, both of them very uncommon, which singularly qualified him to excel in the following essays: I mean an exquisite knowledge of the English tongue, in all its purity and delicacy; and a vein of humour, which flowed naturally and abundantly from him on every subject; and which experience hath shown to be inimitable. But it is in the *former* respect only, that I shall criticise these papers; and I shall do it with severity, lest time, and the authority of his name, (which, of course, must become sacred) should give a sanction even to his defects. If any man of genius should be so happy, as to equal all the excellencies of his prose, and to avoid the few blemishes, which may, haply, be found in it, he would be a perfect model of style, in this way of writing: but of such an one, it is enough to say at present, (and I shall, surely, offend no good writer in saying it)

" ——— *hunc nequeo monstrare, & sentio tantùm.*

Digitized by Google

THE

TATLER.

No. 20. THURSDAY, MAY 26, 1709.

—THOUGH the theatre is now breaking, it is allowed still to sell animals there; therefore, if any lady or gentleman have occasion for a tame elephant, let them inquire of Mr. Pinkethman, who has one to dispose of at a reasonable rate. The downfal of May-Fair has quite sunk the price of this noble creature, as well as of many other curiosities of nature. A tiger will sell almost as cheap as an ox; and I am credibly informed, a man may purchase a cat with three legs, for very near the value of one with four. I hear likewise, that there is a great desolation among the gentlemen and ladies who were the ornaments of the town, and used to shine in plumes and diadems; the heroes being most of them pressed, and the queens beating hemp. Mrs. Sarabrand, so famous for her ingenious puppet-show, has set up a shop in the Exchange, where she sells her little troop under the term of Jointed Babies. I could not but be solicitous to know of her, how she had disposed of that rake-hell Punch, whose lewd life and conversation had given so much scandal, and did not a little contribute to the ruin of the fair. She told me with a sigh, that despairing of ever reclaiming him, she would not offer to place him in a civil family, but got him in a post upon a stall in Wapping, where he may be seen from sun-rising to sun-setting, with a glass in one hand, and a pipe in the other, as sentry to a brandy shop.

Digitized by Google

The great revolutions of this nature bring to my mind the distresses of the unfortunate Camilla, who has had the ill luck to break before her voice, and to disappear at a time when her beauty was in the height of its bloom. This lady entered so thoroughly into the great characters she acted, that when she had finished her part, she could not think of retrenching her equipage, but would appear in her own lodgings with the same magnificence that she did upon the stage. This greatness of soul has reduced that unhappy princess to an involuntary retirement, where she now passes her time among the woods and forests, thinking on the crowns and sceptres she has lost, and often humming over in her solitude,

> I was born of royal race,
> Yet must wander in disgrace, &c.

But for fear of being overheard, and her quality known,* she usually sings it in Italian;

> *Naqui al regno, naqui al trono*
> *E pur sono*
> *Iventurata pastorella*————

Since I have touched upon this subject, I shall communicate to my reader part of a letter I have received from a friend at Amsterdam, where there is a very noble theatre; though the manner of furnishing it with actors is something peculiar to that place, and gives us occasion to admire both the politeness and frugality of the people.

"My friends have kept me here a week longer than ordinary to see one of their plays, which was performed last night with great applause. The actors are all of them tradesmen, who, after their day's work is over, earn about a guilder a night by personating kings and generals. The hero of the tragedy I saw, was a journeyman taylor, and his first minister of state a coffeeman. The empress made me think of Parthenope in the Rehearsal; for her mother keeps an ale-house in the

* Easily expressed, but not exactly. Better:—"*But for fear of being over-heard, and lest her quality should be known.*"

Digitized by Google

suburbs of Amsterdam. When the tragedy was over, they entertained us with a short farce, in which the cobbler did his part to a miracle; but, upon inquiry, I found he had really been working at his own trade, and representing on the stage what he acted every day in his shop. The profits of the theatre maintain an hospital: for as here they do not think the profession of an actor the only trade that a man ought to exercise, so they will not allow any body to grow rich on a profession that in their opinion so little conduces to the good of the commonwealth. If I am not mistaken, your playhouses in England have done the same thing; for, unless I am misinformed, the hospital at Dulledge was erected and endowed by Mr. Allen, a player: and it is also said, a famous she-tragedian has settled her estate, after her death, for the maintenance of decayed wits, who are to be taken in as soon as they grow dull, at whatever time of their life that shall happen."

No. 42. SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1709.

———*Celebrare domestica facta.*

—THIS is to give notice, that a magnificent palace, with great variety of gardens, statues, and water-works, may be bought cheap in Drury-Lane; where there are likewise several castles to be disposed of, very delightfully situated; as also groves, woods, forests, fountains, and country seats, with very pleasant prospects on all sides of them; being the moveables of Christopher Rich, Esq. who is breaking up house-keeping, and has many curious pieces of furniture to dispose of, which may be seen between the hours of six and ten in the evening.

THE INVENTORY.

Spirits of right Nants brandy, for lambent flames and apparitions.

Digitized by Google

Three bottles and a half of lightning.

One shower of snow in the whitest French paper.

Two showers of a browner sort.

A sea, consisting of a dozen large waves, the tenth* bigger than ordinary, and a little damaged.

A dozen and a half of clouds, trimmed with black, and well conditioned.

A rainbow, a little faded.

A set of clouds after the French mode, streaked with lightning, and furbelowed.

A new-moon, something decayed.

A pint of the finest Spanish wash, being all that is left of two hogsheads sent over last winter.

A coach very finely gilt, and little used, with a pair of dragons, to be sold cheap.

A setting sun, a pennyworth.

An imperial mantle, made for Cyrus the great, and worn by Julius Cæsar, Bajazet, King Harry the Eighth, and Signior Valentini.

A basket-hilt sword, very convenient to carry milk in.

Roxana's night gown.

Othello's handkerchief.

The imperial robes of Xerxes, never worn but once.

A wild boar, killed by Mrs. Tofts and Dioclesian.

A serpent to sting Cleopatra.

A mustard bowl to make thunder with.

Another of a bigger sort, by Mr. D——is's directions, little used.

Six elbow chairs, very expert in country dances, with six flower-pots for their partners.

The whiskers of a Turkish bassa.

The complexion of a murderer in a bandbox; consisting of a large piece of burnt cork, and a coal-black peruke.

A suit of clothes for a ghost, viz. a bloody shirt, a doublet curiously pinked, and a coat with three great eyelet-holes upon the breast.

A bale of red Spanish wool.

* "Fluctus decumanus."

Digitized by Google

Modern plots, commonly known by the name of trap-doors, ladders of ropes, vizard masques, and tables with broad carpets over them.

Three oak cudgels, with one of crab-tree; all bought for the use of Mr. Pinkethman.

Materials for dancing; as masques, castanets, and a ladder of ten rounds.

Aurengzebe's scymitar, made by Will. Brown in Piccadilly.

A plume of feathers, never used but by Oedipus and the Earl of Essex.

There are also swords, halberts, sheep-hooks, cardinals hats, turbans, drums, gallipots, a gibbet, a cradle, a rack, a cart-wheel, an altar, a helmet, a back-piece, a breast-plate, a bell, a tub, and a jointed baby.

These are the hard shifts we intelligencers are forced to; therefore our readers ought to excuse us, if a westerly wind blowing for a fortnight together, generally fills every paper with an order of battle; when we show our martial skill in each line, and according to the space we have to fill, we range our men in squadrons and battalions, or draw out company by company, and troop by troop; ever observing, that no muster is to be made, but when the wind is in a cross point, which often happens at the end of a campaign, when half the men are deserted or killed. The Courant is sometimes ten deep, his ranks close: the Post-boy is generally in files, for greater exactness: and the Post-man comes down upon you rather after the Turkish way, sword in hand, pell-mell, without form or discipline; but sure to bring men enough into the field; and wherever they are raised, never to lose a battle for want of numbers.*

* Of this paper, the inventory only, as I take it, is Mr. Addison's.

Digitized by Google

No. 75. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1709.

From my own Apartment, September 30.

[a]I AM called off from public dissertations by a domestic affair of great importance, which is no less than the disposal of my sister Jenny for life. The girl is a girl of great merit, and pleasing conversation; but I being born of my father's first wife, and she of his third, she converses with me rather like a daughter than a sister. I have indeed told her, that if she kept her honour, and behaved herself in such a manner as became the Bickerstaffs, I would get her an agreeable man for her husband; which was a promise I made her after reading a passage in Pliny's Epistles. That polite author had been employed to find out a consort for his friend's daughter, and gives the following character of the man he had pitched upon.

Acîliano plurimum vigoris et industriæ quanquam in maxima verecundia: est illi facies liberalis, multo sanguine, multo rubore, suffusa: est ingenua totius corporis pulchritudo, et quidam senatorius decor, quæ ego nequaquam arbitror negligenda; debet enim hoc castitati puellarum quasi præmium dari.

"Acilianus is a man of extraordinary vigour and industry, accompanied with the greatest modesty. He has very much of the gentleman, with a lively colour, and flush of health in his aspect. His whole person is finely turned, and speaks him a man of quality: which are qualifications that, I think, ought by no means to be overlooked, and should be bestowed on a daughter as the reward of her chastity."

A woman that will give herself liberties, need not put her parents to so much trouble; for if she does not

[a] The opening of this paper, to—"*our own family in this particular*" —is Sir Richard Steele's. Mr. Addison's hand is only to be traced in the *genealogy*.

Digitized by Google

possess these ornaments[a] in a husband, she can supply herself elsewhere. But this is not the case of my sister Jenny, who, I may say without vanity, is as unspotted a spinster as any in Great Britain. I shall take this occasion to recommend the conduct of our own family in this particular.[b]

We have in the genealogy of our house, the descriptions and pictures of our ancestors from the time of King Arthur; in whose days there was one of my own name, a knight of his round table, and known by the name of Sir Isaac Bickerstaff. He was low of stature, and of a very swarthy complexion, not unlike a Portuguese Jew. But he was more prudent than men of that height usually are, and would often communicate to his friends his design of lengthening and whitening his posterity. His eldest son Ralph (for that was his name) was for this reason married to a lady who had little else to recommend her, but that she was very tall and fair. The issue of this match, with the help of his shoes, made a tolerable figure in the next age; though the complexion of the family was obscure 'till the fourth generation from that marriage. From which time, till the reign of William the Conqueror, the females of our house were famous for their needle-work and fine skins. In the male line there happened an unlucky accident in the reign of Richard the Third, the eldest son of Philip, then chief of the family, being born with an hump-back and very high nose. This was the more astonishing, because none of his forefathers ever had such a blemish; nor indeed was there any in the neighbourhood of that make except the butler, who was noted for round shoulders,

[a] *These ornaments*] "*Advantages*" had been better.

[b] *In this particular.*] In what particular? in that of Jenny's *chastity*. —But there is not a word on the subject, in what follows. I take for granted that, in Sir Richard Steele's draught of this paper, a paragraph was here inserted, to shew the care of the Bickerstaffs, in providing for the honour of the female part of their family; which, not being to Mr. Addison's mind, was struck out, to make room for this pleasant account of their genealogy. But when this was done, it was forgotten to make the requisite change in the introduction.

Digitized by Google

and a Roman nose: what made the nose the less excusable, was the remarkable smallness of his eyes.

These several defects were mended by succeeding matches; the eyes were opened in the next generation, and the hump fell in a century and half; but the greatest difficulty was how to reduce the nose; which I do not find was accomplished till about the middle of Henry the Seventh's reign, or rather the beginning of that of Henry the Eighth.

But while our ancestors were thus taken up in cultivating the eyes and nose, the face of the Bickerstaffs fell down insensibly into the chin; which was not taken notice of (their thoughts being so much employed upon the more noble features) till it became almost too long to be remedied.

But length of time, and successive care in our alliances, have cured this also, and reduced our faces into that tolerable oval which we enjoy at present. I would not be tedious in this discourse, but cannot but observe, that our race suffered very much about three hundred years ago, by the marriage of one of her heiresses with an eminent courtier, who gave us spindle shanks, and cramps in our bones, insomuch that we did not recover our health and legs till Sir Walter Bickerstaff married Maud the milk-maid, of whom the then Garter king at arms (a facetious person) said pleasantly enough, that she had spoiled our blood, but mended our constitutions.

After this account of the effect our prudent choice of matches has had upon our persons and features, I cannot but observe, that there are daily instances of as great changes made by marriage upon men's minds and humours. One might wear any passion out of a family by culture, as skilful gardeners blot a colour out of a tulip that hurts its beauty. One might produce an affable temper out of a shrew, by grafting the mild upon the choleric; or raise a jackpudding from a prude, by inoculating mirth and melancholy.* It is for want of

* The rest of this paper by Sir Richard Steele.

Digitized by Google

care in the disposing of our children, with regard to our bodies and minds, that we go into an house and see such different complexions and humours in the same race and family. But to me it is as plain as a pikestaff, from what mixture it is, that this daughter silently lowers, the other steals a kind look at you, a third is exactly well behaved, a fourth a splenetic, and a fifth a coquette.

In this disposal of my sister, I have chosen, with an eye to her being a wit, and provided, that the bridegroom be a man of a sound and excellent judgment, who will seldom mind what she says when she begins to harangue: for Jenny's only imperfection is an admiration of her parts, which inclines her to be a little, but a very little, sluttish; and you are ever to remark, that we are apt to cultivate most, and bring into observation, what we think most excellent in ourselves, or most capable of improvement. Thus my sister, instead of consulting her glass and her toilet for an hour and an half after her private devotion, sits with her nose full of snuff, and a man's nightcap on her head, reading plays and romances. Her wit she thinks her distinction; therefore knows nothing of the skill of dress, or making her person agreeable. It would make you laugh, to see me often with my spectacles on lacing her stays; for she is so very a wit, that she understands no ordinary thing in the world.

For this reason I have disposed of her to a man of business, who will soon let her see, that to be well dressed, in good humour, and cheerful in the command of her family, are the arts and sciences of female life. I could have bestowed her upon a fine gentleman, who extremely admired her wit, and would have given her a coach and six; but I found it absolutely necessary to cross the strain; for had they met, they had eternally been rivals in discourse, and in continual contention for the superiority of understanding, and brought forth critics, pedants, or pretty good poets.

As it is, I expect an offspring fit for the habitation of

Digitized by Google

city, town, or country; creatures that are docile and tractable in whatever we put them to.

To convince men of the necessity of taking this method, let any one, even below the skill of an astrologer, behold the turn of faces he meets as soon as he passes Cheapside-conduit, and you see a deep attention and a certain unthinking sharpness in every countenance. They look attentive, but their thoughts are engaged on mean purposes. To me it is very apparent when I see a citizen pass by, whether his head is upon woollen, silks, iron, sugar, indigo, or stocks. Now this trace of thought appears or lies hid in the race for two or three generations.

I know at this time a person of a vast estate, who is the immediate descendant of a fine gentleman, but the great-grandson of a broker, in whom his ancestor is now revived. He is a very honest gentleman in his principles, but cannot for his blood talk fairly: he is heartily sorry for it; but he cheats by constitution, and over-reaches by instinct.

The happiness of the man who marries my sister will be, that he has no faults to correct in her but her own, a little bias of fancy, or particularity of manners, which grew in herself, and can be amended by her. From such an untainted couple, we can hope to have our family rise to its ancient splendour of face, air, countenance, manner, and shape, without discovering the product of ten nations in one house. Obadiah Greenhat says, he never comes into any company in England, but he distinguishes the different nations of which we are composed: there is scarce such a living creature as a true Briton. We sit down indeed all friends, acquaintance, and neighbours; but after two bottles, you see a Dane start up and swear, 'The kingdom is his own.' A Saxon drinks up the whole quart, and swears, 'He will dispute that with him.' A Norman tells them both, 'He will assert his liberty;' And a Welshman cries, 'They are all foreigners, and intruders of yesterday,' and beats them out of the room. Such accidents happen frequently among neighbours' children,

Digitized by Google

and cousin-germans. For which reason, I say, study your race, or the soil of your family will dwindle into cits or 'squires, or run up into wits or madmen.

Sir Richard Steel assisted in this paper.[a] T.

No. 81. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1709.

Hic manus ob patriam pugnando vulnera passi,
Quique pii Vates et Phœbo digna locuti,
Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes,
Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo.

VIRG.

From my own Apartment, October 14.

THERE are two kinds of immortality; that which the soul really enjoys after this life, and that imaginary existence by which men live in their fame and reputation. The best and greatest actions have proceeded from the prospect of the one or the other of these; but my design is to treat only of those who have chiefly proposed to themselves the latter as the principal reward of their labours. It was for this reason that I excluded from my tables of fame all the great founders and votaries of religion; and it is for this reason also, that I am more than ordinarily anxious to do justice to the persons of whom I am now going to speak; for since fame was the only end of all their enterprises and studies, a man cannot be too scrupulous in allotting them their due proportion of it. It was this consideration which made me call the whole body of the learned to my assistance; to many of whom I must own my obligations for the catalogues of illustrious persons which they have sent me

[a] It is an absurd practice for two men of wit, let their talents be what they will, to write in concert. The effect, at best, can be only the production of a motley, discordant piece, though the contributions of each, taken separately, be ever so excellent. But when two such writers as Mr. A. and Sir R. Steele, join in composing one of these papers, the misalliance is not only great, but the contrast ridiculous.

Digitized by Google

in upon this occasion. I yesterday employed the whole afternoon in comparing them with each other; which made so strong an impression upon my imagination, that they broke my sleep for the first part of the following night, and at length threw me into a very agreeable vision, which I shall beg leave to describe in all its particulars.

I dreamed that I was conveyed into a wide and boundless plain, that was covered[a] with prodigious multitudes of people, which no man could number. In the midst of it there stood a mountain, with its head above the clouds. The sides were extremely steep, and of such a particular structure, that no creature, which was not made in an human figure, could possibly ascend it. On a sudden there was heard from the top of it a sound like that of a trumpet; but so exceeding sweet and harmonious, that it filled the hearts of those who heard it with raptures, and gave such high and delightful sensations, as seemed to animate and raise human nature above itself. This made me very much amazed to find so very few in that innumerable multitude, who had ears fine enough to hear or relish this music with pleasure: but my wonder abated, when, upon looking round me, I saw most of them attentive to three Sirens cloathed like goddesses, and distinguished by the names of Sloth, Ignorance, and Pleasure. They were seated on three rocks, amidst a beautiful variety of groves, meadows, and rivulets, that lay on the borders of the mountain. While the base and groveling multitude of different nations, ranks, and ages, were listening to these delusive deities, those of a more erect aspect and exalted spirit separated themselves from the rest, and marched in great bodies towards the mountain; from[b] whence they heard the sound, which still grew sweeter the more they listened to it.

On a sudden, methought this select band sprang forward, with a resolution to climb the ascent, and follow

[a] *Plain, that was covered*] Better say, "*plain covered*"—to avoid the double relative—"*that* was covered"—*which* no man could number."

[b] *From*, is redundant, and had better been omitted.

Digitized by Google

the call of that heavenly music. Every one took something with him that he thought might be of assistance to him in his march. Several had their swords drawn, some carried rolls of paper in their hands, some had compasses, others quadrants, others telescopes, and others pencils; some had laurels on their heads, and others buskins on their legs: in short, there was scarce any instrument of a mechanic art or liberal science, which was not made use of on this occasion. My good dæmon, who stood at my right hand during the course of this whole vision, observing in me a burning desire to join that glorious company, told me, he highly approved that generous ardour with which I seemed transported; but, at the same time, advised me to cover my face with a mask all the while I was to labour on the ascent. I took his counsel without inquiring into his reasons. The whole body now broke into different parties, and began to climb the precipice by ten thousand different paths. Several got into little alleys, which did not reach far up the hill, before they ended and led no further: and I observed that most of the artisans, which considerably diminished our number, fell into these paths.

We left another considerable body of adventurers behind us, who thought they had discovered by-ways up the hill, which proved so very intricate and perplexed, that, after having advanced in them a little, they were quite lost among the several turns and windings; and though they were as active as any in their motions, they made but little progress in the ascent. These, as my guide informed me, were men of subtle tempers, and puzzled politics, who would supply the place of real wisdom with cunning and artifice. Among those who were far advanced in their way, there were some that by one false step fell backward, and lost more ground in a moment, than they had gained for many hours, or could be ever able to recover.[a] We were now advanced

[a] i. e. *Were able to be ever able.* It should have been, "*or could afterwards recover.*"

Digitized by Google

very high, and observed, that all the different paths which ran about the sides of the mountain, began to meet in two great roads, which insensibly gathered the whole multitude of travellers into two great bodies. At a little distance from the entrance of each road, there stood an hideous phantom, that opposed our further passage. One of these apparitions had his right hand filled with darts, which he brandished in the face of all who came up that way. Crowds ran back at the appearance of it, and cried out, Death. The spectre that guarded the other road, was Envy: she was not armed with weapons of destruction like the former; but by dreadful hissings, noises of reproach, and a horrid distracted laughter, she appeared more frightful than death itself, insomuch, that abundance of our company were discouraged from passing any further, and some appeared ashamed of having come so far. As for myself, I must confess my heart shrunk within me at the sight of these ghastly appearances: but on a sudden, the voice of the trumpet came more full upon us, so that we felt a new resolution reviving in us; and in proportion as this resolution grew, the terrors before us seemed to vanish. Most of the company who had swords in their hands, marched on with great spirit, and an air of defiance, up the road that was commanded by Death; while others, who had thought and contemplation in their looks, went forward in a more composed manner up the road possessed by Envy. The way above these apparitions grew smooth and uniform, and was so delightful, that the travellers went on with pleasure, and in a little time arrived at the top of the mountain. They here began to breathe[a] a delicious kind of æther, and saw all the fields about them covered with a kind of purple light, that

[a] "*They here began to breathe*"—to "*look and feature*"] Two or three little blemishes, which the reader will observe in this sentence, may be removed by reading thus:—"They here began to breathe a delicious kind of æther, and saw all the fields about them covered with a [*kind of*] purple light, that made them reflect with satisfaction on their past toils, and diffused a secret joy through the whole assembly [*which shewed itself in every look and feature*]—Omitting what is contained between the crotchets, for obvious reasons.

Digitized by Google

made them reflect with satisfaction on their past toils, and diffused a secret joy through the whole assembly, which shewed itself in every look and feature. In the midst of these happy fields, there stood a palace of a very glorious structure: it had four great folding doors, that faced the four several quarters of the world. On the top of it was enthroned the goddess of the mountain, who smiled upon her votaries, and sounded the silver trumpet which had called them up, and cheered them in their passage to her palace. They had now formed themselves into several divisions, a band of historians taking their stations at each door,[a] according to the persons whom they were to introduce.

On a sudden the trumpet, which had hitherto sounded only a march, or a point of war, now swelled all its notes into triumph and exultation: the whole fabric shook, and the doors flew open. The first who stepped forward, was a beautiful and blooming hero, and as I heard by the murmurs round me, Alexander the Great. He was conducted by a crowd of historians. The person who immediately walked before him, was remarkable for an embroidered garment, who not being well acquainted with the place, was conducting him to an apartment appointed for the reception of fabulous heroes. The name of this false guide was Quintus Curtius. But Arrian and Plutarch, who knew better the avenues of this palace, conducted him into the great hall, and placed him at the upper end of the first table. My good dæmon, that I might see the whole ceremony, conveyed me to a corner of this room, where I might perceive all that passed, without being seen myself. The next who entered was a charming virgin, leading in a venerable old man that was blind. Under her left arm she bore a harp, and on her head a garland. Alexander, who was very well acquainted with Homer, stood up at his entrance and placed him on his right

[a] Negligently expressed. Better in some such way as this:—"*a band of historians, whose office it was to introduce their respective worthies, taking their stations at each door.*"

Digitized by Google

hand. The virgin, who it seems was one of the nine sisters that attended on the goddess of Fame, smiled with an ineffable grace at their meeting, and retired.

Julius Cæsar was now coming forward; and though most of the historians offered their service to introduce him, he left them at the door, and would have no conductor but himself.

The next who advanced, was a man of a homely but cheerful aspect, and attended by persons of greater figure than any that appeared on this occasion. Plato was on his right-hand, and Xenophon on his left. He bowed to Homer, and sat down by him. It was expected that Plato would himself have taken a place next to his master Socrates; but, on a sudden, there was heard a great clamour of disputants at the door, who appeared with Aristotle at the head of them. That philosopher, with some rudeness, but great strength of reason, convinced the whole table, that a title to the fifth place was his due, and took it accordingly.

He had scarce sat down, when the same beautiful virgin that had introduced Homer brought in another, who hung back at the entrance, and would have excused himself, had not his modesty been overcome by the invitation of all who sat at the table. His guide and behaviour made me easily conclude it was Virgil. Cicero next appeared, and took his place. He had inquired at the door for Lucceius to introduce him; but not finding him there, he contented himself with the attendance of many other writers, who all (except Sallust) appeared highly pleased with the office.

We waited some time in expectation of the next worthy, who came in with a great retinue of historians, whose names I could not learn, most of them being natives of Carthage. The person thus conducted, who was Hannibal, seemed much disturbed, and could not forbear complaining to the board of the affronts he had met with among the Roman historians, who attempted, says he, to carry me into the subterraneous apartment; and, perhaps, would have done it, had it not been for the impartiality of this gentleman, pointing to Polybius,

Digitized by Google

who was the only person, except my own countrymen, that was willing to conduct me hither.

The Carthaginian took his seat, and Pompey entered with great dignity in his own person, and preceded[a] by several historians. Lucan the poet was at the head of them, who, observing Homer and Virgil at the table, was going to sit down himself, had not the latter whispered him. That whatever pretence he might otherwise have had, he forfeited his claim to it, by coming in as one of the historians. Lucan was so exasperated with the repulse, that he muttered something to himself, and was heard to say, That since he could not have a seat among them himself, he would bring in one, who, alone, had more merit than their whole assembly: upon which he went to the door, and brought in Cato of Utica. That great man approached the company with such an air, that[b] showed he contemned the honour which he laid a claim to. Observing the seat opposite to Cæsar was vacant, he took possession of it; and spoke two or three smart sentences upon the nature of precedency, which, according to him, consisted not in place, but in intrinsic merit; to which he added, That the most virtuous man, wherever he was seated, was always at the upper end of the table. Socrates, who had a great spirit of raillery with his wisdom, could not forbear smiling at a virtue which took so little pains to make itself agreeable. Cicero took the occasion to make a long discourse in praise of Cato, which he uttered with much vehemence. Cæsar answered with a great deal of seeming temper: but, as I stood at a great distance from them, I was not able to hear one word of what they said.[c] But I could not forbear taking notice, that in all the discourse which passed at the table, a word or a nod from Homer decided the controversy.

After a short pause, Augustus appeared looking

[a] *And preceded*] Omit "*and*," or, insert, "*was*" before "*preceded*."
[b] *That*] It should be "*as*."
[c] Alluding to the two famous pieces, entitled, "*Cato*," and, "*Anti-Cato*," which have not come down to us.

Digitized by Google

round him with a serene and affable countenance upon all the writers of his age, who strove among themselves which of them should show him the greatest marks of gratitude and respect. Virgil rose from the table to meet him; and though he[a] was an acceptable guest to all, he appeared more such to the learned, than the military worthies. The next man astonished the whole table with his appearance; he was slow, solemn, and silent in his behaviour, and wore a raiment curiously wrought with hieroglyphics. As he came into the middle of the room, he threw back the skirt of it, and discovered a golden thigh. Socrates, at the sight of it, declared against keeping company with any who were not made of flesh and blood; and therefore desired Diogenes the Laertian to lead him to the apartment allotted for fabulous heroes, and worthies of dubious existence. At his going out, he told them, that they did not know whom they dismissed; that he was now Pythagoras, the first of philosophers, and that formerly he had been a very brave man at the siege of Troy. That may be very true, said Socrates; but you forget that you have likewise been a very great harlot in your time. This exclusion made way for Archimedes, who came forward with a scheme of mathematical figures in his hand; among which, I observed a cone or cylinder.

Seeing this table full, I desired my guide for variety to lead me to the fabulous apartment,[b] the roof of which was painted with gorgons, chimeras, and centaurs, with many other emblematical figures, which I wanted both time and skill to unriddle. The first table was almost full. At the upper end sat Hercules, leaning an arm upon his club.[c] On his right hand were Achil-

[a] *Though he*] *i. e.* Augustus. To avoid the ambiguity, read, "*and though this great emperor was.*"

[b] *Fabulous apartment, the roof of which, &c.*] read and point thus: "Fabulous apartment. The roof of it was," &c.

[c] To *lean, rest,* &c. are neutral, not transitive verbs. It should be, "leaning *with* an arm upon his club," or rather, "leaning upon his club."

Digitized by Google

les and Ulysses, and between them Æneas. On his left were Hector, Theseus, and Jason. The lower end had Orpheus, Æsop, Phalaris, and Musæus. The ushers seemed at a loss for a twelfth man, when methought, to my great joy and surprise, I heard some at the lower end of the table mention Isaac Bickerstaff; but those of the upper end received it with disdain, and said, if they must have a British worthy, they would have Robin Hood.

" * While I was transported with the honour that was done me, and burning with envy against my competitor, I was awakened by the noise of the cannon, which were then fired for the taking of Mons. I should have been very much troubled at being thrown out of so pleasing a vision on any other occasion; but thought it an agreeable change to have my thoughts diverted from the greatest among the dead and fabulous heroes, to the most famous among the real and the living."

* *This last paragraph was written by Sir R. Steele.* T.

No. 86. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1709.

From my own Apartment, October 25.

When I came home last night, my servant delivered me the following letter:

" SIR, *Octob.* 24.

" I HAVE orders from Sir Harry Quickset, of Staffordshire, Bart. to acquaint you, that his honour Sir Harry himself, Sir Giles Wheelbarrow, Knt. Thomas Rentfree, Esq. justice of the *quorum*, Andrew Windmill, Esq. and Mr. Nicholas Doubt of the Inner Temple, Sir Harry's grandson, will wait upon you at the hour of nine to-morrow morning, being Tuesday the 25th of October, upon business which Sir Harry will impart to you by word of mouth. I thought it proper to acquaint

Digitized by Google

you before-hand so many persons of quality came, that you might not be surprised therewith. Which concludes, though by many years absence since I saw you at Stafford, unknown,

"SIR, your most humble servant,

"JOHN THRIFTY."

I received this message with less surprise than I believe Mr. Thrifty imagined; for I knew the good company too well to feel any palpitations at their approach: but I was in very great concern how I should adjust the ceremonial, and demean myself to all these great men, who perhaps had not seen any thing above themselves for these twenty years last past. I am sure that is the case of Sir Harry. Besides which, I was sensible that there was a great point in adjusting my behaviour to the simple 'Squire, so as to give him satisfaction, and not disoblige the justice of the *quorum*.

The hour of nine was come this morning, and I had no sooner set chairs (by the steward's letter) and fixed my tea equipage, but I heard a knock at my door, which was opened, but no one entered; after which followed a long silence, which was broke at last by, 'Sir, I beg your pardon; I think I know better:' and another voice, 'Nay, good Sir Giles——' I looked out from my window, and saw the good company all with their hats off, and arms spread, offering the door to each other. After many offers, they entered with much solemnity, in the order Mr. Thrifty was so kind as to name them to me. But they are now got to my chamber door, and I saw my old friend Sir Harry enter. I met him with all the respect due to so reverend a vegetable; for you are to know, that is my sense of a person who remains idle in the same place for half a century. I got him with great success into his chair by the fire, without throwing down any of my cups. The knight-bachelor told me, he had a great respect for my whole family, and would, with my leave, place himself next to Sir Harry, at whose right hand he had sat at every quarter-sessions this thirty years, unless he was

Digitized by Google

sick. The steward in the rear whispered the young Templar, 'That is true to my knowledge.' I had the misfortune, as they stood cheek by jole, to desire the squire to sit down before the justice of the *quorum*, to the no small satisfaction of the former, and resentment of the latter: but I saw my error too late, and got them as soon as I could into their seats. 'Well, (said I,) gentlemen, after I have told you how glad I am of this great honour, I am to desire you to drink a dish of tea.' They answered, one and all, that 'They never drank tea in a morning.' 'Not in a morning!' said I, staring round me. Upon which the pert jackanapes Nick Doubt tipped me the wink, and put out his tongue at his grandfather. Here followed a profound silence, when the steward in his boots and whip proposed that we should adjourn to some public house, where every body might call for what they pleased, and enter upon the business. We all stood up in an instant, and Sir Harry filed off from the left very discreetly, countermarching behind the chairs towards the door: after him, Sir Giles in the same manner. The simple squire made a sudden start to follow; but the justice of the *quorum* whipped between upon the stand of the stairs. A maid going up with coals made us halt, and put us into such confusion, that we stood all in a heap, without any visible possibility of recovering our order: for the young jackanapes seemed to make a jest of this matter, and had so contrived, by pressing amongst us under pretence of making way, that his grandfather was got into the middle, and he knew nobody was of quality to stir a step, till Sir Harry moved first. We were fixed in this perplexity for some time, till we heard a very loud noise in the street; and Sir Harry asking what it was, I, to make them move, said it was fire. Upon this, all run down as fast as they could, without order or ceremony, till we got into the street, where we drew up in very good order, and filed off down Sheer-Lane, the impertinent Templar driving us before him, as in a string, and pointing to his acquaintance who passed by.

Digitized by Google

I must confess, I love to use people according to their own sense of good breeding, and therefore whipped in between the justice and the simple 'squire. He could not properly take this ill; but I overheard him whisper the steward, 'That he thought it hard that a common conjurer should take place of him, though an elder 'squire.' In this order we marched down Sheer-Lane, at the upper end of which I lodge. When we came to Temple Bar, Sir Harry and Sir Giles got over; but a run of coaches kept the rest of us on this side the street: however, we all at last landed, and drew up in very good order before Ben. Tooke's shop, who favoured our rallying with great humanity. From hence we proceeded again, till we came to Dick's Coffee-house, where I designed to carry them. Here we were at our old difficulty, and took up the street upon the same ceremony. We proceeded through the entry, and were so necessarily kept in order by the situation, that we were now got into the coffee-house itself, where, as soon as we arrived, we repeated our civilities to each other; after which, we marched up to the high table, which has an ascent to it enclosed in the middle of the room. The whole house was alarmed at this entry, made up of persons of so much state and rusticity. Sir Harry called for a mug of ale, and Dyer's Letter. The boy brought the ale in an instant; but said, they did not take in the Letter. 'No! (says Sir Harry,) then take back your mug; we are like indeed to have good liquor at this house.' Here the Templar tipped me a second wink, and if I had not looked very grave upon him, I found he was disposed to be very familiar with me. In short, I observed after a long pause, that the gentlemen did not care to enter upon business till after their morning draught, for which reason I called for a bottle of mum; and finding that had no effect upon them, I ordered a second, and a third: after which, Sir Harry reached over to me, and told me in a low voice, that the place was too public for business; but he would call upon me again to-morrow morning at

Digitized by Google

my own lodgings, and bring some more friends with him.——[a]

[a] *Sir Richard Steele assisted in this paper.*[b] T.

No. 88. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1709.

From my own Apartment, October 31.

—I WAS this morning awaked by a sudden shake of the house; and as soon as I had got a little out of my consternation, I felt another, which was followed by two or three repetitions of the same convulsion. I got up as fast as possible, girt on my rapier, and snatched up my hat, when my landlady came up to me, and told me, that the gentlewoman of the next house begged me to step thither; for that a lodger she had taken in was run mad, and she desired my advice; as indeed every body in the whole lane does upon important occasions. I am not, like some artists, saucy, because I can be beneficial, but went immediately. Our neighbour told us, she had the day before let her second floor to a very genteel youngish man, who told her, he kept extraordinary good hours, and was generally at home most part of the morning and evening at study; but that this morning he had for an hour together made this extravagant noise which we then heard. I went up stairs with my hand upon the hilt of my rapier, and approached this new lodger's door. I looked in at the key-hole, and there I saw a well-made man look with

[b] One sees this by the pertness of the manner in which many parts of it are composed. The scene described, is, however, pleasant enough: but why so much pains here, and elsewhere, to throw contempt on *rural Knights* and *Squires?* a set of men better stationed on their own estates, than in courts and great cities; and more estimable, by far, with all their rusticities, and (what offended Mr. Addison and his coadjutor more) with all their party-prejudices, at that time about them, than their finer sons, whose good-breeding hath eaten out every other virtue, and made them too polite to endure the country air, or the conversation of their neighbours and tenants.

Digitized by Google

great attention on a book, and on a sudden, jump into the air so high, that his head almost touched the ceiling. He came down safe on his right foot, and again flew up, alighting on his left; then looked again at his book, and holding out his right leg, put it into such a quivering motion, that I thought he would have shaked it off. He used the left after the same manner; when on a sudden, to my great surprise, he stooped himself incredibly low, and turned gently on his toes. After this circular motion, he continued bent in that humble posture for some time, looking on his book. After this, he recovered himself with a sudden spring, and flew round the room in all the violence and disorder imaginable, till he made a full pause for want of breath. In this interim my woman asked what I thought: I whispered, that I thought this learned person an enthusiast, who possibly had his first education in the peripatetic way, which was a sect of philosophers who always studied when walking. But observing him much out of breath, I thought it the best time to master him if he were disordered, and knocked at his door. I was surprised to find him open it, and say, with great civility and good mien, 'That he hoped he had not disturbed us.' I believed him in a lucid interval, and desired he would please to let me see his book. He did so, smiling. I could not make any thing of it, and therefore asked in what language it was writ. He said, 'It was one he studied with great application; but it was his profession to teach it, and could not communicate his knowledge without a consideration.' I answered, 'That I hoped he would hereafter keep his thoughts to himself; for his meditation this morning had cost me three coffee dishes, and a clean pipe. He seemed concerned at that, and told me he was a dancing master, and had been reading a dance or two before he went out, which had been written by one who taught at an academy in France. He observed me at a stand, and went on to inform me, 'That now articulate motions, as well as sounds, were expressed by proper characters; and that there is nothing so common as to communicate a dance

Digitized by Google

by a letter. I beseeched him hereafter to meditate in a ground-room, for that otherwise it would be impossible for an artist of any other kind to live near him; and that I was sure, several of his thoughts this morning would have shaken my spectacles off my nose, had I been myself at study.

I then took my leave of this virtuoso, and returned to my chamber, meditating on the various occupations of rational creatures.

No. 90. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1709.

———Amoto quæramus seria ludo.
HOR.

——THE joining of pleasure and pain together in such devices, seems to me the only pointed thought I ever read which is natural; and it must have proceeded from its being the universal sense and experience of mankind, that they have all spoken of it in the same manner. I have in my own reading remarked an hundred and three epigrams, fifty odes, and ninety-one sentences, tending to this sole purpose.

It is certain, there is no other passion which does produce such contrary effects in so great a degree: but this may be said for love, that if you strike it out of the soul, life would be insipid, and our being but half animated. Human nature would sink into deadness and lethargy, if not quickened with some active principle; and as for all others, whether ambition, envy, or avarice, which are apt to possess the mind in the absence of this passion, it must be allowed that they have greater pains, without the compensation of such exquisite pleasures as those we find in love. The great skill is to heighten the satisfactions, and deaden the sorrows of it, which has been the end of many of my labours, and shall continue to be so for the service of the world in general, and in particular of the fair sex, who are always

Digitized by Google

the best or the worst part of it. It is pity that a passion, which has in it a capacity of making life happy, should not be cultivated to the utmost advantage. Reason, prudence, and good-nature, rightly applied, can thoroughly accomplish this great end, provided they have always a real and constant love to work upon. But this subject I shall treat more at large in the history of my married sister; and in the mean time shall conclude my reflection on the pains and pleasures which attend this passion with one of the finest allegories which I think I have ever read. It is invented by the divine Plato, and to show the opinion he himself had of it, ascribed by him to his admired Socrates, whom he represents as discoursing with his friends, and giving the history of Love in the following manner:

'At the birth of Beauty (says he) there was a great feast made, and many guests invited: among the rest, was the god Plenty, who was the son of the goddess Prudence, and inherited many of his mother's virtues. After a full entertainment, he retired into the garden of Jupiter, which was hung with a great variety of ambrosial fruits, and seems to have been a very proper retreat for such a guest. In the mean time, an unhappy female, called Poverty, having heard of this great feast, repaired to it, in hopes of finding relief. The first place she lights upon was Jupiter's garden, which generally stands open to people of all conditions. Poverty enters, and by chance finds the god Plenty asleep in it. She was immediately fired with his charms, laid herself down by his side, and managed matters so well that she conceived a child by him. The world was very much in suspense upon the occasion, and could not imagine to themselves what would be the nature of an infant that was to have its original from two such parents. At the last, the child appears; and who should it be but Love. This infant grew up, and proved in all his behaviour what he really was, a compound of opposite beings. As he is the son of Plenty, (who was the offspring of Prudence) he is subtle, intriguing, full of stratagems and devices; as the son of Poverty, he is

Digitized by Google

fawning, begging, serenading, delighting to lie at a threshold, or beneath a window. By the father he is audacious, full of hopes, conscious of merit, and therefore quick of resentment: by the mother, he is doubtful, timorous, mean-spirited, fearful of offending, and abject in submissions. In the same hour you may see him transported with raptures, talking of immortal pleasures, and appearing satisfied as a god; and immediately after, as the mortal mother prevails in his composition, you behold him pining, languishing, despairing, dying.'

I have been always wonderfully delighted with fables, allegories, and the like inventions, which the politest and the best instructors of mankind have always made use of: they take off from the severity of instruction, and enforce it at the same time that they conceal it: the supposing Love to be conceived immediately after the birth of Beauty, the parentage of Plenty, and the inconsistency of this passion with itself so naturally derived to it, are great master-strokes in this fable; and if they fell into good hands, might furnish out a more pleasing canto than any in Spencer.

No. 93. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1709.

"DEAR SIR,

"I BELIEVE this is the first letter that was ever sent you from the middle region, where I am at this present writing. Not to keep you in suspense, it comes to you from the top of the highest mountain in Switzerland, where I am now shivering among the eternal frosts and snows. I can scarce forbear dating it in December, though they call it the first of August at the bottom of the mountain. I assure you, I can hardly keep my ink from freezing in the middle of the dog-days. I am here entertained with the prettiest variety of snow-prospects that you can imagine, and have several pits of it before me that are very near as old as the mountain itself; for

Digitized by Google

in this country, it is as lasting as marble. I am now upon a spot of it, which they tell me fell about the reign of Charlemain or King Pepin. The inhabitants of the country are as great curiosities as the country itself: they generally hire themselves out in their youth, and if they are musquet-proof till about fifty, they bring home the money they have got, and the limbs they have left, to pass the rest of their time among their native mountains. One of the gentlemen of the place, who is come off with the loss of an eye only, told me by way of boast, that there were now seven wooden legs in his family; and that for these four generations, there had not been one in his line that carried a whole body with him to the grave. I believe you will think the style of this letter a little extraordinary; but the rehearsal will tell you, that 'people in clouds must not be confined to speak sense;' and I hope, we that are above them, may claim the same privilege. Wherever I am, I shall always be,

"SIR, your most obedient,
"Most humble servant."

From my own Apartment, November 11.

I had several hints and advertisements from unknown hands, that some, who are enemies to my labours, design to demand the fashionable way of satisfaction for the disturbance my lucubrations have given them. I confess, as things now stand, I do not know how to deny such inviters, and am preparing myself accordingly: I have bought pumps and files, and am every morning practising in my chamber. My neighbour, the dancing-master, has demanded of me, why I take this liberty, since I would not allow it him? But I answered, his was an act of an indifferent nature, and mine of necessity. My late treatises against duels have so far disobliged the fraternity of the noble science of defence, that I can get none of them to show me so much as one pass. I am therefore obliged to learn my book, and have accordingly several volumes, wherein all the postures are exactly delineated. I must confess, I am shy of letting people see me at this exercise, because of my

Digitized by Google

flannel waistcoat, and my spectacles, which I am forced to fix on, the better to observe the posture of the enemy.

I have upon my chamber-walls, drawn at full length, the figures of all sorts of men, from eight foot to three foot two inches. Within this height I take it, that all the fighting men of Great Britain are comprehended. But as I push, I make allowances for my being of a lank and spare body, and have chalked out in every figure my own dimensions; for I scorn to rob any man of his life, or to take advantage of his breadth: therefore I press purely in a line down from his nose, and take no more of him to assault, than he has of me: for to speak impartially, if a lean fellow wounds a fat one in any part to the right or left, whether it be in *carte* or in *tierce*, beyond the dimensions of the said lean fellow's own breadth, I take it to be murder, and such a murder as is below a gentleman to commit. As I am spare, I am also very tall, and behave myself with relation to that advantage with the same punctilio; and I am ready to stoop or stand, according to the stature of my adversary. I must confess, I have had great success this morning, and have hit every figure round the room in a mortal part, without receiving the least hurt, except a little scratch by falling on my face, in pushing at one at the lower end of my chamber; but I recovered so quick, and jumped so nimbly into my guard, that if he had been alive, he could not have hurt me. It is confessed, I have writ against duels with some warmth; but in all my discourses, I have not ever said, that I knew how a gentleman could avoid a duel if he were provoked to it; and since that custom is now become a law, I know nothing but the legislative power, with new animadversions upon it, can put us in a capacity of denying challenges, though we are afterwards hanged for it. But no more of this at present. As things stand, I shall put up no more affronts; and I shall be so far from taking ill words, that I will not take ill looks. I therefore warn all young hot fellows, not to look hereafter more terrible than their neighbours; for if they stare

Digitized by Google

at me with their hats cocked higher than other people, I won't bear it. Nay, I give warning to all people in general to look kindly at me; for I'll bear no frowns, even from ladies; and if any woman pretends to look scornfully at me, I shall demand satisfaction of the next of kin of the masculine gender.

Sir Richard Steel assisted in this paper.[a] T.

No. 97. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1709.

Illud maxime rarum genus est eorum, qui aut excellente ingenii magnitudine, aut præclara eruditione atque doctrina, aut utraque re ornati, Spatium deliberandi habuerunt, quem potissimum vitæ cursum sequi vellent. TUL. OFFIC.

From my own Apartment, November 21.

HAVING swept away prodigious multitudes in one of my late papers, and brought a great destruction upon my own species, I must endeavour in this to raise fresh recruits, and, if possible, to supply the places of the unborn and the deceased. It is said of Xerxes, that when he stood upon a hill, and saw the whole country round him covered with his army, he burst out in tears, to think[b] that not one of that multitude would be alive a hundred years after. For my part, when I take a survey of this populous city, I can scarce forbear weeping, to see how few of its inhabitants are now living. It was with this thought that I drew up my last bill of mortality, and endeavoured to set out in it the great number of persons who have perished by a distemper (commonly known by the name of idleness) which has long raged in the world, and destroys more in every great town, than the plague has done at Dantzic. To repair the mischief it has done, and stock the world with a better race of mortals, I have more hopes of

[a] It may be so: but, I believe his share in it was very small.
[b] *In tears to think*] Better,—" *into tears on reflecting.*"

Digitized by Google

bringing to life those that are young than of reviving those that are old. For which reason, I shall here set down that noble allegory which was written by an old author called Prodicus, but recommended and embellished by Socrates. It is the description of Virtue and Pleasure, making their court to Hercules under the appearances of two beautiful women.

'When Hercules (says the divine moralist) was in that part of his youth in which it was natural for him to consider what course of life he ought to pursue, he one day retired into a desert, where the silence and solitude of the place very much favoured his meditations. As he was musing on his present condition, and very much perplexed in himself on the state of life he should chuse, he saw two women of a larger stature than ordinary approaching towards him. One of them had a very noble air, and graceful deportment; her beauty was natural and easy, her person clean and unspotted, her eyes cast towards the ground with an agreeable reserve, her motion and behaviour full of modesty, and her raiment as white as snow. The other had a great deal of health and floridness[a] in her countenance, which she had helped with an artificial white and red, and endeavoured to appear more graceful than ordinary in her mien, by a mixture of affectation in all her gestures. She had a wonderful confidence and assurance in her looks, and all the variety of colours in her dress that she thought were the most proper to show her complexion to an advantage. She cast her eyes upon herself, then turned them on those that were present, to see how they liked her, and often looked on the figure she made in her own shadow. Upon her nearer approach to Hercules, she stepped before the other lady, (who came forward with a regular composed carriage) and running up to him, accosted him after the following manner:

'My dear Hercules, (says she) I find you are very much divided in your own thoughts upon the way of life you ought to chuse: be my friend, and follow me;

[a] *Health and floridness*] Better, perhaps,—"a great deal of *florid health*."

Digitized by Google

I'll lead you into the possession of pleasure, and out of the reach of pain, and remove you from all the noise and disquietude of business. The affairs of either war or peace shall have no power to disturb you. Your whole employment shall be to make your life easy, and to entertain every sense with its proper gratification. Sumptuous tables, beds of roses, clouds of perfumes, consorts of music, crowds of beauties, are all in a readiness to receive you. Come along with me into this region of delights, this world of pleasure, and bid farewel for ever to care, to pain, to business——'

Hercules hearing the lady talk after this manner, desired to know her name; to which she answered, 'My friends, and those who are well acquainted with me, call me Happiness; but my enemies, and those who would injure my reputation, have given me the name of Pleasure.'

By this time the other lady was come up, who addressed herself to the young hero in a very different manner.

'Hercules (says she) I offer myself to you, because I know you are descended from the gods, and give proofs of that descent by your love to virtue, and application to the studies proper for your age. This makes me hope you will gain, both for yourself and me, an immortal reputation. But before I invite you into my society and friendship, I will be open and sincere with you, and must lay down this as an established truth, that there is nothing truly valuable which can be purchased without pains and labour. The gods have set a price upon every real and noble pleasure. If you would gain the favour of the deity, you must be at the pains of worshipping him; if the friendship of good men, you must study to oblige them; if you would be honoured by your country, you must take care to serve it. In short, if you would be eminent in war or peace, you must become master of all the qualifications that can make you so. These are the only terms and conditions upon which I can propose happiness.'

The goddess of Pleasure here broke in upon her dis-

Digitized by Google

course: 'You see, (said she) Hercules, by her own confession, the way to her pleasure is long and difficult, whereas that which I propose is short and easy.'

'Alas! (said the other lady, whose visage glowed with a passion, made up of scorn and pity) What are the pleasures you propose? to eat before you are hungry, drink before you are athirst, sleep before you are tired, to gratify appetites before they are raised, and raise such appetites as nature never planted. You never heard the most delicious music, which is the praise of one's self; nor saw the most beautiful object, which is the work of one's own hands. Your votaries pass away their youth in a dream of mistaken pleasures, while they are hoarding up anguish, torment, and remorse for old age. As for me, I am the friend of gods and of good men, an agreeable companion to the artisan, an household guardian to the fathers of families, a patron and protector of servants, and associate in all true and generous friendships. The banquets of my votaries are never costly, but always delicious; for none eat or drink at them who are not invited by hunger and thirst. Their slumbers are sound, and their wakings cheerful. My young men have the pleasure of hearing themselves praised by those who are in years; and those who are in years, of being honoured by those who are young. In a word, my followers are favoured by the gods, beloved by their acquaintance, esteemed by their country, and (after the close of their labours) honoured by posterity.'

We know, by the life of this honourable hero, to which of these two ladies he gave up his heart: and I believe, every one who reads this will do him the justice to approve his choice.

I very much admire the speeches of these ladies, as containing in them the chief arguments for a life of virtue, or a life of pleasure, that could enter into the thoughts of an heathen; but am particularly pleased with the different figures he gives the two goddesses. Our modern authors have represented Pleasure or Vice with an alluring face, but ending in snakes and mon-

Digitized by Google

sters: here she appears in all the charms of beauty, though they are all false and borrowed: and by that means, composes a vision entirely natural and pleasing.

I have translated this allegory for the benefit of the youth of Great Britain; and particularly of those who are still in the deplorable state of non-existence, and whom I most earnestly entreat to come into the world. Let my embrios show the least inclination to any single virtue, and I shall allow it to be a struggling towards birth. I do not expect of them, that, like the hero in the foregoing story, they should go about as soon as they are born, with a club in their hands, and a lion's skin on their shoulders, to root out monsters, and destroy tyrants; but, as the finest author of all antiquity has said upon this very occasion, Though a man has not the abilities to distinguish himself in the most shining parts of a great character, he has certainly the capacity of being just, faithful, modest, and temperate.*

No. 100. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1709.

Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna.
VIRG.

Sheer-Lane, November 28.

I WAS last week taking a solitary walk in the garden of Lincoln's-Inn, (a favour that is indulged me by several of the benchers who are my intimate friends, and grown old with me in this neighbourhood) when, according to the nature of men in years, who have made but little progress in the advancement of their fortune or their fame, I was repining at the sudden rise of many persons who are my juniors, and indeed at the un-

* This whole paper, on a subject which the author had much at heart, is well and accurately written.

Digitized by Google

equal distribution of wealth, honour, and all other blessings of life. I was lost in this thought, when the night came upon me, and drew my mind into a far more agreeable contemplation. The heaven above me appeared in all its glories, and presented me with such an hemisphere of stars, as made the most agreeable prospect imaginable to one who delights in the study of nature. It happened to be a freezing night, which had purified the whole body of air into such a bright transparent æther, as made every constellation visible; and at the same time gave such a particular glowing to the stars, that I thought it the richest sky I had ever seen. I could not behold a scene so wonderfully adorned and lighted up, (if I may be allowed that expression) without suitable meditations on the author of such illustrious and amazing objects. For on these occasions, philosophy suggests motives to religion, and religion adds pleasures to philosophy.

As soon as I had recovered my usual temper and serenity of soul, I retired to my lodgings with the satisfaction of having passed away a few hours in the proper employments of a reasonable creature, and promising myself that my slumbers would be sweet. I no sooner fell into them, but I dreamed a dream, or saw a vision, (for I know not which to call it) that seemed to rise out of my evening meditation, and had something in it so solemn and serious, that I cannot forbear communicating it; though I must confess, the wildness of imagination (which in a dream is always loose and irregular) discovers itself too much in several parts of it.

Methoughts I saw the azure sky diversified with the same glorious luminaries which had entertained me a little before I fell asleep. I was looking very attentively on that sign in the heavens which is called by the name of the Balance, when on a sudden there appeared in it an extraordinary light, as if the sun should rise at midnight. By its increasing in breadth and lustre, I soon found that it approached towards the earth; and at length could discern something like a Shadow hovering in the midst of a great Glory, which

Digitized by Google

in a little time after I distinctly perceived to be the figure of a woman. I fancied at first it might have been the Angel or Intelligence that guided the constellation from which it descended; but upon a nearer view, I saw about her all the emblems with which the Goddess of Justice is usually described. Her countenance was unspeakably awful and majestic, but exquisitely beautiful to those whose eyes were strong enough to behold it; her smiles transported with rapture, her frowns terrified to despair. She held in her hand a mirror endowed with the same qualities as that which the painters put into the hand of Truth.

There streamed from it a light, which distinguished itself from all the splendors that surrounded her, more than a flash of lightning shines in the midst of day-light. As she moved it in her hand, it brightened the heavens, the air, or the earth. When she had descended so low as to be seen and heard by mortals, to make the pomp of her appearance more supportable, she threw darkness and clouds about her, that tempered the light into a thousand beautiful shades and colours, and multiplied that lustre, which was before too strong and dazzling, into a variety of milder glories.

In the mean time the world was in an alarm, and all the inhabitants of it gathered together upon a spacious plain; so that I seemed to have all the species before my eyes. A voice was heard from the clouds, declaring the intention of this visit, which was to restore and appropriate to every one living what was his due. The fear and hope, joy and sorrow, which appeared in that great assembly after this solemn declaration, are not to be expressed. The first edict was then pronounced, 'That all titles and claims to riches and estates, or to any part of them, should be immediately vested in the rightful owner.' Upon this, the inhabitants of the earth held up the instruments of their tenure, whether in parchment, paper, wax, or any other form of conveyance; and as the goddess moved the mirror of truth which she held in her hand, so that the light which flowed from it fell upon the multitude, they examined

Digitized by Google

the several instruments by the beams of it. The rays of this mirror had a particular quality of setting fire to all forgery and falsehood. The blaze of papers, the melting of seals, and crackling of parchments, made a very odd scene. The fire very often ran through two or three lines only, and then stopped; though I could not but observe, that the flame chiefly broke out among the interlineations and codicils. The light of the mirror, as it was turned up and down, pierced into all the dark corners and recesses of the universe, and by that means detected many writings and records which had been hidden or buried by time, chance, or design. This occasioned a wonderful revolution among the people. At the same time, the spoils of extortion, fraud, and robbery, with all the fruits of bribery and corruption, were thrown together into a prodigious pile, that almost reached to the clouds, and was called the Mount of Restitution; to which all injured persons were invited, to receive what belonged to them.

One might see crowds of people in tattered garments come up, and change clothes with others that were dressed with lace and embroidery. Several who were plumbs, or very near it, became men of moderate fortunes; and many others, who were overgrown in wealth and possessions, had no more left than what they usually spent. What moved my concern most, was, to see a certain street of the greatest credit in Europe from one end to the other become bankrupt.

The next command was, for the whole body of mankind to separate themselves into their proper families: which was no sooner done, but an edict was issued out, requiring all children 'to repair to their true and natural fathers.' This put a great part of the assembly in motion; for as the mirror was moved over them, it inspired every one with such a natural instinct, as directed them to their real parents. It was a very melancholy spectacle to see the fathers of very large families become childless, and bachelors undone by a charge of sons and daughters. You might see a presumptive heir of a great estate ask blessing of his coachman, and a celebrated

Digitized by Google

toast paying her duty to a valet de chambre. Many under vows of celibacy appeared surrounded with a numerous issue. This change of parentage would have caused great lamentation, but that the calamity was pretty common; and that generally those who lost their children, had the satisfaction of seeing them put into the hands of their dearest friends. Men were no sooner settled in their right to their possessions and their progeny, but there was a third order proclaimed, 'That all the posts of dignity and honour in the universe should be conferred on persons of the greatest merit, abilities, and perfection.' The handsome, the strong, and the wealthy, immediately pressed forward; but not being able to bear the splendor of the mirror which played upon their faces, they immediately fell back among the crowd: but as the goddess tried the multitude by her glass, as the eagle does its young ones by the lustre of the sun, it was remarkable, that every one turned away his face from it, who had not distinguished himself either by virtue, knowledge, or capacity in business, either military or civil. This select assembly was drawn up in the centre of a prodigious multitude, which was diffused on all sides, and stood observing them, as idle people use to gather about a regiment that are exercising their arms. They were drawn up in three bodies: in the first, were the men of virtue; in the second, men of knowledge; and in the third, the men of business. It was impossible to look at the first column without a secret veneration, their aspects were so sweetened with humanity, raised with contemplation, emboldened with resolution, and adorned with the most agreeable airs, which are those that proceed from secret habits of virtue. I could not but take notice, that there were many faces among them which were unknown, not only to the multitude, but even to several of their own body.

In the second column, consisting of the men of knowledge, there had been great disputes before they fell into the ranks, which they did not do at last, without positive command of the goddess who presided over the assembly. She had so ordered it, that men of the great-

Digitized by Google

est genius and strongest sense were placed at the head of the column: behind these were such as had formed their minds very much on the thoughts and writings of others. In the rear of the column, were men who had more wit than sense, or more learning than understanding. All living authors of any value were ranged in one of these classes; but I must confess, I was very much surprised to see a great body of editors, critics, commentators, and grammarians, meet with so very ill a reception. They had formed themselves into a body, and with a great deal of arrogance demanded the first station in the column of knowledge; but the goddess, instead of complying with their request, clapped them all into liveries, and bid them know themselves for no other but lacqueys of the learned.

The third column were men of business, and consisting of persons in military and civil capacities. The former marched out from the rest, and placed themselves in the front, at which the other shook their heads at them, but did not think fit to dispute the post with them. I could not but make several observations upon this last column of people; but I have certain private reasons why I do not think fit to communicate them to the public. In order to fill up all the posts of honour, dignity, and profit, there was a draught made out of each column, of men who were masters of all three qualifications in some degree, and were preferred to stations of the first rank. The second draught was made out of such as were possessed of any two of the qualifications, who were disposed of in stations of a second dignity. Those who were left, and were endowed only with one of them, had their suitable posts. When this was over, there remained many places of trust and profit unfilled, for which there were fresh draughts made out of the surrounding multitude, who had any appearance of these excellencies, or were recommended by those who possessed them in reality.

All were surprised to see so many new faces in the most eminent dignities; and for my own part, I was

Digitized by Google

very well pleased to see that all my friends either kept their present posts, or were advanced to higher.

Having filled my paper with those particulars of mankind, I must reserve for another occasion the sequel of it, which relates to the fair sex.[a]

No. 101. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1709.

——Postquam fregit subsellia versu
Esurit intectam Paridi nisi vendit Agaven. Juv.

From my own Apartment, Nov. 30.

THE progress of my intended account of what happened when Justice visited mortals, is at present interrupted by the observation and sense of an injustice against which there is no remedy, even in a kingdom more happy in the care taken of the liberty and property of the subject, than any other nation upon earth. This iniquity is committed by a most impregnable set of mortals, men who are rogues within the law; and in the very commission of what they are guilty of, professedly own, that they forbear no injury, but from the terror of being punished for it. These miscreants are a set of wretches we authors call pirates, who print any book, poem, or sermon, as soon as it appears in the world, in a smaller volume, and sell it (as all other thieves do stolen goods) at a cheaper rate. I was in my rage calling them rascals, plunderers, robbers, highwaymen ——But they acknowledge all that, and are pleased with those, as well as any other titles; nay, will print them themselves to turn the penny.

I am extremely at a loss how to act against such open enemies, who have not shame enough to be touched with our reproaches, and are as well defended against what we can say, as what we can do. Railing, there-

[a] This paper, and the sequel of the vision, in No. 102, are written in Mr. Addison's best manner.

Digitized by Google

fore, we must turn into complaint, which I cannot forbear making, when I consider that all the labours of my long life may be disappointed by the first man that pleases to rob me. I had flattered myself, that my stock of learning was worth 150l. *per annum*, which would very handsomely maintain me and my little family, who are so happy or so wise as to want only necessaries. Before men had come up to this bare-faced impudence, it was an estate to have a competency of understanding.

An ingenious droll,* who is since dead, (and indeed it is well for him he is so, for he must have starved had he lived to this day) used to give me an account of his good husbandry in the management of his learning. He was a general dealer, and had his amusements as well comical as serious. The merry rogue said, when he wanted a dinner, he writ a paragraph of table-talk, and his bookseller upon sight paid the reckoning. He was a very good judge of what would please the people, and could aptly hit both the genius of his readers, and the season of the year, in his writings. His brain, which was his estate, had as regular and different produce as other men's land. From the beginning of November till the opening of the campaign, he writ pamphlets and letters to members of parliament, or friends in the country: but sometimes he would relieve his ordinary readers with a murder, and lived comfortably a week or two upon strange and lamentable accidents. A little before the armies took the field, his way was to open your attention with a prodigy; and a monster well writ, was two guineas the lowest price. This prepared his readers for great and bloody news from Flanders in June and July. Poor Tom! he is gone.—But I observed, he always looked well after a battle, and was apparently fatter in a fighting year. Had this honest careless fellow lived till now, famine had stared him in the face, and interrupted his merriment; as it

* The account of this droll, certainly by Mr. Addison. The rest of the paper, except, perhaps, the two concluding paragraphs, might be Sir Richard's.

Digitized by Google

must be a solid affliction to all those whose pen is their portion.

As for my part, I do not speak wholly for my own sake in this point; for palmistry and astrology will bring me in greater gains than these my papers; so that I am only in the condition of a lawyer, who leaves the bar for chamber practice. However, I may be allowed to speak in the cause of learning itself, and lament, that a liberal education is the only one which a polite nation makes unprofitable. All mechanic artisans are allowed to reap the fruit of their invention and ingenuity without invasion; but he that has separated himself from the rest of mankind, and studied the wonders of the creation, the government of his passions, and the revolutions of the world, and has an ambition to communicate the effect of half his life spent in such noble inquiries, has no property in what he is willing to produce, but is exposed to robbery and want, with this melancholy and just reflection, that he is the only man who is not protected by his country, at the same time that he best deserves it.

According to the ordinary rules of computation, the greater the adventure is, the greater ought to be the profit of those who succeed in it; and by this measure, none have pretence of turning their labours to greater advantage than persons brought up to letters. A learned education, passing through great schools and universities, is very expensive, and consumes a moderate fortune, before it is gone through in its proper forms. The purchase of an handsome commission or employment, which would give a man a good figure in another kind of life, is to be made at a much cheaper rate. Now, if we consider this expensive voyage which is undertaken in the search of knowledge, and how few there are who take in any considerable merchandise, how less frequent it is to be able to turn what men have gained into profit: how hard is it, that the very small number who are distinguished with abilities to know how to vend their wares, and have the good fortune to bring them into port, should suffer being plundered by privateers under the very cannon that should protect them! The most

Digitized by Google

eminent and useful author of the age we live in, after having laid out a princely revenue in works of charity and beneficence, as became the greatness of his mind, and the sanctity of his character, would have left the person in the world who was the dearest to him in a narrow condition, had not the sale of his immortal writings[a] brought her in a very considerable dowry; though it was impossible for it to be equal to their value. Every one will know, that I here mean the works of the late Archbishop of Canterbury, the copy of which was sold for 2500l.

I do not speak with relation to any party; but it has happened, and may often so happen, that men of great learning and virtue cannot qualify themselves for being employed in business, or receiving preferments. In this case, you cut them off from all support, if you take from them the benefit that may arise from their writings. For my own part, I have brought myself to consider things in so unprejudiced a manner, that I esteem more a man who can live by the products of his understanding, than one who does it by the favour of great men.

The zeal of an author has transported me thus far, though I think myself as much concerned in the capacity of a reader. If this practice goes on, we must never expect to see again a beautiful edition of a book in Great Britain.

We have already seen the memoirs of Sir William Temple published in the same character and volume with the history of Tom Thumb, and the works of our greatest poets shrunk into penny books and garlands. For my own part, I expect to see my lucubrations printed on browner paper than they are at present; and, if the humour continues, must be forced to retrench my expensive way of living, and not smoke above two pipes a day.

Sir Richard Steele joined in this paper. T.

[a] *Immortal writings*] It is to be hoped, that this epithet is rightly given to Archbishop Tillotson's works, for the credit of our *taste*, as well as morals.

Digitized by Google

No. 102. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1709.

From my own Apartment, December 3.

A CONTINUATION OF THE VISION.

THE male world were dismissed by the Goddess of Justice, and disappeared, when on a sudden the whole plain was covered with women. So charming a multitude filled my heart with unspeakable pleasure; and as the celestial light of the mirror shone upon their faces, several of them seemed rather persons that descended in the train of the goddess, than such who were brought before her to their trial. The clack of tongues, and confusion of voices, in this new assembly, was so very great, that the goddess was forced to command silence several times, and with some severity, before she could make them attentive to her edicts. They were all sensible, that the most important affair among womankind was then to be settled, which every one knows to be the point of place. This had raised innumerable disputes among them, and put the whole sex into a tumult. Every one produced her claim, and pleaded her pretensions. Birth, beauty, wit, or wealth, were words that rung in my ears from all parts of the plain. Some boasted of the merit of their husbands; others of their own power in governing them. Some pleaded their unspotted virginity; others their numerous issue. Some valued themselves as they were the mothers, and others as they were the daughters, of considerable persons. There was not a single accomplishment unmentioned, or unpractised. The whole congregation was full of singing, dancing, tossing, ogling, squeaking, smiling, sighing, fanning, frowning, and all those irresistible arts which women put in practice to captivate the hearts of reasonable creatures. The goddess, to end this dispute, caused it to be proclaimed, 'That every one should take place according as she was more or less beautiful.' This declaration gave great satisfaction to

Digitized by Google

the whole assembly, which immediately bridled up, and appeared in all its beauties. Such as believed themselves graceful in their motion, found an occasion of falling back, advancing forward, or making a false step, that they might show their persons in the most becoming air. Such as had fine necks and bosoms, were wonderfully curious to look over the heads of the multitude, and observe the most distant parts of the assembly. Several clapped their hands on their foreheads, as helping their sight to look upon the glories that surrounded the goddess, but in reality to show fine hands and arms. The ladies were yet better pleased when they heard, that in the decision of this great controversy, each of them should be her own judge, and take her place according to her own opinion of herself, when she consulted her looking glass.

The goddess then let down the mirror of truth in a golden chain, which appeared larger in proportion as it descended and approached nearer to the eyes of the beholders. It was the particular property of this looking glass to banish all false appearances, and show people what they are. The whole woman was represented, without regard to the usual external features, which were made entirely conformable to their real characters. In short, the most accomplished (taking in the whole circle of female perfections) were the most beautiful; and the most defective, the most deformed. The goddess so varied the motion of the glass, and placed it in so many different lights, that each had an opportunity of seeing herself in it.

It is impossible to describe the rage, the pleasure, or astonishment, that appeared in each face upon its representation in the mirror: multitudes started at their own form, and would have broke the glass if they could have reached it. Many saw their blooming features wither as they looked upon them, and their self-admiration turned into a loathing and abhorrence. The lady who was thought so agreeable in her anger, and was so often celebrated for a woman of fire and spirit, was frighted at her own image, and fancied she saw a fury

Digitized by Google

in the glass. The interested mistress beheld a harpy, and the subtle jilt a sphynx. I was very much troubled in my own heart, to see such a destruction of fine faces; but at the same time had the pleasure of seeing several improved, which I had before looked upon as the greatest master-pieces of nature. I observed, that some few were so humble as to be surprised at their own charms; and that many a one, who had lived in the retirement and severity of a vestal, shined forth in all the graces and attractions of a syren. I was ravished at the sight of a particular image in the mirror, which I think the most beautiful object that my eyes ever beheld. There was something more than human in her countenance: her eyes were so full of light, that they seemed to beautify every thing they looked upon. Her face was enlivened with such a florid bloom, as did not so properly seem the mark of health, as of immortality. Her shape, her stature, and her mien, were such as distinguished her even there where the whole fair sex was assembled.

I was impatient to see the lady represented by so divine an image, whom I found to be the person that stood at my right hand, and in the same point of view with myself. This was a little old woman, who in her prime had been about five foot high, though at present shrunk to about three quarters of that measure. Her natural aspect was puckered up with wrinkles, and her head covered with grey hairs. I had observed all along an innocent cheerfulness in her face, which was now heightened into rapture as she beheld herself in the glass. It was an odd circumstance in my dream (but I cannot forbear relating it) I conceived so great an inclination towards her, that I had thoughts of discoursing her upon the point of marriage, when on a sudden she was carried from me; for the word was now given, that all who were pleased with their own images, should separate, and place themselves at the head of their sex.

This detachment was afterwards divided into three bodies, consisting of maids, wives, and widows; the wives being placed in the middle, with the maids on the

Digitized by Google

right, and widows on the left; though it was with difficulty that these two last bodies were hindered from falling into the centre. This separation of those, who liked their real selves, not having lessened the number of the main body so considerably as it might have been wished, the goddess, after having drawn up her mirror, thought fit to make new distinctions among those who did not like the figure which they saw in it. She made several wholesome edicts, which are slipped out of my mind; but there were two which dwelt upon me, as being very extraordinary in their kind, and executed with great severity. Their design was, to make an example of two extremes in the female world; of those who are very severe on the conduct of others, and of those who are very regardless of their own. The first sentence, therefore, the goddess pronounced, was, 'That all females addicted to censoriousness and detraction, should lose the use of speech;' a punishment which would be the most grievous to the offender, and (what should be the end of all punishments) effectual for rooting out the crime. Upon this edict, which was as soon executed as published, the noise of the assembly very considerably abated. It was a melancholy spectacle, to see so many who had the reputation of rigid virtue struck dumb. A lady who stood by me, and saw my concern, told me, she wondered how I could be concerned for such a pack of——. I found, by the shaking of her head, she was going to give me their characters; but by her saying no more, I perceived she had lost the command of her tongue. This calamity fell very heavy upon that part of women who are distinguished by the name of Prudes, a courtly word for female hypocrites, who have a short way to being virtuous, by showing that others are vicious. The second sentence was then pronounced against the loose part of the sex, 'That all should immediately be pregnant, who in any part of their lives had ran the hazard of it.' This produced a very goodly appearance, and revealed so many misconducts, that made those who were lately struck dumb, repine more than ever at their want of

Digitized by Google

utterance, though at the same time (as afflictions seldom come single) many of the mutes were also seized with this new calamity. The ladies were now in such a condition, that they would have wanted room, had not the plain been large enough to let them divide their ground, and extend their lines on all sides. It was a sensible affliction to me, to see such a multitude of fair ones either dumb or big-bellied: but I was something more at ease, when I found that they agreed upon several regulations to cover such misfortunes. Among others, that it should be an established maxim in all nations, That a woman's first child might come into the world within six months after her acquaintance with her husband; and that grief might retard the birth of her last till fourteen months after his decease.

This vision lasted till my usual hour of waking, which I did with some surprise, to find myself alone, after having been engaged almost a whole night in so prodigious a multitude. I could not but reflect with wonder, at the partiality and extravagance of my vision; which, according to my thoughts, has not done justice to the sex. If virtue in men is more venerable, it is in women more lovely; which Milton has very finely expressed in his Paradise Lost, where Adam, speaking of Eve, after having asserted his own pre-eminence, as being first in creation and internal faculties, breaks out into the following rapture:

——————Yet when I approach
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems,
And in herself complete, so well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do, or say,
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best.
All higher knowledge in her presence falls
Degraded. Wisdom, in discourse with her,
Loses, discountenanced, and like folly shews.
Authority and reason on her wait,
As one intended first, not after made
Occasionally: and to consummate all,
Greatness of mind, and nobleness, their seat
Build in her loveliest, and create an awe
About her, as a guard angelic plac'd.

Digitized by Google

No. 103. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1709.

——— Hæ nugæ seria ducunt
In mala, derisum semel exceptumque sinistré.
HOR.

From my own Apartment, December 5.

THERE is nothing gives a man greater satisfaction, than the sense of having dispatched a great deal of business, especially when it turns to the public emolument. I have much pleasure of this kind upon my spirits at present, occasioned by the fatigue of affairs which I went through last Saturday. It is some time since I set apart that day for examining the pretensions of several who had applied to me for canes, perspective-glasses, snuff-boxes, orange-flower-waters, and the like ornaments of life. In order to adjust this matter, I had before directed Charles Lillie, of Beaufort-Buildings, to prepare a great bundle of blank licences in the following words:

"You are hereby required to permit the bearer of this cane to pass and repass through the streets and suburbs of London, or any place within ten miles of it, without lett or molestation; provided that he does not walk with it under his arm, brandish it in the air, or hang it on a button: in which case it shall be forfeited; and I hereby declare it forfeited to any one who shall think it safe to take it from him.

"ISAAC BICKERSTAFFE."

The same form, differing only in the provisos, will serve for a perspective, snuff-box, or perfumed handkerchief. I had placed myself in my elbow-chair at the upper end of my great parlour, having ordered Charles Lillie to take his place upon a joint-stool with a writing-desk before him. John Morphew also took his station at the door; I having, for his good and faithful

Digitized by Google

services, appointed him my chamber-keeper upon court days. He let me know, that there were a great number attending without. Upon which I ordered him to give notice, that I did not intend to sit upon snuff-boxes that day; but that those who appeared for canes might enter. The first presented me with the following petition, which I ordered Mr. Lillie to read.

"To Isaac Bickerstaffe, Esq. Censor of Great Britain.

"The humble Petition of Simon Trippit,

"Sheweth,

"That your petitioner having been bred up to a cane from his youth, it is now become as necessary to him as any other of his limbs.

"That a great part of his behaviour depending upon it, he should be reduced to the utmost necessities if he should lose the use of it.

"That the knocking of it upon his shoe, leaning one leg upon it, or whistling with it on his mouth, are such great reliefs to him in conversation, that he does not know how to be good company without it.

"That he is at present engaged in an amour, and must despair of success, if it be taken from him.

"Your petitioner therefore hopes, that (the premises tenderly considered) your worship will not deprive him of so useful and so necessary a support.

"And your petitioner shall ever," &c.

Upon the hearing of his case, I was touched with some compassion, and the more so, when upon observing him nearer I found he was a prig. I bid him produce his cane in court, which he had left at the door. He did so, and I finding it to be very curiously clouded, with a transparent amber head, and a blue ribbon to hang upon his wrist, I immediately ordered my clerk Lillie to lay it up, and deliver out to him a plain joint, headed with walnut; and then, in order to wean him from it by degrees, permitted him to wear it three days

Digitized by Google

in the week, and to abate proportionably till he found himself able to go alone.

The second who appeared, came limping into the court: and setting forth in his petition many pretences for the use of a cane, I caused them to be examined one by one; but finding him in different stories, and confronting him with several witnesses who had seen him walk upright, I ordered Mr. Lillie to take in his cane, and rejected his petition as frivolous.

A third made his entry with great difficulty, leaning upon a slight stick, and in danger of falling every step he took. I saw the weakness of his hams; and hearing that he had married a young wife about a fortnight before, I bid him leave his cane, and gave him a new pair of crutches, with which he went off in great vigour and alacrity. This gentleman was succeeded by another, who seemed very much pleased while his petition was reading, in which he had represented, that he was extremely afflicted with the gout, and set his foot upon the ground with the caution and dignity which accompany that distemper. I suspected him for an impostor, and having ordered him to be searched, I committed him into the hands of Dr. Thomas Smith in King-Street (my own corn-cutter) who attended in an outward room; and wrought so speedy a cure upon him, that I thought fit to send him also away without his cane.

While I was thus dispensing justice, I heard a noise in my outward room; and inquiring what was the occasion of it, my door-keeper told me, that they had taken up one in the very fact as he was passing by my door. They immediately brought in a lively fresh-coloured young man, who made great resistance with hand and foot, but did not offer to make use of his cane, which hung upon his fifth button. Upon examination, I found him to be an Oxford scholar, who was just entered at the Temple. He at first disputed the jurisdiction of the court; but being driven out of his little law and logic, he told me very pertly, that he looked upon such a perpendicular creature as man to make a very imperfect figure without a cane in his hand. 'It is well known

Digitized by Google

(says he) we ought, according to the natural situation of our bodies, to walk upon our hands and feet; and that the wisdom of the ancients had described man to be an animal of four legs in the morning, two at noon, and three at night; by which they intimated, that a cane might very properly become part of us in some period of life.' Upon which I asked him, 'whether he wore it at his breast to have it in readiness when that period should arrive?' My young lawyer immediately told me, he had a property in it, and a right to hang it where he pleased, and to make use of it as he thought fit, provided that he did not break the peace with it: and further said, that he never took it off his button, unless it were to lift it up at a coachman, hold it over the head of a drawer, point out the circumstances of a story, or for other services of the like nature, that are all within the laws of the land. I did not care for discouraging a young man, who, I saw, would come to good; and because his heart was set upon his new purchase, I only ordered him to wear it about his neck, instead of hanging it upon his button, and so dismissed him.[a]

There were several appeared in court, whose pretensions I found to be very good, and therefore gave many their licences upon paying their fees; as many others had their licences renewed, who required more time for recovery of their lameness than I had before allowed them.

Having dispatched this set of my petitioners, there came in a well-dressed man, with a glass-tube in one hand, and his petition in the other. Upon his entering the room, he threw back the right side of his wig, put forward his right leg, and advancing the glass to his right eye, aimed it directly at me. In the mean while, to make my observations also, I put on my spectacles; in which posture we surveyed each other for some time. Upon the removal of our glasses, I desired him to read

[a] Thus far, chiefly, or only, Mr. Addison. What follows, to the end, Sir Richard Steele's.

Digitized by Google

his petition, which he did very promptly and easily: though at the same time it set forth, that he could see nothing distinctly, and was within very few degrees of being utterly blind; concluding with a prayer, that he might be permitted to strengthen and extend his sight by a glass. In answer to this, I told him, he might sometimes extend it to his own destruction. 'As you are now (said I) you are out of the reach of beauty; the shafts of the finest eyes lose their force before they can come at you; you cannot distinguish a toast from an orange-wench; you can see a whole circle of beauty without any interruption from an impertinent face to discompose you. In short, what are snares for others'— My petitioner would hear no more, but told me very seriously, 'Mr. Bickerstaffe, you quite mistake your man; it is the joy, the pleasure, the employment of my life, to frequent public assemblies, and gaze upon the fair.' In a word, I found his use of a glass was occasioned by no other infirmity but his vanity, and was not so much designed to make him see, as to make him be seen and distinguished by others. I therefore refused him a licence for a perspective, but allowed him a pair of spectacles, with full permission to use them in any public assembly as he should think fit. He was followed by so very few of this order of men, that I have reason to hope this sort of cheats are almost at an end.

The orange-flower-men appeared next with petitions, perfumed so strongly with musk, that I was almost overcome with the scent; and for my own sake, was obliged forthwith to licence their handkerchiefs, especially when I found they had sweetened them at Charles Lillie's, and that some of their persons would not be altogether inoffensive without them. John Morphew, whom I have made the general of my dead men, acquainted me, that the petitioners were all of that order, and could produce certificates to prove it if I required it. I was so well pleased with this way of their embalming themselves, that I commanded the abovesaid Morphew to give it in orders to his whole army, that

Digitized by Google

every one who did not surrender himself up to be disposed of by the upholders, should use the same method to keep himself sweet during his present state of putrefaction.

I finished my session with great content of mind, reflecting upon the good I had done; for however slightly men may regard these particularities and little follies in dress and behaviour, they lead to greater evils. The bearing to be laughed at for such singularities, teaches us insensibly an impertinent fortitude, and enables us to bear public censure for things which more substantially deserve it. By this means they open a gate to folly, and oftentimes render a man so ridiculous, as discredit his virtues and capacities, and unqualify them from doing any good in the world. Besides, the giving into uncommon habits of this nature, is a want of that humble deference which is due to mankind; and (what is worst of all) the certain indication of some secret flaw in the mind of the person that commits them. When I was a young man, I remember a gentleman of great integrity and worth was very remarkable for wearing a broad belt, and a hanger instead of a fashionable sword, though in all other points a very well-bred man. I suspected him at first sight to have something wrong in him, but was not able for a long while to discover any collateral proofs of it. I watched him narrowly for six and thirty years, when at last, to the surprise of every body but myself, who had long expected to see the folly break out, he married his own cook-maid

Sir Richard Steele joined in this paper. T.

Digitized by Google

No. 108. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1709.

Pronaque cum spectant animalia cætera terram,
Os homini Sublime dedit, cælumque tueri
Jussit.———

OVID MET.

Sheer-Lane, December 16.

IT is not to be imagined, how great an effect well-disposed lights, with proper forms and orders in assemblies, have upon some tempers. I am sure I feel it in so extraordinary a manner, that I cannot in a day or two get out of my imagination any very beautiful or disagreeable impression which I receive on such occasions. For this reason, I frequently look in at the play-house, in order to enlarge my thoughts, and warm my mind with some new ideas, that may be serviceable to me in my lucubrations.

In this disposition I entered the theatre the other day, and placed myself in a corner of it, very convenient for seeing, without being myself observed. I found the audience hushed in a very deep attention, and did not question but some noble tragedy was just then in its crisis, or that an incident was to be unravelled which would determine the fate of an hero. While I was in this suspence, expecting every moment to see my friend Mr. Betterton appear in all the majesty of distress, to my unspeakable amazement, there came up a monster with a face between his feet; and as I was looking on, he raised himself on one leg in such a perpendicular posture, that the other grew in a direct line above his head. It afterwards twisted itself into the motions and wreathings of several different animals, and after great variety of shapes and transformations, went off the stage in the figure of an human creature. The admiration, the applause, the satisfaction of the audience, during this strange entertainment, is not to be expressed. I

Digitized by Google

was very much out of countenance for my dear countrymen, and looked about with some apprehension for fear any foreigner should be present. Is it possible (thought I) that human nature can rejoice in its disgrace, and take pleasure in seeing its own figure turned to ridicule, and distorted into forms that raise horror and aversion? There is something disingenuous and immoral in the being able to bear such a sight. Men of elegant and noble minds, are shocked at seeing the characters of persons who deserve esteem for their virtue, knowledge, or services to their country, placed in wrong lights, and by misrepresentation made the subject of buffoonery. Such a nice abhorrence is not indeed to be found among the vulgar; but, methinks it is wonderful, that these who have nothing but the outward figure to distinguish them as men, should delight in seeing it abused, vilified, and disgraced.

I must confess, there is nothing that more pleases me, in all that I read in books, or see among mankind, than such passages as represent human nature in its proper dignity. As man is a creature made up of different extremes, he has something in him very great and very mean: a skilful artist may draw an excellent picture of him in either views. The finest authors of antiquity have taken him on the more advantageous side. They cultivate the natural grandeur of the soul, raise in her a generous ambition, feed her with hopes of immortality and perfection, and do all they can to widen the partition between the virtuous and the vicious, by making the difference betwixt them as great as between gods and brutes. In short, it is impossible to read a page in Plato, Tully, and a thousand other ancient moralists, without being a greater and a better man for it. On the contrary, I could never read any of our modish French authors, or those of our own country, who are the imitators and admirers of that trifling nation, without being for some time out of humour with myself, and at every thing about me. Their business is, to depreciate human nature, and consider it under its worst appearances. They give mean interpretations

Digitized by Google

and base motives to the worthiest actions: they resolve virtue and vice into constitution. In short, they endeavour to make no distinction between man and man, or between the species of men and that of brutes. As an instance of this kind of authors, among many others, let any one examine the celebrated Rochefoucault, who is the great philosopher for administering of consolation to the idle, the envious, and worthless part of mankind.

I remember a young gentleman of moderate understanding, but great vivacity, who, by dipping into many authors of this nature, had got a little smattering of knowledge, just enough to make an atheist or a free-thinker, but not a philosopher, or a man of sense. With these accomplishments, he went to visit his father in the country, who was a plain, rough, honest man, and wise, though not learned. The son, who took all opportunities to show his learning, began to establish a new religion in the family, and to enlarge the narrowness of their country notions; in which he succeeded so well, that he had seduced the butler by his table-talk, and staggered his eldest sister. The old gentleman began to be alarmed at the schisms that arose among his children, but did not yet believe his son's doctrine to be so pernicious as it really was, 'till one day talking of his setting dog, the son said, 'he did not question but Tray was as immortal as any one of the family;' and in the heat of the argument told his father, that for his own part, 'he expected to die like a dog.' Upon which, the old man starting up in a very great passion, cried out, 'Then, sirrah, you shall live like one;' and taking his cane in his hand, cudgelled him out of his system. This had so good an effect upon him, that he took up from that day, fell to reading good books, and is now a bencher in the Middle-Temple.

I do not mention this cudgelling part of the story with a design to engage the secular arm in matters of this nature; but certainly, if it ever exerts itself in affairs of opinion and speculation, it ought to do it on such shallow and despicable pretenders to knowledge, who

Digitized by Google

endeavour to give man dark and uncomfortable prospects of his being, and destroy those principles which are the support, happiness, and glory, of all public societies, as well as private persons.

I think it is one of Pythagoras's golden sayings, 'That a man should take care above all things to have a due respect for himself:' and it is certain, that this licentious sort of authors, who are for depreciating mankind, endeavoured to disappoint and undo what the most refined spirits have been labouring to advance since the beginning of the world. The very design of dress, good-breeding, outward ornaments, and ceremony, were to lift up human nature, and set it off to an advantage. Architecture, painting, and statuary, were invented with the same design; as indeed every art and science contributes to the embellishment of life, and to the wearing off or throwing into shades the mean and low parts of our nature. Poetry carries on this great end more than all the rest, as may be seen in the following passage, taken out of Sir Francis Bacon's Advancement of Learning, which gives a truer and better account of this art than all the volumes that were ever written upon it.

"Poetry, especially heroical, seems to be raised altogether from a noble foundation, which makes much for the dignity of man's nature. For seeing this sensible world is in dignity inferior to the soul of man, poesy seems to endow human nature with that which history denies; and to give satisfaction to the mind, with at least the shadow of things, where the substance cannot be had. For if the matter be thoroughly considered, a strong argument may be drawn from poesy, that a more stately greatness of things, a more perfect order, and a more beautiful variety, delights the soul of man, than any way can be found in nature since the fall. Wherefore, seeing the acts and events which are the subjects of true history, are not of that amplitude as to content the mind of man; poesy is ready at hand to feign acts more heroical. Because true history reports the successes of business not proportion-

Digitized by Google

able to the merit of virtues and vices, poesy corrects it, and presents events and fortunes according to desert, and according to the law of Providence: because true history, through the frequent satiety and similitude of things, works a distaste and misprision in the mind of man, poesy cheereth and refresheth the soul, chanting things rare and various, and full of vicissitudes. So as poesy serveth and conferreth to delectation, magnanimity, and morality; and therefore it may seem deservedly to have some participation of divineness, because it doth raise the mind, and exalt the spirit with high raptures, by proportioning the shews of things to the desires of the mind; and not submitting the mind to things, as reason and history do. And by these allurements and congruities, whereby it cherisheth the soul of man, joined also with consort of music, whereby it may more sweetly insinuate itself, it hath won such access, that it hath been in estimation even in rude times and barbarous nations, when other learning stood excluded."

But there is nothing which favours and falls in with this natural greatness and dignity of human nature so much as religion, which does not only promise the entire refinement of the mind, but the glorifying of the body, and the immortality of both.

No. 110. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1709.

——Quæ lucis miseris tam dira cupido?

VIRG.

Sheer-Lane, December 21.

As soon as I had placed myself in my chair of judicature, I ordered my clerk Mr. Lillie to read to the assembly (who were gathered together according to notice) a certain declaration, by way of charge, to open the purpose of my session, which tended only to

Digitized by Google

this explanation, 'That as other courts were often called to demand the execution of persons dead in law, so this was held to give the last orders relating to those who are dead in reason.' The solicitor of the new company of upholders, near the Hay-Market, appeared in behalf of that useful society, and brought in an accusation of a young woman, who herself stood at the bar before me. Mr. Lillie read her indictment, which was in substance, 'That whereas Mrs. Rebecca Pindust, of the parish of St. Martin in the Fields, had, by the use of one instrument called a looking-glass, and by the further use of certain attire, made either of cambric, muslin, or other linen wares, upon her head, attained to such an evil art and magical force in the motion of her eyes and turn of her countenance, that she the said Rebecca had put to death several young men of the said parish; and that the said young men had acknowledged in certain papers, commonly called love-letters (which were produced in court, gilded on the edges, and sealed with a particular wax, with certain amorous and enchanting words wrought upon the said seals) that they died for the said Rebecca: and whereas the said Rebecca persisted in the said evil practice; this way of life the said society construed to be, according to former edicts, a state of death, and demanded an order for the interment of the said Rebecca.'

I looked upon the maid with great humanity, and desired her to make answer to what was said against her. She said, 'it was indeed true, that she had practised all the arts and means she could to dispose of herself happily in marriage, but thought she did not come under the censure expressed in my writings for the same; and humbly hoped, I would not condemn her for the ignorance of her accusers, who, according to their own words, had rather represented her killing, than dead.' She further alledged, 'That the expressions mentioned in the papers written to her, were become mere words, and that she had been always ready to marry any of those who said they died for her; but that they made their escape as soon as they found them-

Digitized by Google

selves pitied or believed.' She ended her discourse, by desiring I would, for the future, settle the meaning of the words, 'I die,' in letters of love.

Mrs. Pindust behaved herself with such an air of innocence, that she easily gained credit, and was acquitted. Upon which occasion, I gave it as a standing rule, 'That any persons, who in any letter, billet, or discourse, should tell a woman he died for her, should, if she pleased, be obliged to live with her, or be immediately interred upon such their own confession, without bail or mainprize.'

It happened, that the very next who was brought before me was one of her admirers, who was indicted upon that very head. A letter, which he acknowledged to be his own hand, was read; in which were the following words; 'Cruel creature, I die for you.' It was observable, that he took snuff all the time his accusation was reading. I asked him, 'How he came to use these words, if he were not a dead man?' He told me, 'He was in love with a lady, and did not know any other way of telling her so; and that all his acquaintance took the same method.' Though I was moved with compassion towards him, by reason of the weakness of his parts, yet for example's sake, I was forced to answer, 'Your sentence shall be a warning to all the rest of your companions; not to tell lies for want of wit.' Upon this, he began to beat his snuff-box with a very saucy air; and opening it again, 'Faith, Isaac, (said he,) thou art a very unaccountable old fellow.—Prythee, who gave thee power of life and death? What a pox hast thou to do with ladies and lovers? I suppose thou wouldst have a man be in company with his mistress, and say nothing to her. Dost thou call breaking a jest, telling a lie? Ha! is that thy wisdom, old Stiffrump, ha?'* He was going on with this insipid common-place mirth, sometimes opening his box, sometimes shutting it, then viewing the picture on the lid, and then the workmanship of the hinge, when, in the

* This pert rhetoric, certainly Steele's.

Digitized by Google

midst of his eloquence, I ordered his box to be taken from him; upon which he was immediately struck speechless, and carried off stone dead.

The next who appeared, was a hale old fellow of sixty. He was brought in by his relations, who desired leave to bury him. Upon requiring a distinct account of the prisoner, a credible witness deposed, 'That he always rose at ten of the clock, played with his cat till twelve, smoked tobacco till one, was at dinner till two, then took another pipe, played at backgammon till six, talked of one Madam Frances, an old mistress of his, till eight, repeated the same account at the tavern till ten, then returned home, took the other pipe, and then to bed.' I asked him, what he had to say for himself? 'As to what (said he) they mention concerning Madam Frances——' I did not care for hearing a Canterbury tale, and therefore thought myself seasonably interrupted by a young gentleman who appeared in the behalf of the old man, and prayed an arrest of judgment; for that he the said young man held certain lands by his the said old man's life. Upon this, the solicitor of the upholders took an occasion to demand him also, and thereupon produced several evidences that witnessed to his life and conversation. It appeared, that each of them divided their hours in matters of equal moment and importance to themselves and to the public. They rose at the same hour: while the old man was playing with his cat, the young one was looking out of his window; while the old man was smoking his pipe, the young man was rubbing his teeth; while one was at dinner, the other was dressing; while one was at backgammon, the other was at dinner; while the old fellow was talking of Madam Frances, the young one was either at play, or toasting women whom he never conversed with. The only difference was, that the young man had never been good for any thing; the old man, a man of worth before he knew Madam Frances. Upon the whole, I ordered them to be both interred together, with inscriptions proper to their characters, signifying, 'That the old man died in the year 1689, and was buried in the

Digitized by Google

year 1709.' And over the young one it was said, 'That he departed this world in the 25th year of his death.'

The next class of criminals, were authors in prose and verse. Those of them who had produced any still-born work, were immediately dismissed to their burial, and were followed by others, who, notwithstanding some sprightly issue in their life-time, had given proofs of their death, by some posthumous children, that bore no resemblance to their elder brethren. As for those who were the fathers of a mixed progeny, provided always they could prove the last to be a live child, they escaped with life, but not without loss of limbs; for in this case, I was satisfied with amputation of the parts which were mortified.

These were followed by a great crowd of superannuated benchers of the inns of court, senior fellows of colleges, and defunct statesmen; all whom I ordered to be decimated indifferently, allowing the rest a reprieve for one year, with a promise of a free pardon in case of resuscitation.

There were still great multitudes to be examined; but finding it very late, I adjourned the court; not without the secret pleasure that I had done my duty, and furnished out an handsome execution.

Going out of the court, I received a letter, informing me, 'That in pursuance of the edict of Justice in one of my late visions, all those of the fair sex began to appear pregnant who had ran any hazard of it; as was manifest by a particular swelling in the petticoats of several ladies in and about this great city.' I must confess, I do not attribute the rising of this part of the dress to this occasion, yet must own, that I am very much disposed to be offended with such a new and unaccountable fashion. I shall, however, pronounce nothing upon it, till I have examined all that can be said for and against it. And in the mean time, think fit to give this notice to the fair ladies who are now making up their winter suits, that they may abstain from all dresses of that kind, till they shall find what judgment

Digitized by Google

will be passed upon them; for it would very much trouble me, that they should put themselves to an unnecessary expence: and I could not but think myself to blame, if I should hereafter forbid them the wearing of such garments, when they have laid out money upon them, without having given them any previous admonitions.

Sir Richard Steele joined in this paper. T.*

No. 111. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1709.

——Procul O! Procul este profani!
VIRG.

Sheer-Lane, December 23.

THE watchman, who does me particular honours, as being the chief man in the lane, gave so very great a thump at my door last night, that I awakened at the knock, and heard myself complimented with the usual salutation of 'Good morrow, Mr. Bickerstaffe; good morrow, my masters all.' The silence and darkness of the night disposed me to be more than ordinarily serious; and as my attention was not drawn out among exterior objects, by the avocations of sense, my thoughts naturally fell upon myself. I was considering, amidst the stillness of the night, what was the proper employment of a thinking being? What were the perfections it should propose to itself? And, what the end it should aim at? My mind is of such a particular cast, that the falling of a shower of rain, or the whistling of wind, at such a time, is apt to fill my thoughts with something awful and solemn. I was in this disposition, when our bellman began his midnight homily (which he has been repeating to us every winter night for these twenty years) with the usual exordium.

* The story of Mrs. Pindust may have been Steele's. The rest, if not written, was touched by Mr. Addison.

Digitized by Google

Oh! mortal man, thou that art born in sin!

Sentiments of this nature, which are in themselves just and reasonable, however debased by the circumstances that accompany them, do not fail to produce their natural effect in a mind that is not perverted and depraved by wrong notions of gallantry, politeness, and ridicule. The temper which I now found myself in, as well as the time of the year, put me in mind of those lines in Shakespear, wherein, according to his agreeable wildness of imagination, he has wrought a country tradition into a beautiful piece of poetry. In the tragedy of Hamlet, where the ghost vanishes upon the cock's crowing, he takes occasion to mention its crowing all hours of the night about Christmas time, and to insinuate a kind of religious veneration for that season.

It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then, say they, no spirit dares walk abroad:
The nights are wholesome, then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, no witch has power to charm;
So hallowed and so gracious is the time.

This admirable author, as well as the best and greatest men of all ages, and of all nations, seems to have had his mind thoroughly seasoned with religion, as is evident by many passages in his plays, that would not be suffered by a modern audience; and are, therefore, certain instances, that the age he lived in had a much greater sense of virtue than the present.

It is, indeed, a melancholy reflection[a] to consider, that the British nation, which is now at a greater height of glory for its councils and conquests than it ever was before, should distinguish itself by a certain looseness of principles, and a falling off from those schemes of thinking, which conduce to the happiness and perfection of human nature. This evil comes upon us from

[a] *Reflection to consider*] *i. e.* "to reflect." It should be,—"a melancholy *thing* to consider;" or, "it fills one with melancholy to consider"

Digitized by Google

the works of a few solemn blockheads, that meet together with the zeal and seriousness of apostles, to extirpate common sense, and propagate infidelity. These are the wretches, who, without any show of wit, learning, or reason, publish their crude conceptions with the ambition of appearing more wise than the rest of mankind, upon no other pretence, than that of dissenting from them. One gets by heart a catalogue of title pages and editions; and immediately to become conspicuous, declares that he is an unbeliever. Another knows how to write a receipt, or cut up a dog, and forthwith argues against the immortality of the soul. I have known many a little wit, in the ostentation of his parts, rally the truth of the scripture, who was not able to read a chapter in it. These poor wretches talk blasphemy for want of discourse, and are rather the objects of scorn or pity, than of our indignation; but the grave disputant, that reads, and writes, and spends all his time in convincing himself and the world that he is no better than a brute, ought to be whipped out of a government, as a blot to a civil society, and a defamer of mankind. I love to consider an infidel, whether distinguished by the title of deist, atheist, or free-thinker, in three different lights, in his solitudes, his afflictions, and his last moments.

A wise man, that lives up to the principles of reason and virtue, if one considers him in his solitude, as taking in the system of the universe, observing the mutual dependance and harmony, by which the whole frame of it hangs together, beating down his passions, or swelling his thoughts with magnificent ideas of Providence, makes a nobler figure in the eye of an intelligent being, than the greatest conqueror amidst the pomps and solemnities of a triumph. On the contrary, there is not a more ridiculous animal than an atheist in his retirement. His mind is incapable of rapture or elevation: he can only consider himself as an insignificant figure in a landscape, and wandering up and down in a field or a meadow, under the same terms as the meanest animals about him, and as subject to as total a mortality

Digitized by Google

as they, with this aggravation, that he is the only one amongst them who lies under the apprehension of it.

In distresses, he must be of all creatures the most helpless and forlorn; he feels the whole pressure of a present calamity, without being relieved by the memory of any thing that is passed, or the prospect of any thing that is to come. Annihilation is the greatest blessing that he proposes to himself, and an halter or a pistol the only refuge he can fly to. But if you would behold one of these gloomy miscreants in his poorest figure, you must consider him under the terrors, or at the approach, of death.

About thirty years ago I was a shipboard with one of these vermin, when there arose a brisk gale, which could frighten nobody but himself. Upon the rolling of the ship he fell upon his knees, and confessed to the chaplain, that he had been a vile atheist, and had denied a Supreme Being ever since he came to his estate. The good man was astonished, and a report immediately ran through the ship, that there was an atheist upon the upper deck. Several of the common seamen, who had never heard the word before, thought it had been some strange fish; but they were more surprised when they saw it was a man, and heard out of his own mouth, 'That he never believed till that day that there was a God.' As he lay in the agonies of confession, one of the honest tars whispered to the boatswain, 'That it would be a good deed to heave him overboard.' But we were now within sight of port, when of a sudden the wind fell, and the penitent relapsed, begging all of us that were present, as we were gentlemen, not to say any thing of what had passed.

He[a] had not been ashore above two days, when one of the company began to rally him upon his devotion on shipboard, which the other denied in so high terms, that it produced the lie on both sides, and ended in a duel. The atheist was run through the body, and after

[a] The following improvement on the story of the atheist, certainly by Mr. Addison.

Digitized by Google

some loss of blood, became as good a Christian as he was at sea, till he found that his wound was not mortal. He is at present one of the free-thinkers of the age, and now writing a pamphlet against several received opinions concerning the existence of fairies.*

As I have taken upon me to censure the faults of the age and country which I live in, I should have thought myself inexcusable to have passed over this crying one, which is the subject of my present discourse. I shall, therefore, from time to time, give my countrymen particular cautions against this distemper of the mind, that is almost become fashionable, and by that means more likely to spread. I have somewhere either read or heard a very memorable sentence, 'That a man would be a most insupportable monster, should he have the faults that are incident to his years, constitution, profession, family, religion, age, and country; and yet every man is in danger of them all. For this reason, as I am an old man, I take particular care to avoid being covetous, and telling long stories: as I am choleric, I forbear not only swearing, but all interjections of fretting, as Pugh! Pish! and the like. As I am a layman, I resolve not to conceive an aversion for a wise and good man, because his coat is of a different colour from mine. As I am descended of the ancient family of the Bickerstaffes, I never call a man of merit an upstart. As a protestant, I do not suffer my zeal so far to transport me, as to name the Pope and the Devil together. As I am fallen into this degenerate age, I guard myself particularly against the folly I have been now speaking of. And as I am an Englishman, I am very cautious not to hate a stranger, or despise a poor Palatine.

Sir Richard Steele assisted in this paper. T.

* *The existence of fairies.*] A fine stroke of satire, to insinuate, that the efforts of our most applauded free-thinkers are, generally, as harmless, as their intentions are malicious; for that they only bend their force against some phantom of religion, as *priestcraft, the intolerance of the clergy, &c.* and then plume themselves on the conceit, that they have been combating Christianity.

Digitized by Google

No. 114. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1709.

Ut in vitâ, sic in studiis, pulcherrimum et humanissimum existimo, severitatem comitatemque miscere, ne illa in tristitiam, hæc in petulantiam procedat. PLIN. EPIST.

Sheer-Lane, December 30.

I WAS walking about my chamber this morning in a very gay humour, when I saw a coach stop at my door, and a youth about fifteen alighting out of it, who I perceived to be the eldest son of my bosom-friend, that I gave some account of in my paper of the 17th of the last month. I felt a sensible pleasure rising in me at the sight of him, my acquaintance having begun with his father when he was just such a stripling, and about that very age. When he came up to me, he took me by the hand, and burst into tears. I was extremely moved, and immediately said, 'Child, how does your father do?' He began to reply, 'My mother——' but could not go on for weeping. I went down with him into the coach, and gathered out of him, that his mother was then dying, and that while the holy man was doing the last offices to her, he had taken that time to come and call me to his father, 'Who (he said) would certainly break his heart, if I did not go and comfort him.' The child's discretion in coming to me of his own head, and the tenderness he showed for his parents, would have quite overpowered me, had I not resolved to fortify myself for the seasonable performances of those duties which I owed to my friend. As we were going, I could not but reflect upon the character of that excellent woman, and the greatness of his grief for the loss of one who has ever been the support to him under all other afflictions. 'How (thought I) will he be able to bear the hour of her death, that could not, when I was lately with him, speak of a sickness, which was then past, without sorrow.' We were now got pretty far into Westminster, and arrived at my friend's house. At the door of it I met Favonius, not without a secret

Digitized by Google

satisfaction to find he had been there. I had formerly conversed with him at his house; and as he abounds with that sort of virtue and knowledge which makes religion beautiful, and never leads the conversation into the violence and rage of party disputes, I listened to him with great pleasure. Our discourse chanced to be upon the subject of Death, which he treated with such a strength of reason, and greatness of soul, that instead of being terrible, it appeared to a mind rightly cultivated, altogether to be contemned, or rather to be desired. As I met him at the door, I saw in his face a certain glowing of grief and humanity, heightened with an air of fortitude and resolution, which, as I afterwards found, had such an irresistible force, as to suspend the pains of the dying, and the lamentation of the nearest friends who attended her. I went up directly to the room where she lay, and was met at the entrance by my friend, who, notwithstanding his thoughts had been composed a little before, at the sight of me, turned away his face and wept. The little family of children renewed the expressions of their sorrow according to their several ages and degrees of understanding. The eldest daughter was in tears, busied in attendance upon her mother; others were kneeling about the bed-side: and what troubled me most was, to see a little boy, who was too young to know the reason, weeping only because his sisters did. The only one in the room who seemed resigned and comforted, was the dying person. At my approach to the bed-side, she told me, with a low broken voice, 'This is kindly done——Take care of your friend——Do not go from him.' She had before taken leave of her husband and children, in a manner proper for so solemn a parting, and with a gracefulness peculiar to a woman of her character. My heart was torn to pieces to see the husband on one side suppressing and keeping down the swellings of his grief, for fear of disturbing her in her last moments; and the wife, even at that time, concealing the pains she endured, for fear of increasing his affliction. She kept her eyes upon him for some mo-

Digitized by Google

ments after she grew speechless, and soon after closed them for ever. In the moment of her departure, my friend (who had thus far commanded himself) gave a deep groan, and fell into a swoon by her bed-side. The distraction of the children, who thought they saw both their parents expiring together, and now lying dead before them, would have melted the hardest heart; but they soon perceived their father recover, whom I helped to remove into another room, with a resolution to accompany him till the first pangs of his affliction were abated. I knew consolation would now be impertinent; and therefore contented myself to sit by him, and condole with him in silence. For I shall here use the method of an ancient author, who, in one of his epistles, relating the virtues and death of Macrinus's wife, expresses himself thus: "I shall suspend my advice to this best of friends, till he is made capable of receiving it by those three great remedies, *(necessitas ipsa, dies longa, et satietas doloris)* the necessity of submission, length of time, and satiety of grief."

In the mean time, I cannot but consider, with much commiseration, the melancholy state of one who has had such a part of himself torn from him, and which he misses in every circumstance of life. His condition is like that of one who has lately lost his right arm, and is every moment offering to help himself with it. He does not appear to himself the same person in his house, at his table, in company, or in retirement; and loses the relish of all the pleasures and diversions that were before entertaining to him by her participation of them. The most agreeable objects recal the sorrow for her with whom he used to enjoy them. This additional satisfaction, from the taste of pleasures in the society of one we love, is admirably described in Milton, who represents Eve, though in Paradise itself, no further pleased with the beautiful objects around her, than as she sees them in company with Adam, in that passage so inexpressibly charming.

> With thee conversing, I forget all time,
> All seasons, and their change; all please alike,

Digitized by Google

Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,
When first on his delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Glist'ring with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
After soft showers; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild; the silent night,
With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
And these the gems of heaven her starry train.
But neither breath of morn when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds, nor rising sun
In this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glist'ring with dew, nor fragrance after showers,
Nor grateful evening mild, nor silent night,
With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon,
Or glittering star-light, without Thee is sweet.

The variety of images in this passage is infinitely pleasing, and the recapitulation of each particular image, with a little varying of the expression, makes one of the finest turns of words that I have ever seen: which I rather mention, because Mr. Dryden has said, in his preface to Juvenal, 'That he could meet with no turn of words in Milton.'

It may further be observed, that though the sweetness of these verses has something in it of a pastoral, yet it excels the ordinary kind, as much as the scene of it is above an ordinary field or meadow. I might here, since I am accidentally led into this subject, show several passages in Milton that have as excellent turns of this nature, as any of our English poets whatsoever; but shall only mention that which follows, in which he describes the fallen angels engaged in the intricate disputes of predestination, free-will, and fore-knowledge; and to humour the perplexity, makes a kind of labyrinth in the very words that describe it.

Others apart sat on a hill retir'd,
In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high
Of Providence, fore-knowledge, will, and fate,
Fix'd fate, free-will, fore-knowledge absolute,
And found no end in wand'ring mazes lost.

Sir Richard Steele assisted in this paper. T. [a]

[a] The dying scene in this paper, Sir Richard Steele's.

Digitized by Google

No. 116. THURSDAY, JANUARY 5, 1709.

——Pars minima est ipsa puella sui.
OVID.

Sheer-Lane, January 4.

THE court being prepared for proceeding on the cause of the petticoat, I gave orders to bring in a criminal who was taken up as she went out of the puppet-show about three nights ago, and was now standing in the street with a great concourse of people about her. Word was brought me, that she had endeavoured twice or thrice to come in, but could not do it by reason of her petticoat, which was too large for the entrance of my house, though I had ordered both the folding-doors to be thrown open for its reception. Upon this, I desired the jury of matrons, who stood at my right hand, to inform themselves of her condition, and know whether there were any private reasons why she might not make her appearance separate from her petticoat. This was managed with great discretion, and had such an effect, that upon the return of the verdict from the bench of matrons, I issued out an order forthwith, that the criminal should be stripped of her encumbrances, till she became little enough to enter my house. I had before given directions for an engine of several legs, that could contract or open itself like the top of an umbrello, in order to place the petticoat upon it, by which means I might take a leisurely survey of it, as it should appear in its proper dimensions. This was all done accordingly; and forthwith, upon the closing of the engine, the petticoat was brought into court. I then directed the machine to be set upon the table, and dilated in such a manner, as to show the garment in its utmost circumference; but my great hall was too narrow for the experiment; for before it was half unfolded, it described so immoderate a circle, that the lower part of it brushed upon my face as I sat in my chair of judicature. I then inquired for the person that be-

Digitized by Google

longed to the petticoat; and, to my great surprise, was directed to a very beautiful young damsel, with so pretty a face and shape, that I bid her come out of the crowd, and seated her upon a little crock at my left hand. "My pretty maid (said I) do you own yourself to have been the inhabitant of the garment before us?" The girl I found had good sense, and told me with a smile, 'That notwithstanding it was her own petticoat, she should be very glad to see an example made of it; and that she wore it for no other reason, but that she had a mind to look as big and burly as other persons of her quality: that she had kept out of it as long as she could, and till she began to appear little in the eyes of all her acquaintance; that if she laid it aside, people would think she was not made like other women.' I always give great allowances to the fair sex upon account of the fashion, and therefore was not displeased with the defence of the pretty criminal. I then ordered the vest which stood before us to be drawn up by a pulley to the top of my great hall, and afterwards to be spread open by the engine it was placed upon, in such a manner, that it formed a very splendid and ample canopy over our heads, and covered the whole court of judicature with a kind of silken rotunda, in its form not unlike the cupola of St. Paul's. I entered upon the whole cause with great satisfaction, as I sat under the shadow of it.

The counsel for the petticoat was now called in, and ordered to produce what they had to say against the popular cry which was raised against it. They answered the objections with great strength and solidity of argument, and expatiated in very florid harangues, which they did not fail to set off and furbelow (if I may be allowed the metaphor) with many periodical sentences and turns of oratory. The chief arguments for their client were taken, first, from the great benefit that might arise to our woollen manufactory from this invention, which was calculated as follows: the common petticoat has not above four yards in the circumference; whereas this over our heads had more in the

Digitized by Google

semi-diameter: so that by allowing it twenty-four yards in the circumference, the five millions of woollen petticoats, which according to Sir William Petty (supposing what ought to be supposed in a well-governed state, that all petticoats are made of that stuff,) would amount to thirty millions of those of the ancient mode. A prodigious improvement of the woollen trade! and what could not fail to sink the power of France in a few years.

To introduce the second argument, they begged leave to read a petition of the rope-makers, wherein it was represented, that the demand for cords, and the price of them, were much risen since this fashion came up. At this, all the company who were present lifted up their eyes into the vault; and I must confess, we did discover many traces of cordage which were interwoven in the stiffening of the drapery.

A third argument was founded upon a petition of the Greenland trade, which[a] likewise represented the great consumption of whalebone which would be occasioned by the present fashion, and the benefit which would thereby accrue to that branch of the British trade.

To conclude, they gently touched upon the weight and unweildiness of the garment, which they insinuated might be of great use to preserve the honour of families.

These arguments would have wrought very much upon me, (as I then told the company in a long and elaborate discourse) had I not considered the great and additional expence which such fashions would bring upon fathers and husbands; and therefore by no means to be thought of till some years after a peace. I further urged, that it would be a prejudice to the ladies themselves, who could never expect to have any money in the pocket, if they laid out so much on the petticoat. To this I added, the great temptation it might give to virgins, of acting in security like married women, and by that means give a check to matrimony, an institution always encouraged by wise societies.

[a] *Trade, which*] Read, and point thus: —trade. It—

Digitized by Google

At the same time, in answer to the several petitions produced on that side, I shewed one subscribed by the women of several persons of quality, humbly setting forth, that since the introduction of this mode, their respective ladies had (instead of bestowing on them their cast gowns) cut them into shreds, and mixed them with the cordage and buckram, to complete the stiffening of their under-petticoats. For which, and sundry other reasons, I pronounced the petticoat a forfeiture: but to show that I did not make that judgment for the sake of filthy lucre, I ordered it to be folded up, and sent it as a present to a widow gentlewoman, who has five daughters, desiring she would make each of them a petticoat out of it, and send me back the remainder, which I design to cut into stomachers, caps, facings of my waistcoat sleeves, and other garnitures suitable to my age and quality.

I would not be understood, that (while I discard this monstrous invention) I am an enemy to the proper ornaments of the fair sex. On the contrary, as the hand of nature has poured on them such a profusion[a] of charms and graces, and sent them into the world more amiable and finished than the rest of her works; so I would have them bestow upon themselves all the additional beauties that art can supply them with, provided it does not interfere with, disguise, or pervert, those of nature.

I consider woman as a beautiful romantic animal, that may be adorned with furs and feathers, pearls and diamonds, ores and silks. The lynx shall cast its skin at her feet to make her a tippet; the peacock, parrot, and swan, shall pay contributions to her muff; the sea shall be searched for shells, and the rocks for gems; and every part of nature furnish out its share towards the embellishment of a creature that is the most consummate work of it. All this I shall indulge them in;

[a] *Poured—a profusion*] Not exact. He might have said—"*Such an abundance*," or, better still, because more simply,—"*so many charms and graces*."

Digitized by Google

but as for the petticoat I have been speaking of, I neither can nor will allow it.[a]

No. 117. SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1709.

Durate, et vosmet rebus servate secundis.
VIRG.

Sheer-Lane, January 6.

WHEN I look into the frame and constitution of my own mind, there is no part of it which I observe with greater satisfaction, than that tenderness and concern which it bears for the good and happiness of mankind. My own circumstances are indeed so narrow and scanty, that I should taste but very little pleasure, could I receive it only from those enjoyments which are in my own possession; but by this great tincture of humanity, which I find in all my thoughts and reflections, I am happier than any single person can be, with all the wealth, strength, beauty, and success, that can be conferred upon a mortal, if he only relishes such a proportion of these blessings as is vested in himself, and is his own private property. By this means, every man that does himself any real service, does me a kindness. I come in for my share in all the good that happens to a man of merit and virtue, and partake of many gifts of fortune and power that I was never born to. There is nothing in particular in which I so much rejoice, as the deliverance of good and generous spirits out of dangers, difficulties, and distresses. And because the world does not supply instances of this kind to furnish out sufficient entertainments for such an humanity and benevolence of temper, I have ever delighted in reading the history of ages past, which draws together into a narrow com-

[a] The inimitable ease and gaiety of humour, in this paper, occupies the mind so much, that one passes it over, without adverting, almost, to the extreme purity of the expression.

Digitized by Google

pass the great occurrences and events that are but thinly sown in those tracts of time which lie within our own knowledge and observation. When I see the life of a great man, who has deserved well of his country, after having struggled through all the oppositions of prejudice and envy, breaking out with lustre, and shining forth in all the splendor of success, I close my book, and am an happy man for a whole evening.

But since in history, events are of a mixed nature, and often happen alike to the worthless and the deserving, insomuch that we frequently see a virtuous man dying in the midst of disappointments and calamities, and the vicious ending their days in prosperity and peace; I love to amuse myself with the accounts I meet with in fabulous histories and fictions: for in this kind of writings we have always the pleasure of seeing vice punished and virtue rewarded. Indeed, were we able to view a man in the whole circle of his existence, we should have the satisfaction of seeing it close with happiness or misery, according to his proper merit: but though our view of him is interrupted by death before the finishing of his adventures, (if I may so speak) we may be sure that the conclusion and catastrophe is altogether suitable to his behaviour. On the contrary, the whole being of a man, considered as an hero, or a knight-errant, is comprehended within the limits of a poem or romance, and therefore always ends to our satisfaction; so that inventions of this kind are like food and exercise to a good natured disposition, which they please and gratify at the same time that they nourish and strengthen.* The greater the affliction is in which we see our favourites in these relations engaged, the greater is the pleasure we take in seeing them relieved.

Among the many feigned histories which I have met with in my reading, there is none in which the hero's perplexity is greater, and the winding out of it more difficult, than that in a French author whose name I have forgot. It so happens, that the hero's mistress

* After the verb, add, "*it.*"

Digitized by Google

was the sister of his most intimate friend, who, for certain reasons was given out to be dead, while he was preparing to leave his country in quest of adventures. The hero having heard of his friend's death, immediately repaired to his mistress, to condole with her, and comfort her. Upon his arrival in her garden, he discovered at a distance, a man clasped in her arms, and embraced with the most endearing tenderness. What should he do? It did not consist with the gentleness of a knight-errant either to kill his mistress, or the man whom she was pleased to favour. At the same time, it would have spoiled a romance, should he have laid violent hands on himself. In short, he immediately entered upon his adventures; and after a long series of exploits, found out by degrees, that the person he saw in his mistress's arms was her own brother, taking leave of her before he left his country, and the embrace she gave him, nothing else but the affectionate farewel of a sister: so that he had at once the two greatest satisfactions that could enter into the heart of man, in finding his friend alive, whom he thought dead; and his mistress faithful, whom he had believed inconstant.

There are indeed some disasters so very fatal, that it is impossible for any accidents to rectify them. Of this kind was that of poor Lucretia; and yet we see Ovid has found an expedient even in a case like hers. He describes a beautiful and royal virgin walking on the sea-shore, where she was discovered by Neptune, and violated after a long and unsuccesaful importunity. To mitigate her sorrow, he offers her whatever she would wish for. Never, certainly, was the wit of woman more puzzled in finding out a stratagem to retrieve her honour. Had she desired to be changed into a stock or stone, a beast, fish, or fowl, she would have been a loser by it: or had she desired to have been made a sea-nymph, or a goddess, her immortality would but have perpetuated her disgrace. Give me, therefore, said she, such a shape as may make me incapable of suffering again the like calamity, or of being reproached for what I have already suffered. To be short, she

Digitized by Google

was turned into a man, and by that only means avoided the danger and imputation she so much dreaded.

I was once myself in agonies of grief that are unutterable, and in so great a distraction of mind, that I thought myself even out of the possibility of receiving comfort. The occasion was as follows: When I was a youth in a part of the army which was then quartered at Dover, I fell in love with an agreeable young woman, of a good family in those parts, and had the satisfaction of seeing my addresses kindly received, which occasioned the perplexity I am going to relate.

We were in a calm evening diverting ourselves upon the top of the cliff with the prospect of the sea, and trifling away the time in such little fondnesses as are most ridiculous to people in business, and most agreeable to those in love.

In the midst of these our innocent endearments, she snatched a paper of verses out of my hand, and ran away with them. I was following her, when on a sudden the ground, though at a considerable distance from the verge of the precipice, sunk under her, and threw her down from so prodigious an height upon such a range of rocks, as would have dashed her into ten thousand pieces, had her body been made of adamant. It is much easier for my reader to imagine my state of mind upon such an occasion, than for me to express it. I said to myself, 'It is not in the power of heaven to relieve me!' When I awaked,[a] equally transported and astonished, to see myself drawn out of an affliction which the very moment before appeared to me altogether inextricable.

The impressions of grief and horror were so lively on this occasion, that while they lasted, they made me more miserable than I was at the real death of this beloved person, (which happened a few months after, at a time when the match between us was concluded) inasmuch as the imaginary death was untimely, and I my-

[a] *When I awaked,*] Inimitably contrived, not to tell us that this adventure was a dream, 'till we come to the catastrophe of it.

Digitized by Google

self in a sort an accessary; whereas her decease had at least these alleviations, of being natural and inevitable.

The memory of the dream I have related, still dwells so strongly upon me, that I can never read the description of Dover-Cliff in Shakespear's tragedy of King Lear, without a fresh sense of my escape. The prospect from that place is drawn with such proper incidents, that whoever can read it without growing giddy, must have a good head, or a very bad one.[a]

Come on, sir, here's the place. Stand still! how fearful
And dizzy 'tis to cast ones eyes so low?
The crows and choughs that wing the midway air
Show scarce as gross as beetles. Half-way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire. Dreadful trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head.
The fishermen that walk upon the beach
Appear like mice, and yon tall anchoring bark
Diminish'd to her boat; her boat a buoy
Almost too small for sight. The murmuring surge
(That on the unnumber'd idle pebble beats)
Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more,
Lest my brain turn.

No. 119. THURSDAY, JANUARY 12, 1709.

In tenui labor,——— VIRG.

Sheer-Lane, January 11.

I HAVE lately applied myself with much satisfaction to the curious discoveries that have been made by the help of microscopes, as they are related by authors of our

[a] A quibble, not much to the credit of the writer. For, by a *good head*, is here meant, a head that does not turn and grow giddy at the sight of a precipice: and by a *bad one*, is meant a *head*, that leaves a man insensible to the force of this description. But these two heads may grow together on the same shoulders.—The thought, then, is a false one, and the opposition is only in the sound, not in the sense.

Digitized by Google

own and other nations. There is a great deal of pleasure in prying into this world of wonders, which nature has laid out of sight, and seems industrious to conceal from us. Philosophy had ranged over all the visible creation, and began to want objects for her inquiries, when the present age, by the invention of glasses, opened a new and inexhaustible magazine of rarities, more wonderful and amazing than any of those which astonished our forefathers. I was yesterday amusing myself with speculations of this kind, and reflecting upon myriads of animals that swim in those little seas of juices that are contained in the several vessels of an human body. While my mind was thus filled with that secret wonder and delight, I could not but look upon myself as in an act of devotion, and am very well pleased with the thought of the great heathen anatomist, who calls his description of the parts of an human body. 'An Hymn to the Supreme Being.' The reading of the day produced in my imagination an agreeable morning's dream, if I may call it such: for I am still in doubt, whether it passed in my sleeping or waking thoughts.[a] However it was, I fancied that my good genius stood at my bed's head, and entertained me with the following discourse; for upon my rising, it dwelt so strongly upon me, that I writ down the substance of it, if not the very words.

If (said he) you can be so transported with those productions of nature which are discovered to you by those artificial eyes that are the works of human invention, how great will your surprise be, when you shall have it in your power to model your own eye as you please, and adapt it to the bulk of objects, which, with all these helps, are by infinite degrees too minute for your perception. We who are unbodied spirits, can sharpen our sight to what degree we think fit, and make the least work of the creation distinct and visible. This gives us such ideas as cannot possibly enter into

[a] *Waking thoughts.*] Finely observed, to intimate that what follows, how fantastic soever it may seem, hath its foundation in truth and fact.

Digitized by Google

your present conceptions. There is not the least particle of matter which may not furnish one of us sufficient employment for a whole eternity. We can still divide it, and still open it, and still discover new wonders of Providence, as we look into the different texture of its parts, and meet with beds of vegetables, mineral and metallic mixtures, and several kinds of animals that lie hid, and as it were lost in such an endless fund of matter. I find you are surprised at this discourse; but as your reason tells you there are infinite parts in the smallest portion of matter, it will likewise convince you, that there is as great a variety of secrets, and as much room for discoveries, in a particle no bigger than the point of a pin, as in the globe of the whole earth. Your microscopes bring to sight shoals of living creatures in a spoonful of vinegar; but we, who can distinguish them in their different magnitudes, see among them several huge Leviathans, that terrify the little fry of animals about them, and take their pastime as in an ocean, or the great deep. I could not but smile at this part of his relation, and told him, I doubted not but he could give me the history of several invisible giants, accompanied with their respective dwarfs, in case that any of these little beings are of an human shape. You may assure yourself (said he) that we see in these little animals different natures, instincts, and modes of life, which correspond to what you observe in creatures of bigger dimensions. We descry millions of species subsisted[a] on a green leaf, which your glasses represent only in crowds and swarms. What appears to your eye but as hair or down rising on the surface of it, we find to be woods and forests, inhabited by beasts of prey, that are as dreadful in those their haunts, as lions and tigers in the deserts of Libya. I was much delighted with his discourse, and could not forbear telling him, that I should be wonderfully pleased to see a natural history of imperceptibles, containing a true account of such vegetables

[a] *Subsisted*] *Subsist*, has no participle passive. He should have said "*subsisting*."

Digitized by Google

and animals as grow and live out of sight. Such disquisitions (answered he) are very suitable to reasonable creatures; and you may be sure, there are many curious spirits amongst us who employ themselves in such amusements. For as our hands, and all our senses, may be formed to what degree of strength and delicacy we please, in the same manner as our sight, we can make what experiments we are inclined to, how small soever the matter be in which we make them. I have been present at the dissection of a mite, and have seen the skeleton of a flea. I have been shown a forest of numberless trees, which has been picked out of an acorn. Your microscope can show you in it a compleat oak in miniature; and could you suit all your organs as we do, you might pluck an acorn from this little oak, which contains another tree; and so proceed from tree to tree, as long as you would think fit to continue your disquisitions. It is almost impossible (added he) to talk of things so remote from common life, and the ordinary notions which mankind receive from blunt and gross organs of sense, without appearing extravagant and ridiculous. You have often seen a dog opened,[a] to observe the circulation of the blood, or make any other useful inquiry; and yet would be tempted to laugh if I should tell you, that a circle of much greater philosophers than any of the Royal Society, were present at the cutting up of one of those little animals which we find in the blue of a plumb; that it was tied down alive before them; and that they observed the palpitations of the heart, the course of the blood, the working of the muscles, and the convulsions in the several limbs, with great accuracy and improvement. I must confess, (said I) for my own part, I go along with you in all your discoveries with great pleasure; but it is certain, they are too fine for the gross of mankind, who are more struck with the description of every thing that is great and bulky. Accordingly we find the best judge of human

[a] I wonder that a man of Mr. Addison's humanity, could speak of *opening a dog*, with so much unconcern; or think it justifiable on the pretence of *making an useful discovery*.

Digitized by Google

nature setting forth his wisdom, not in the formation of these minute animals, (though indeed no less wonderful than the other) but in that of the Leviathan and Behemoth, the Horse and the Crocodile. Your observation (said he) is very just; and I must acknowledge for my own part, that although it is with much delight that I see the traces of Providence in these instances, I still take greater pleasure in considering the works of the creation in their immensity, than in their minuteness. For this reason, I rejoice when I strengthen my sight so as to make it pierce into the most remote spaces, and take a view of those heavenly bodies which lie out of the reach of human eyes, though assisted by telescopes. What you look upon as one confused white in the milky-way, appears to me a long tract of heavens, distinguished by stars that are ranged in proper figures and constellations. While you are admiring the sky in a starry night, I am entertained with a variety of worlds and suns placed one above another, and rising up to such an immense distance, that no created eye can see an end of them.

The latter part of his discourse flung me into such an astonishment, that he had been silent for some time before I took notice of it; when on a sudden I started up and drew my curtains, to look if any one was near me, but saw nobody, and cannot tell to this moment, whether it was my good genius or a dream that left me.

No. 120. SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1709.

———Velut silvis, ubi passim
Palantes error certo de tramite pellit;
Ille sinistrorsum, hic dextrorsum abit.
HOR.

Sheer-Lane, January 13.

INSTEAD of considering any particular passion or character in any one set of men, my thoughts were last

Digitized by Google

night employed on the contemplation of human life in general; and truly it appears to me, that the whole species are hurried on by the same desires, and engaged in the same pursuits, according to the different stages and divisions of life. Youth is devoted to lust, middle age to ambition, old age to avarice. These are the three general motives and principles of action both in good and bad men; though it must be acknowledged that they change their names, and refine their natures, according to the temper of the person whom they direct and animate. For with the good, lust becomes virtuous love; ambition, true honour; and avarice, the care of posterity. This scheme of thought amused me very agreeably till I retired to rest, and afterwards formed itself into a pleasing and regular vision,* which I shall describe in all its circumstances, as the objects presented themselves, whether in a serious or ridiculous manner.

I dreamed that I was in a wood, of so prodigious an extent, and cut into such a variety of walks and alleys, that all mankind were lost and bewildered in it. After having wandered up and down some time, I came into the centre of it, which opened into a wide plain, filled with multitudes of both sexes. I here discovered three great roads, very wide and long, that led into three different parts of the forest. On a sudden, the whole multitude broke into three parts, according to their different ages, and marched in their respective bodies

* Mr. Addison's serious papers on human life, have not, in general, the merit of his *humorous*. Even his style, on these occasions, (his genius not lying towards abstract, or formal discourse) hath a languor in it, which all the graces of his polished manner cannot conceal. But when he throws himself out in *dreams* and *visions*, the case is much otherwise. For his poetic invention supplies him with many apt *resemblances*; and his magic style (fired by the subject, and the writer's love of it) is then so bright and glowing, that Plato himself is but second to him in this province of moral allegory. His genius may be compared to the Spirit in Milton's mask. *When clad in this earth-worn mould*, I mean, in the hackneyed form of dissertation, one may take him for an ordinary swain or villager: but when he sports at ease, in his own element, and, as the poet says, *"plays i' th' plighted clouds,"* the reader is *awe-struck*, and easily recognises his divine original.

Digitized by Google

into the three great roads that lay before them. As I had a mind to know how each of these roads terminated, and whither it would lead those who passed through them, I joined myself with the assembly that were in the flower and vigour of their age, and called themselves 'The Band of Lovers.' I found, to my great surprise, that several old men besides myself had intruded into this agreeable company; as I had before observed, there were some young men who had united themselves to the band of misers, and were walking up the path of Avarice; though both made a very ridiculous figure, and were as much laughed at by those they joined, as by those they forsook. The walk which we marched up, for thickness of shades, embroidery of flowers, and melody of birds, with the distant purling of streams, and falls of water, was so wonderfully delightful, that it charmed our senses, and intoxicated our minds with pleasure. We had not been long here, before every man singled out some woman to whom he offered his addresses, and professed himself a lover; when on a sudden we perceived this delicious walk to grow more narrow as we advanced in it, till it ended in many intricate thickets, mazes, and labyrinths, that were so mixed with roses and brambles, brakes of thorns, and beds of flowers, rocky paths, and pleasing grottos, that it was hard to say, whether it gave greater delight or perplexity to those who travelled in it.

It was here that the lovers began to be eager in their pursuits. Some of their mistresses, who only seemed to retire for the sake of form and decency, led them into plantations that were disposed into regular walks; where, after they had wheeled about in some turns and windings, they suffered themselves to be overtaken, and gave their hands to those who pursued them. Others withdrew from their followers into little wildernesses, where there were so many paths interwoven with each other, in so much confusion and irregularity, that several of the lovers quitted the pursuit, or broke their hearts in the chase. It was sometimes very odd to see a man pursuing a fine woman that was following ano-

Digitized by Google

ther, whose eye was fixed upon a fourth, that had her own game in view in some other quarter of the wilderness. I could not but observe two things in this place which I thought very particular, that several persons who stood only at the end of the avenues, and cast a careless eye upon the nymphs during their whole flight, often catched them, when those who pressed them the most warmly through all their turns and doubles, were wholly unsuccessful: and that some of my own age, who were at first looked upon with aversion and contempt, by being well acquainted with the wilderness, and by dodging their women in the particular corners and alleys of it, catched them in their arms, and took them from those whom they really loved and admired. There was a particular grove, which was called 'The Labyrinth of Coquettes;' where many were enticed to the chase, but few returned with purchase. It was pleasant enough to see a celebrated beauty, by smiling upon one, casting a glance upon another, beckoning to a third, and adapting her charms and graces to the several follies of those that admired her, drawing into the labyrinth a whole pack of lovers, that lost themselves in the maze, and never could find their way out of it. However, it was some satisfaction to me, to see many of the fair ones, who had thus deluded their followers, and left them among the intricacies of the labyrinth, obliged, when they came out of it, to surrender to the first partner that offered himself. I now had crossed over all the difficult and perplexed passages that seemed to bound our walk, when on the other side of them, I saw the same great road running on a little way, till it was terminated by two beautiful temples. I stood here for some time, and saw most of the multitude who had been dispersed amongst the thickets, coming out two by two, and marching up in pairs towards the temples that stood before us. The structure on the right hand was (as I afterwards found) consecrated to Virtuous Love, and could not be entered but by such as received a ring, or some other token, from a person who was placed as a guard at the gate of it. He wore

Digitized by Google

a garland of roses and myrtles on his head, and on his shoulders a robe like an imperial mantle, white and unspotted all over, excepting only, that where it was clasped at his breast, there were two golden turtle doves that buttoned it by their bills, which were wrought in rubies. He was called by the name of Hymen, and was seated near the temple, in a delicious bower, made up of several trees, that were embraced by woodbines, jessamines, and amaranths, which were as so many emblems of marriage, and ornaments to the trunks that supported them. As I was single and unaccompanied, I was not permitted to enter the temple, and for that reason am a stranger to all the mysteries that were performed in it. I had, however, the curiosity to observe how the several couples that entered were disposed of; which was after the following manner. There were two great gates on the backside of the edifice, at which the whole crowd was let out. At one of these gates were two women, extremely beautiful, though in a different kind, the one having a very careful and composed air, the other a sort of smile and ineffable sweetness in her countenance. The name of the first was Discretion, and of the other Complacency. All who came out of this gate, and put themselves under the direction of these two sisters, were immediately conducted by them into gardens, groves, and meadows, which abounded in delights, and were furnished with every thing that could make them the proper seats of happiness. The second gate of this temple let out all the couples that were unhappily married, who came out linked together by chains, which each of them strove to break, but could not. Several of these were such as had never been acquainted with each other, before they met in the great walk, or had been too well acquainted in the thicket. The entrance of this gate was possessed by three sisters, who joined themselves with these wretches, and occasioned most of their miseries. The youngest of the sisters was known by the name of Levity, who with the innocence of a virgin, had the dress and behaviour of a harlot. The name of the second was Contention, who bore on

Digitized by Google

her right arm a muff made of the skin of a porcupine; and on her left carried a little lap-dog, that barked and snapped at every one that passed by her.

The eldest of the sisters, who seemed to have an haughty and imperious air, was always accompanied with a tawny Cupid, who generally marched before her with a little mace on his shoulder, the end of which was fashioned into the horns of a stag. Her garments were yellow, and her complexion pale. Her eyes were piercing, but had odd casts in them, and that particular distemper, which makes persons who are troubled with it, see objects double. Upon inquiry, I was informed that her name was Jealousy.

Having finished my observations upon this temple, and its votaries, I repaired to that which stood on the left hand, and was called 'The Temple of Lust.' The front of it was raised on Corinthian pillars, with all the meretricious ornaments that accompany that order; whereas that of the other was composed of the chaste and matron-like Ionic. The sides of it were adorned with several grotesque figures of goats, sparrows, heathen gods, satyrs, and monsters, made up of half man half beast. The gates were unguarded, and open to all that had a mind to enter. Upon my going in, I found the windows were blinded, and let in only a kind of twilight, that served to discover a prodigious number of dark corners and apartments, into which the whole temple was divided. I was here stunned with a mixed noise of clamour and jollity; on one side of me, I heard singing and dancing; on the other, brawls and clashing of swords. In short, I was so little pleased with the place, that I was going out of it; but found I could not return by the gate where I entered, which was barred against all that were come in, with bolts of iron, and locks of adamant. There was no going back from this temple through the paths of pleasure which led to it: all who passed through the ceremonies of the place, went out at an iron wicket, which was kept by a dreadful giant called Remorse, that held a scourge of scorpions in his hand, and drove them into the only outlet

Digitized by Google

from that temple. This was a passage so rugged, so uneven, and choked with so many thorns and briars, that it was a melancholy spectacle to behold the pains and difficulties which both sexes suffered who walked through it. The men, though in the prime of their youth, appeared weak and enfeebled with old age: the women wrung their hands, and tore their hair; and several lost their limbs before they could extricate themselves out of the perplexities of the path in which they were engaged. The remaining part of this vision, and the adventures I met with in the two great roads of Ambition and Avarice, must be the subject of another paper.

ADVERTISEMENT.

I have this morning received the following letter from the famous Mr. Thomas Dogget.

"SIR,

"ON Monday next will be acted for my benefit, the comedy of Love for Love: if you will do me the honour to appear there, I will publish on the bills, that it is to be performed at the request of Isaac Bickerstaffe, Esq. and question not but it will bring me as great an audience, as ever was at the house since the Morocco ambassador was there.

"I am,
(with the greatest respect)
Your most obedient,
And most humble servant,
THOMAS DOGGET."

Being naturally an encourager of wit, as well as bound to it in the quality of censor, I returned the following answer.

"MR. DOGGET,

"I am very well pleased with the choice you have made of so excellent a play, and have always looked upon you as the best of comedians; I shall, therefore,

Digitized by Google

come in between the first and second act, and remain in the right-hand box over the pit till the end of the fourth, provided you take care that every thing be rightly prepared for my reception."

No. 121. TUESDAY, JANUARY 17, 1709.

——Similis tibi, Cynthia, vel tibi cujus
Turbavit nitidos extinctus passer ocellos.

Juv.

From my own Apartment, January 16.

I WAS recollecting the remainder of my vision, when my maid came to me, and told me, there was a gentlewoman below who seemed to be in great trouble, and pressed very much to see me. When it lay in my power to remove the distress of an unhappy person, I thought I should very ill employ my time in attending matters of speculation, and therefore desired the lady would walk in. When she entered, I saw her eyes full of tears: however, her grief was not so great as to make her omit rules; for she was very long and exact in her civilities, which gave me time to view and consider her. Her clothes were very rich, but tarnished; and her words very fine, but ill applied. These distinctions made me without hesitation (though I had never seen her before) ask her, 'If her lady had any commands for me?' She then began to weep afresh, and with many broken sighs told me, 'That their family was in very great affliction'—I beseeched her to compose herself, for that I might possibly be capable of assisting them.——She then cast her eye upon my little dog, and was again transported with too much passion to proceed; but with much ado, she at last gave me to understand, that Cupid, her lady's lap-dog, was dangerously ill, and in so bad a condition, that her lady neither saw company, nor went abroad, for which reason she did not come herself to consult me; that as I

Digitized by Google

had mentioned with great affection my own dog, (here she curtsied, and looking first at the cur, and then on me, said, 'Indeed I had reason, for he was very pretty') her lady sent to me rather than to any other doctor, and hoped I would not laugh at her sorrow, but send her my advice. I must confess, I had some indignation to find myself treated like something below a farrier; yet well knowing, that the best as well as most tender way of dealing with a woman, is to fall in with her humours, and by that means, to let her see the absurdity of them; I proceeded accordingly: 'Pray, madam, said I, can you give me any methodical account of this illness, and how Cupid was first taken?' 'Sir, (said she,) we have a little ignorant country girl, who is kept to tend him: she was recommended to our family by one, that my lady never saw but once, at a visit; and you know, persons of quality are always inclined to strangers; for I could have helped her to a cousin of my own, but—' 'Good madam, (said I,) you neglect the account of the sick body,[a] while you are complaining of this girl.' 'No, no, sir, (said she,) begging your pardon: but it is the general fault of physicians, they are so in haste, that they never hear out the case. I say, this silly girl, after washing Cupid, let him stand half an hour in the window without his collar, where he catched cold, and in an hour after began to bark very hoarse. He had, however, a pretty good night, and we hoped the danger was over; but for these two nights last past, neither he nor my lady have slept a wink.' 'Has he (said I) taken any thing?' 'No, (said she,) but my lady says, he shall take any thing that you prescribe, provided you do not make use of Jesuits powder, or the cold bath. Poor Cupid, (continued she,) has always been pthisical, and as he lies under something like a chin cough, we are afraid it will end in a consumption.' I then asked her, 'If she had brought any of his water to shew me?' Upon this, she stared me in the face, and said, 'I am afraid,

[a] *The sick body,*] The humour of this expression is inimitable.

Digitized by Google

Mr. Bickerstaffe, you are not serious;[a] but if you have any receipt that is proper on this occasion, pray let us have it, for my mistress is not to be comforted.' Upon this, I paused a little without returning any answer; and after some short silence, I proceeded in the following manner:[b] 'I have considered the nature of the distemper, and the constitution of the patient, and by the best observation that I can make on both, I think it safest to put him into a course of kitchen physic. [In the mean time, to remove his hoarseness, it will be the most natural way to make Cupid his own druggist; for which reason, I shall prescribe to him, three mornings successively, as much powder as will lie on a groat, of that noble remedy which the apothecaries call *album Græcum*. Upon hearing this advice, the young woman smiled,[c] as if she knew how ridiculous an errand she had been employed in; and indeed I found by the sequel of her discourse, that she was an arch baggage, and of a character that is frequent enough in persons of her employment, who are so used to conform themselves in every thing to the humours and passions of their mistresses, that they sacrifice superiority of sense to superiority of condition, and are insensibly betrayed into the passions and prejudices of those whom they serve, without giving themselves leave to consider, that they are extravagant and ridiculous. However, I thought it very natural, when her eyes were thus open, to see her give a new turn to her discourse, and from sympathizing with her mistress in her follies, to fall a railing at her. 'You cannot imagine, (said she,) Mr. Bickerstaffe, what a life she makes us lead for the sake of this

[a] This was put in to prepare the way for the change of character.—*See the next page.*

[b] *Proceeded in the following manner:*] I suppose, in Mr. Addison's original draught, it stood thus—"I dismissed her with the following prescription."

[c] This change of character in the Abigail, is so foreign to the design of the paper; is so languidly expressed, and carried on in a vein of humour so unlike Mr. Addison's, that I think it should be given to his coadjutor. What I mean, is, so much of this page as is contained within the crotchets, from "*In the mean,*" &c. to "*forced her out.*"

Digitized by Google

ugly cur: if he dies, we are the most unhappy family in town. She chanced to lose a parrot last year, which, to tell you truly, brought me into her service; for she turned off her woman upon it, who had lived with her ten years, because she neglected to give him water, though every one of the family says, she was as innocent of the bird's death, as the babe that is unborn. Nay, she told me this very morning, that if Cupid should die, she would send the poor innocent wench I was telling you of, to Bridewell, and have the milk-woman tried for her life at the Old Bailey, for putting water into his milk. In short, she talks like any distracted creature.'

'Since it is so, young woman, (said I,) I will by no means let you offend her, by staying on this message longer than is absolutely necessary;' and so forced her out.]

While I am studying to cure those evils and distresses that are necessary or natural to human life, I find my task growing upon me, since by these accidental cares, and acquired calamities, (if I may so call them,) my patients contract distempers to which their constitution is of itself a stranger. But this is an evil I have for many years remarked in the fair sex; and as they are by nature very much formed for affection and dalliance, I have observed, that when by too obstinate a cruelty, or any other means, they have disappointed themselves of the proper objects of love, as husbands, or children, such virgins have exactly at such a year grown fond of lap-dogs, parrots, or other animals. I know at this time a celebrated toast, whom I allow to be one of the most agreeable of her sex, that in the presence of her admirers, will give a torrent of kisses to her cat, any one of which a Christian would be glad of. I do not at the same time deny, but there are as great enormities of this kind committed by our sex as theirs. A Roman emperor had so very great an esteem for an horse of his, that he had thoughts of making him a consul; and several moderns of that rank of men, whom we call country 'squires, will not scruple to kiss their hounds

Digitized by Google

before all the world, and declare, in the presence of their wives, that they had rather salute a favourite of the pack, than the finest woman in England. These voluntary friendships between animals of different species, seem to arise from instinct; for which reason, I have always looked upon the mutual goodwill between the 'squire and the hound, to be of the same nature with that between the lion and the jackal.

The only extravagance of this kind which appears to me excusable, is one that grew out of an excess of gratitude, which I have somewhere met with in the life of a Turkish emperor. His horse had brought him safe out of a field of battle, and from the pursuit of a victorious enemy. As a reward for such his good and faithful service, his master built him a stable of marble, shod him with gold, fed him in an ivory manger, and made him a rack of silver. He annexed to the stable several fields and meadows, lakes and running streams. At the same time he provided for him a seraglio of mares, the most beautiful that could be found in the whole Ottoman empire. To these were added a suitable train of domestics, consisting of grooms, farriers, rubbers, &c. accommodated with proper liveries and pensions. In short, nothing was omitted that could contribute to the ease and happiness of his life who had preserved the emperor's.

'By reason of the extreme cold, and the changeableness of the weather, I have been prevailed upon to allow the free use of the fardingal till the 20th of February next ensuing.'

Digitized by Google

No. 122. THURSDAY, JANUARY 19, 1709.

Cur in Theatrum Cato severe venisti?
MART.

From my own Apartment, January 18.

I FIND it is thought necessary, that I (who have taken upon me to censure the irregularities of the age) should give an account of my actions when they appear doubtful, or subject to misconstruction. My appearing at the play on Monday last,* is looked upon as a step in my conduct which I ought to explain, that others may not be misled by my example. It is true in matter of fact, I was present at the ingenious entertainment of that day, and placed myself in a box which was prepared for me with great civility and distinction. It is said of Virgil, when he entered a Roman theatre, where there were many thousands of spectators present, that the whole assembly rose up to do him honour; a respect which was never before paid to any but the emperor. I must confess, that universal clap, and other testimonies of applause, with which I was received at my first appearance in the theatre of Great Britain, gave me as sensible a delight, as the above-mentioned reception could give to that immortal poet. I should be ungrateful at the same time, if I did not take this opportunity of acknowledging the great civilities that were shown me by Mr. Thomas Dogget, who made his compliments to me between the acts after a most ingenuous and discreet manner; and at the same time communicated to me, that the company of upholders desired to receive me at their door at the end of the Haymarket, and to light me home to my lodgings. That part of the ceremony I forbade, and took particular care during the whole play to observe the con-

* N. B. A person dressed for Isaac Bickerstaffe did appear at the play-house on this occasion.

Digitized by Google

duct of the drama, and give no offence by my own behaviour. Here I think it will not be foreign to my character, to lay down the proper duties of an audience, and what is incumbent upon each individual spectator in public diversions of this nature. Every one should on these occasions show his attention, understanding, and virtue. I would undertake to find out all the persons of sense and breeding by the effect of a single sentence, and to distinguish a gentleman as much by his laugh as his bow. When we see the footman and his lord diverted by the same jest, it very much turns to the diminution of the one, or the honour of the other. But though a man's quality may appear in his understanding and taste, the regard to virtue ought to be the same in all ranks and conditions of men, however they make a profession of it under the name of honour, religion, or morality. When, therefore, we see any thing divert an audience, either in tragedy or comedy, that strikes at the duties of civil life, or exposes what the best men in all ages have looked upon as sacred and inviolable, it is the certain sign of a profligate race of men, who are fallen from the virtue of their forefathers, and will be contemptible in the eyes of their posterity. For this reason I took great delight in seeing the generous and disinterested passion of the lovers in this comedy (which stood so many trials, and was proved by such a variety of diverting incidents) received with an universal approbation. This brings to my mind a passage in Cicero, which I could never read without being in love with the virtue of a Roman audience. He there describes the shouts and applauses which the people gave to the persons who acted the parts of Pylades and Orestes, in the noblest occasion that a poet could invent to show friendship in perfection. One of them had forfeited his life by an action which he had committed; and as they stood in judgment before the tyrant, each of them strove who should be the criminal, that he might save the life of his friend. Amidst the vehemence of each asserting himself to be the offender, the Roman audience gave a thunder of applause, and by that means,

Digitized by Google

as the author hints, approved in others what they would have done themselves on the like occasion. Methinks, a people of so much virtue were deservedly placed at the head of mankind: but, alas! pleasures of this nature are not frequently to be met with on the English stage.

The Athenians, at a time when they were the most polite, as well as the most powerful government in the world, made the care of the stage one of the chief parts of the administration: and I must confess, I am astonished at the spirit of virtue which appeared in that people upon some expressions in a scene of a famous tragedy; an account of which we have in one of Seneca's epistles. A covetous person is represented speaking the common sentiments of all who are possessed with that vice in the following soliloquy, which I have translated literally.

'Let me be called a base man, so I am called a rich one. If a man is rich, who asks if he is good? The question is, how much we have; not from whence, or by what means we have it. Every one has so much merit as he has wealth. For my own part, let me be rich, O ye gods! or let me die. The man dies happily, who dies increasing his treasure. There is more pleasure in the possession of wealth, than in that of parents, children, wife, or friends.'

The audience were very much provoked by the first words of this speech; but when the actor came to the close of it, they could bear no longer. In short, the whole assembly rose up at once in the greatest fury, with a design to pluck him off the stage, and brand the work itself with infamy. In the midst of the tumult, the author came out from behind the scenes, begging the audience to be composed for a little while, and they should see the tragical end which this wretch should come to immediately. The promise of punishment appeased the people, who sat with great attention and pleasure to see an example made of so odious a criminal. It is with shame and concern that I speak it; but I very much question, whether it is possible to

Digitized by Google

make a speech so impious, as to raise such a laudable horror and indignation in a modern audience.

It is very natural for an author to make ostentation of his reading, as it is for an old man to tell stories; for which reason, I must beg the reader will excuse me, if I for once indulge myself in both these inclinations. We see the attention, judgment, and virtue of a whole audience, in the foregoing instances. If we would imitate the behaviour of a single spectator, let us reflect upon that of Socrates, in a particular which gives me as great an idea of that extraordinary man, as any circumstance of his life; or, what is more, of his death. This venerable person often frequented the theatre, which brought a great many thither, out of a desire to see him. On which occasion, it is recorded of him, that he sometimes stood, to make himself the more conspicuous, and to satisfy the curiosity of the beholders. He was one day present at the first representation of a tragedy of Euripides, who was his intimate friend, and whom he is said to have assisted in several of his plays. In the midst of the tragedy, which had met with very great success, there chanc'd to be a line that seemed to encourage vice and immorality.

This was no sooner spoken, but Socrates rose from his seat, and without any regard to his affection for his friend, or to the success of the play, showed himself displeased at what was said, and walked out of the assembly. I question not but the reader will be curious to know what the line was that gave this divine heathen so much offence. If my memory fails me not, it was in the part of Hippolitus, who, when he is pressed by an oath, which he had taken to keep silence, returned for answer, that he had taken the oath with his tongue, but not with his heart. Had a person of a vicious character made such a speech, it might have been allowed as a proper representation of the baseness of his thoughts: but such an expression out of the mouth of the virtuous Hippolitus, was giving a sanction to falsehood, and establishing perjury by a maxim.

Digitized by Google

Having got over all interruptions, I have set apart to-morrow for the closing of my vision.

No. 123. SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1709.

Audire atque togam jubeo componere, quisquis
Ambitione mala, aut argenti pallet amore.

Hor.

From my own Apartment, January 20.

A CONTINUATION OF THE VISION.

WITH much labour and difficulty I passed through the first part of my vision, and recovered the centre of the wood, from whence I had the prospect of the three great roads. I here joined myself to the middle-aged party of mankind, who marched behind the standard of ambition. The great road lay in a direct line, and was terminated by the Temple of Virtue. It was planted on each side with laurels, which were intermixed with marble trophies, carved pillars, and statues of law-givers, heroes, statesmen, philosophers, and poets. The persons who travelled up this great path, were such whose thoughts were bent upon doing eminent services to mankind, or promoting the good of their country. On each side of this great road were several paths, that were also laid out in straight lines, and ran parallel with it. These were most of them covered walks, and received into them men of retired virtue, who proposed to themselves the same end of their journey, though they chose to make it in shade and obscurity. The edifices at the extremity of the walk were so contrived, that we could not see the Temple of Honour by reason of the Temple of Virtue, which stood before it. At the gates of this temple we were met by the goddess of it, who conducted us into that of Honour, which was joined to the other edifice by a beautiful triumphal arch, and had no other entrance into it. When the

Digitized by Google

deity of the inner structure had received us, she presented us in a body to a figure that was placed over the high altar, and was the emblem of Eternity. She sat on a globe in the midst of a golden zodiac, holding the figure of a sun in one hand, and a moon in the other. Her head was veiled, and her feet covered. Our hearts glowed within us as we stood amidst the sphere of light which this image cast on every side of it.

Having seen all that happened to this band of adventurers, I repaired to another pile of building that stood within view of the Temple of Honour, and was raised in imitation of it, upon the very same model; but at my approach to it, I found, that the stones were laid together without mortar, and the whole fabric stood upon so weak a foundation, that it shook with every wind that blew. This was called the Temple of Vanity. The goddess of it sat in the midst of a great many tapers, that burned day and night, and made her appear much better than she would have done in open day-light. Her whole art, was to show herself more beautiful and majestic than she really was. For which reason, she had painted her face, and wore a cluster of false jewels upon her breast: but what I more particularly observed, was, the breadth of her petticoat, which was made altogether in the fashion of a modern fardingale. This place was filled with hypocrites, pedants, free-thinkers, and prating politicians; with a rabble of those who have only titles to make them great men. Female votaries crowded the temple, choaked up the avenues of it, and were more in number than the sand upon the sea-shore. I made it my business in my return towards that part of the wood from whence I first set out, to observe the walks which led to this temple; for I met in it several who had begun their journey with the band of virtuous persons, and travelled some time in their company: but, upon examination, I found that there were several paths which led out of the great road into the sides of the wood, and ran into so many crooked turns and windings, that those who travelled through them often turned their backs upon the Tem-

Digitized by Google

ple of Virtue, then crossed the straight road, and sometimes marched in it for a little space, till the crooked path which they were engaged in, again led them into the wood. The several alleys of these wanderers had their particular ornaments: one of them I could not but take notice of in the walk of the mischievous pretenders to politics, which had at every turn the figure of a person, whom by the inscription I found to be Machiavel, pointing out the way with an extended finger like a Mercury.

I was now returned* in the same manner as before, with a design to observe carefully every thing that passed in the region of Avarice, and the occurrences in that assembly, which was made up of persons of my own age. This body of travellers had not gone far in the third great road, before it led them insensibly into a deep valley, in which they journeyed several days with great toil and uneasiness, and without the necessary refreshments of food and sleep. The only relief they met with, was in a river that ran through the bottom of the valley on a bed of golden sand: they often drank of this stream, which had such a particular quality in it, that though it refreshed them for a time, it rather inflamed than quenched their thirst. On each side of the river was a range of hills full of precious ore; for where the rains had washed off the earth, one might see in several parts of them veins of gold, and rocks that looked like pure silver. We were told, that the deity of the place had forbade any of his votaries to dig into the bowels of these hills, or convert the treasures they contained to any use, under pain of starving. At the end of the valley, stood the Temple of Avarice, made after the manner of a fortification, and surrounded with a thousand triple-headed dogs, that were placed there to keep off beggars. At our approach they all fell a barking, and would have very much terrified us, had not an old woman, who had called herself by the forged name

* *I was now returned*] *Return*, in the sense of *going back*, is a verb neuter. The writer should, then, have said—"I *had* now *returned*."

Digitized by Google

of Competency, offered herself for our guide. She carried under her garment a golden bough, which she no sooner held up in her hand, but the dogs lay down, and the gates flew open for our reception. We were led through an hundred iron doors, before we entered the temple. At the upper end of it sat the god of Avarice, with a long filthy beard, and a meagre starved countenance, enclosed with heaps of ingots and pyramids of money, but half naked and shivering with cold. On his right-hand was a fiend called Rapine, and on his left a particular favourite to whom he had given the title of Parsimony. The first was his collector, and the other his cashier.

There were several long tables placed on each side of the temple, with respective officers attending behind them. Some of these I inquired into. At the first table was kept the office of Corruption. Seeing a solicitor extremely busy, and whispering every body that passed by, I kept my eye upon him very attentively, and saw him often going up to a person that had a pen in his hand, with a multiplication table and an almanack before him, which, as I afterwards heard, was all the learning he was master of. The solicitor would often apply himself to his ear, and at the same time convey money into his hand, for which the other would give him out a piece of paper or parchment, signed and sealed in form. The name of this dextrous and successful solicitor was Bribery. At the next table was the office of Extortion. Behind it sat a person in a bob-wig, counting over a great sum of money. He gave out little purses to several, who after a short tour, brought him in return, sacks full of the same kind of coin. I saw at the same time, a person called Fraud, who sat behind a counter with false scales, light weights, and scanty measures; by the skilful application of which instruments, she had got together an immense heap of wealth. It would be endless to name the several officers, or describe the votaries that attended in this temple. There were many old men panting and breathless, reposing their heads on bags of money;

Digitized by Google

nay, many of them actually dying, whose very pangs and convulsions (which rendered their purses useless to them) only made them grasp the faster. There were some tearing with one hand all things, even to the garments and flesh of many miserable persons who stood before them, and with the other hand throwing away what they had seized, to harlots, flatterers, and panders, that stood behind them.

On a sudden the whole assembly fell a trembling, and upon inquiry, I found, that the great room we were in was haunted with a spectre, that many times a day appeared to them, and terrified them to distraction.

In the midst of their terror and amazement, the apparition entered, which I immediately knew to be Poverty. Whether it were by my acquaintance with this phantom, which had rendered the sight of her more familiar to me, or, however it was, she did not make so indigent or frightful a figure in my eye, as the god of this loathsome temple. The miserable votaries of this place, were, I found, of another mind. Every one fancied himself threatened by the apparition as she stalked about the room, and began to lock their coffers, and tie their bags, with the utmost fear and trembling.

I must confess, I look upon the passion which I saw in this unhappy people to be of the same nature with those unaccountable antipathies which some persons are born with, or rather as a kind of phrensy, not unlike that which throws a man into terrors and agonies at the sight of so useful and innocent a thing as water. The whole assembly was surprised, when, instead of paying my devotions to the deity whom they all adored, they saw me address myself to the phantom.

"Oh Poverty! (said I) my first petition to thee is, that thou wouldst never appear to me hereafter; but if thou wilt not grant me this, that thou wouldst not bear a form more terrible than that in which thou appearest to me at present. Let not thy threats and menaces betray me to any thing that is ungrateful or unjust. Let me not shut my ears to the cries of the needy. Let me not forget the person that has deserved well of me. Let

Digitized by Google

me not, for any fear of thee, desert my friend, my principles, or my honour. If Wealth is to visit me, and to come with her usual attendants, Vanity and Avarice, do thou, Oh Poverty! hasten to my rescue; but bring along with thee the two sisters, in whose company thou art always cheerful, Liberty and Innocence.

The conclusion of this vision must be deferred to another opportunity.

No. 131. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1709.

——— Scelus est jugulare falernum,
Et dare Campano toxica sæva mero.

MART.

Sheer-Lane, February 8.

THERE is in this city a certain fraternity of chymical operators, who work under ground in holes, caverns, and dark retirements, to conceal their mysteries from the eyes and observation of mankind. These subterraneous philosophers are daily employed in the transmigration of liquors, and, by the power of medical drugs and incantations, raising under the streets of London, the choicest products of the hills and valleys of France. They can squeeze Bourdeaux out of a sloe, and draw Champagne from an apple. Virgil, in that remarkable prophecy,

Incultisque rubens pendebit Sentibus Uva.

"The ripening grape shall hang on every thorn."

seems to have hinted at this art, which can turn a plantation of northern hedges into a vineyard. These adepts are known among one another by the name of wine-brewers, and I am afraid do great injury, not only to her majesty's customs, but to the bodies of many of her good subjects.

Digitized by Google

Having received sundry complaints against these invisible workmen, I ordered the proper officer of my court to ferret them out of their respective caves, and bring them before me, which was yesterday executed accordingly.

The person who appeared against them was a merchant, who had by him a great magazine of wines that he had laid in before the war: but these gentlemen (as he said) had so vitiated the nation's palate, that no man could believe his to be French, because it did not taste like what they sold for such. As a man never pleads better than where his own personal interest is concerned, he exhibited to the court with great eloquence, That this new corporation of druggists had inflamed the bills of mortality, and puzzled the college of physicians with diseases, for which they neither knew a name or cure. He accused some of giving all their customers cholics and megrims; and mentioned one who had boasted, he had a tun of claret by him, that in a fortnight's time should give the gout to a dozen of the healthfullest men in the city, provided that their constitutions were prepared for it by wealth and idleness. He then enlarged, with a great show of reason, upon the prejudice which these mixtures and compositions had done to the brains of the English nation; as is too visible (said he) from many late pamphlets, speeches, and sermons, as well as from the ordinary conversations of the youth of this age. He then quoted an ingenious person, who would undertake to know by a man's writings, the wine he most delighted in; and on that occasion named a certain satirist, whom he had discovered to be the author of a lampoon, by a manifest taste of the sloe, which showed itself in it by much roughness, and little spirit.

In the last place, he ascribed to the unnatural tumults and fermentations, which these mixtures raise in our blood, the divisions, heats, and animosities, that reign among us; and in particular, asserted most of the modern enthusiasms and agitations to be nothing else but the effects of adulterated port.

Digitized by Google

The counsel for the brewers had a face so extremely inflamed and illuminated with carbuncles, that I did not wonder to see him an advocate for these sophistications. His rhetoric was likewise such as I should have expected from the common draught, which I found he often drank to a great excess. Indeed, I was so surprised at his figure and parts, that I ordered him to give me a taste of his usual liquor; which I had no sooner drank, but I found a pimple rising in my forehead; and felt such a sensible decay in my understanding, that I would not proceed in the trial till the fume of it was entirely dissipated.

This notable advocate had little to say in the defence of his clients, but that they were under a necessity of making claret if they would keep open their doors, it being the nature of mankind to love every thing that is prohibited. He further pretended to reason, that it might be as profitable to the nation to make French wine as French hats; and concluded with the great advantage that this had already brought to part of the kingdom. Upon which he informed the court, 'That the lands in Herefordshire were raised two years purchase since the beginning of the war.'

When I had sent out my summons to these people, I gave at the same time orders to each of them to bring the several ingredients he made use of in distinct phials, which they had done accordingly, and ranged them into two rows on each side of the court. The workmen were drawn up in ranks behind them. The merchant informed me, that in one row of phials were the several colours they dealt in, and in the other the tastes. He then showed me on the right hand one who went by the name of Tom Tintoret, who (as he told me) was the greatest master in his colouring of any vintner in London. To give me a proof of his art, he took a glass of fair water; and by the infusion of three drops out of one of his phials, converted it into a most beautiful pale Burgundy. Two more of the same kind heightened it into a perfect Languedoc: from thence it passed into a florid Hermitage: and after having gone through two

Digitized by Google

or three other changes, by the addition of a single drop, ended in a very deep Pontac. This ingenious virtuoso, seeing me very much surprised at his art, told me, That he had not an opportunity of showing it in perfection, having only made use of water for the ground work of his colouring: but that if I were to see an operation upon liquors of stronger bodies, the art would appear to much greater advantage. He added, 'That he doubted not but it would please my curiosity to see the cyder of one apple take only a vermillion, when another, with a less quantity of the same infusion, would rise into a dark purple, according to the different texture of parts in the liquor.' He informed me also, 'That he could hit the different shades and degrees of red, as they appear in the pink and the rose, the clove and the carnation, as he had Rhenish or Moselle, Perry or White Port, to work in.'

I was so satisfied with the ingenuity of this virtuoso, that, after having advised him to quit so dishonest a profession, I promised him, in consideration of his great genius, to recommend him as a partner to a friend of mine, who has heaped up great riches, and is a scarlet dyer.

The artists on my other hand were ordered in the second place to make some experiments of their skill before me: upon which the famous Harry Sippet stept out, and asked me, 'What I would be pleased to drink?' At the same time he filled out three or four white liquors in a glass, and told me, 'That it should be what I pleased to call for;' adding very learnedly, 'That the liquor before him was as the naked substance or first matter of his compound, to which he and his friend, who stood over against him, could give what accidents or form they pleased.' Finding him so great a philosopher, I desired he would convey into it the qualities and essence of right Bourdeaux. 'Coming, coming, sir, (said he,) with the air of a drawer; and after having cast his eye on the several tastes and flavours that stood before him, he took up a little cruet that was filled with a kind of inky juice, and pouring some of it

Digitized by Google

out into the glass of white wine, presented it to me, and told me, 'This was the wine over which most of the business of the last term had been dispatched.' I must confess, I looked upon that sooty drug which he held up in his cruet, as the quintessence of English Bourdeaux, and therefore desired him to give me a glass of it by itself, which he did with great unwillingness. My cat at that time sat by me, upon the elbow of my chair; and as I did not care for making the experiment upon myself, I reached it to her to sip of it, which had like to have cost her her life; for notwithstanding it flung her at first into freakish tricks, quite contrary to her usual gravity, in less than a quarter of an hour she fell into convulsions; and had it not been a creature more tenacious of life than any other, would certainly have died under the operation.

I was so incensed by the tortures of my innocent domestic, and the unworthy dealings of these men, that I told them, if each of them had as many lives as the injured creature before them, they deserved to forfeit them for the pernicious arts which they used for their profit. I therefore bid them look upon themselves as no better than a kind of assassins and murderers within the law. However, since they had dealt so clearly with me, and laid before me their whole practice, I dismissed them for that time; with a particular request, That they would not poison any of my friends and acquaintance, and take to some honest livelihood without loss of time.

For my own part, I have resolved hereafter to be very careful in my liquors, and have agreed with a friend of mine in the army, upon their next march, to secure me two hogsheads of the best stomach-wine in the cellars of Versailles, for the good of my lucubrations, and the comfort of my old age.

Digitized by Google

No. 133. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1709.

Dum tacent, clamant.

TULL.

Sheer-Lane, February 13.

SILENCE is sometimes more significant and sublime than the most noble and expressive eloquence, and is on many occasions the indication of a great mind. Several authors have treated of silence as a part of duty and discretion, but none of them have considered it in this light. Homer compares the noise and clamour of the Trojans advancing towards the enemy, to the cackling of cranes when they invade an army of pigmies. On the contrary, he makes his countrymen and favourites, the Greeks, move forward in a regular determined march, and in the depth of silence. I find, in the accounts which are given us of some of the more Eastern nations, where the inhabitants are disposed by their constitutions and climates to higher strains of thought, and more elevated raptures than what we feel in the Northern regions of the world, that silence is a religious exercise among them. For when their public devotions are in the greatest fervour, and their hearts lifted up as high as words can raise them, there are certain suspensions of sound and motion for a time, in which the mind is left to itself, and supposed to swell with such secret conceptions as are too big for utterance. I have myself been wonderfully delighted with a master-piece of music, when in the very tumult and ferment of their harmony, all the voices and instruments have stopped short on a sudden, and after a little pause recovered themselves again as it were, and renewed the concert in all its parts. Methoughts this short interval of silence has had more music in it than any the same space of time before or after it. There are two instances of silence in the two greatest poets that ever wrote, which have something in them as sublime as any of the speeches in their

Digitized by Google

whole works. The first is that of Ajax, in the eleventh book of the Odyssey. Ulysses, who had been the rival of this great man in his life, as well as the occasion of his death, upon meeting his shade in the region of departed heroes, makes his submission to him with an humility next to adoration, which the other passes over with dumb sullen majesty, and such a silence, as (to use the words of Longinus,) had more greatness in it than any thing he could have spoken.

The next instance I shall mention is in Virgil, where the poet, doubtless, imitates this silence of Ajax in that of Dido; though I do not know that any of his commentators have taken notice of it. Æneas, finding, among the shades of despairing lovers, the ghost of her who had lately died for him, with the wound still fresh upon her, addresses himself to her with expanded arms, floods of tears, and the most passionate professions of his own innocence as to what had happened; all which Dido receives with the dignity and disdain of a resenting lover, and an injured queen; and is so far from vouchsafing him an answer, that she does not give him a single look. The poet represents her as turning away her face from him while he spoke to her; and after having kept her eyes for some time upon the ground, as one that heard and contemned his protestations, flying from him into the grove of myrtle, and into the arms of another, whose fidelity had deserved her love.

I have often thought our writers of tragedy have been very defective in this particular, and that they might have given great beauty to their works, by certain stops and pauses in the representation of such passions, as it is not in the power of language to express. There is something like this in the last act of Venice Preserved, where Pierre is brought to an infamous execution, and begs of his friend, as a reparation for past injuries, and the only favour he could do him, to rescue him from the ignominy of the wheel, by stabbing him. As he is going to make this dreadful request, he is not able to communicate it, but withdraws his face from his friend's ear, and bursts into tears. The melancholy silence that

Digitized by Google

follows hereupon, and continues till he has recovered himself enough to reveal his mind to his friend, raises in the spectators a grief that is inexpressible, and an idea of such a complicated distress in the actor as words cannot utter. It would look as ridiculous to many readers to give rules and directions for proper silences, as for 'penning a whisper:' but it is certain, that in the extremity of most passions, particularly surprise, admiration, astonishment, nay, rage itself, there is nothing more graceful than to see the play stand for a few moments, and the audience fixed in an agreeable suspense during the silence of a skilful actor.

But silence never shows itself to so great an advantage, as when it is made the reply to calumny and defamation, provided that we give no just occasion for them. We might produce an example of it in the behaviour of one in whom it appeared in all its majesty, and one whose silence, as well as his person, was altogether divine. When one considers this subject only in its sublimity, this great instance could not but occur to me; and since I only make use of it to show the highest example of it, I hope I do not offend in it. To forbear replying to an unjust reproach, and overlook it with a generous, or (if possible) with an entire neglect of it, is one of the most heroic acts of a great mind. And I must confess, when I reflect upon the behaviour of some of the greatest men of antiquity, I do not so much admire them that they deserved the praise of the whole age they lived in, as because they contemned the envy and detraction of it.

All that is incumbent on a man of worth, who suffers under so ill a treatment, is to lie by for some time in silence and obscurity, till the prejudice of the times be over, and his reputation cleared. I have often read, with a great deal of pleasure, a legacy of the famous Lord Bacon, one of the greatest geniuses that our own or any country has produced: after having bequeathed his soul, body, and estate, in the usual form, he adds, "My name and memory I leave to foreign nations, and to my countrymen, after some time be passed over."

Digitized by Google

At the same time that I recommend this philosophy to others, I must confess, I am so poor a proficient in it myself, that if in the course of my lucubrations it happens, as it has done more than once, that my paper is duller than in conscience it ought to be, I think the time an age till I have an opportunity of putting out another, and growing famous again for two days.

I must not close my discourse upon silence, without informing my reader, that I have by me an elaborate treatise on the aposiopesis called an *Et cætera*, it being a figure much used by some learned authors, and particularly by the great Littleton, who, as my Lord Chief Justice Coke observes, had a most admirable talent at an *&c.*

No. 146. THURSDAY, MARCH 16, 1709.

Permittes ipsis expendere numinibus, quid
Conveniat nobis, rebusque sit utile nostris.
Nam pro jucundis aptissima quæque dabunt Dii.
Charior est illis homo, quam sibi. Nos animorum
Impulsu et cæca magnaque cupidine ducti
Conjugium petimus, partumque uxoris; at illis
Notum, qui pueri, qualisque futura sit uxor.

Juv.

From my own Apartment, March 15.

AMONG the various sets of correspondents who apply to me for advice, and send up their cases from all parts of Great Britain, there are none who are more importunate with me, and whom I am more inclined to answer, than the Complainers. One of them dates his letter to me from the banks of a purling stream, where he used to ruminate in solitude upon the divine Clarissa, and where he is now looking about for a convenient leap, which he tells me he is resolved to take, unless I support him under the loss of that charming perjured woman. Poor Lavinia presses as much for consolation on the other side, and is reduced to such an extremity

Digitized by Google

of despair by the inconstancy of Philander, that she tells me she writes her letter with her pen in one hand, and her garter in the other. A gentleman of an ancient family in Norfolk is almost out of his wits upon account of a greyhound, that, after having been his inseparable companion for ten years, is at last run mad. Another (who I believe is serious,) complains to me, in a very moving manner, of the loss of a wife; and another, in terms still more moving, of a purse of money that was taken from him on Bagshot Heath, and which, he tells me, would not have troubled him if he had given it to the poor. In short, there is scarce a calamity in human life that has not produced me a letter.

It is, indeed, wonderful to consider, how men are able to raise affliction to themselves out of every thing. Lands and houses, sheep and oxen, can convey happiness and misery into the hearts of reasonable creatures. Nay, I have known a muff, a scarf, or a tippet, become a solid blessing or misfortune. A lap-dog has broke the hearts of thousands. Flavia, who had buried five children, and two husbands, was never able to get over the loss of her parrot. How often has a divine creature been thrown into a fit, by a neglect at a ball, or an assembly? Mopsa has kept her chamber ever since the last masquerade, and is in greater danger of her life upon being left out of it, than Clarinda from the violent cold which she caught at it. Nor are these dear creatures the only sufferers by such imaginary calamities: many an author has been dejected at the censure of one whom he ever looked upon as an ideot; and many a hero cast into a fit of melancholy, because the rabble have not hooted at him as he passed through the streets. Theron places all his happiness in a running horse, Suffenus in a gilded chariot, Fulvius in a blue string, and Florio in a tulip-root. It would be endless to enumerate the many fantastical afflictions that disturb mankind; but as a misery is not to be measured from the nature of the evil, but from the temper of the sufferer, I shall present my readers, who are

Digitized by Google

unhappy either in reality or imagination, with an allegory, for which I am indebted to the great father and prince of poets.

As I was sitting after dinner in my elbow chair, I took up Homer, and dipped into that famous speech of Achilles to Priam, in which he tells him, that Jupiter has by him two great vessels, the one filled with blessings, and the other with misfortunes; out of which he mingles a composition for every man that comes into the world. This passage so exceedingly pleased me, that as I fell insensibly into my afternoon's slumber, it wrought my imagination into the following dream.

When Jupiter took into his hands the government of the world, the several parts of nature, with the presiding deities, did homage to him. One presented him with a mountain of winds, another with a magazine of hail, and a third with a pile of thunder-bolts. The stars offered up their influences, the ocean gave in his trident, the earth her fruits, and the sun his seasons. Among the several deities who came to make their court on this occasion, the Destinies advanced with two great tuns carried before them, one of which they fixed at the right hand of Jupiter as he sat upon his throne, and the other on his left. The first was filled with all the blessings, and the other with all the calamities of human life. Jupiter, in the beginning of his reign, finding the world much more innocent than it is in this iron age, poured very plentifully out of the tun that stood at his right hand; but as mankind degenerated, and became unworthy of his blessings, he set abroach the other vessel, that filled the world with pain and poverty, battles and distempers, jealousy and falsehood, intoxicating pleasures and untimely deaths.

He was at length so very much incensed at the great depravation of human nature, and the repeated provocations which he received from all parts of the earth, that having resolved to destroy the whole species, except Deucalion and Pyrrha, he commanded the destinies to gather up the blessings which he had thrown away.

Digitized by Google

upon the sons of men, and lay them up till the world should be inhabited by a more virtuous and deserving race of mortals.

The three sisters immediately repaired to the earth, in search of the several blessings that had been scattered on it; but found the task which was enjoined them, to be much more difficult than they had imagined. The first places they resorted to, as the most likely to succeed in, were cities, palaces, and courts; but instead of meeting with what they looked for here, they found nothing but envy, repining, uneasiness, and the like bitter ingredients of the left-hand vessel. Whereas, to their great surprise, they discovered content, cheerfulness, health, innocence, and other the most substantial blessings of life, in cottages, shades, and solitudes.

There was another circumstance no less unexpected than the former, and which gave them very great perplexity in the discharge of the trust which Jupiter had committed to them. They observed, that several blessings had degenerated into calamities, and that several calamities had improved into blessings, according as they fell into the possession of wise or foolish men. They often found power with so much insolence and impatience cleaving to it, that it became a misfortune to the person on whom it was conferred. Youth had often distempers growing about it, worse than the infirmities of old age: wealth was often united to such a sordid avarice, as made it the most uncomfortable and painful kind of poverty. On the contrary, they often found pain made glorious by fortitude, poverty lost in content, deformity beautified with virtue. In a word, the blessings were often like good fruits planted in a bad soil, that by degrees fall off from their natural relish, into tastes altogether insipid or unwholesome; and the calamities, like harsh fruits, cultivated in a good soil, and enriched by proper grafts and inoculations, till they swell with generous and delightful juices.

There was still a third circumstance that occasioned as great a surprise to the three sisters as either of the foregoing, when they discovered several blessings and

Digitized by Google

calamities which had never been in either of the tuns that stood by the throne of Jupiter, and were nevertheless as great occasions of happiness or misery as any there. These were that spurious crop of blessings and calamities which were never sown by the hand of the Deity, but grow of themselves out of the fancies and dispositions of human creatures. Such are dress, titles, place, equipage, false shame, and groundless fear, with the like vain imaginations that shoot up in trifling, weak, and irresolute minds.

The destinies finding themselves in so great a perplexity, concluded, that it would be impossible for them to execute the commands that had been given them according to their first intention; for which reason they agreed to throw all the blessings and calamities together into one large vessel, and in that manner offer them up at the feet of Jupiter.

This was performed accordingly, the eldest sister presenting herself before the vessel, and introducing it with an apology for what they had done.

'O Jupiter! (says she) we have gathered together all the good and evil, the comforts and distresses of human life, which we thus present before thee in one promiscuous heap. We beseech thee that thou thyself wilt sort them out for the future, as in thy wisdom thou shalt think fit. For we acknowledge, that there is none beside thee that can judge what will occasion grief or joy in the heart of a human creature, and what will prove a blessing or a calamity to the person on whom it is bestowed.'

No. 147. SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1709.

——Ut ameris amabilis esto.

OVID.

From my own Apartment, March 18.

READING is to the mind, what exercise is to the body. As by the one, health is preserved, strengthened, and

Digitized by Google

invigorated; by the other, virtue (which is the health of the mind) is kept alive, cherished, and confirmed. But as exercise becomes tedious and painful when we make use of it only as the means of health, so reading is apt to grow uneasy and burthensome, when we apply ourselves to it only for our improvement in virtue. For this reason, the virtue which we gather from a fable, or an allegory, is like the health we get by hunting; as we are engaged in an agreeable pursuit that draws us on with pleasure, and makes us insensible of the fatigues that accompany it.

After this preface, I shall set down a very beautiful allegorical fable of the great poet whom I mentioned in my last paper, and whom it is very difficult to lay aside when one is engaged in the reading of him: and this I particularly design for the use of several of my fair correspondents, who in their letters have complained to me, that they have lost the affections of their husbands, and desire my advice how to recover them.

Juno, says Homer, seeing her Jupiter seated on the top of Mount Ida, and knowing that he conceived an aversion to her, began to study how she should regain his affections, and make herself amiable to him. With this thought she immediately retired into her chamber, where she bathed herself in ambrosia, which gave her person all its beauty, and diffused so divine an odour, as refreshed all nature, and sweetened both heaven and earth. She let her immortal tresses flow in the most graceful manner, and took a particular care to dress herself in several ornaments, which the poet describes at length, and which the goddess chose out as the most proper to set off her person to the best advantage. In the next place, she made a visit to Venus, the deity who presides over love, and begged of her, as a particular favour, that she would lend her for a while those charms with which she subdued the hearts both of gods and men. For, says the goddess, I would make use of them to reconcile the two deities, who took care of me in my infancy, and who, at present, are at so great a variance, that they are estranged from each other's bed.

Digitized by Google

Venus was proud of an opportunity of obliging so great a goddess, and therefore made her a present of the cestus which she used to wear about her own waist, with advice to hide it in her bosom, till she had accomplished her intention. This cestus was a fine party-coloured girdle, which, as Homer tells us, had all the attractions of the sex wrought into it. The four principal figures in the embroidery were love, desire, fondness of speech, and conversation, filled with that sweetness and complacency which, says the poet, insensibly steal away the hearts of the wisest men.

Juno, after having made these necessary preparations, came as by accident into the presence of Jupiter, who is said to have been as much inflamed with her beauty, as when he first stole to her embraces without the consent of their parents. Juno, to cover her real thoughts, told him, as she had told Venus, that she was going to make a visit to Oceanus and Tethys. He prevailed upon her to stay with him, protesting to her, that she appeared more amiable in his eye, than ever any mortal, goddess, or even herself, had appeared to him till that day. The poet then represents him in so great an ardour, that (without going up to the house which had been built by the hands of Vulcan, according to Juno's direction) he threw a golden cloud over their heads as they sat upon the top of Mount Ida, while the earth beneath them sprung up in lotuses, saffrons, hyacinths, and a bed of the softest flowers for their repose.

This close translation of one of the finest passages in Homer, may suggest abundance of instruction to a woman who has a mind to preserve or recal the affection of her husband. The care of the person, and the dress, with the particular blandishments woven in the cestus, are so plainly recommended by this fable, and so indispensably necessary in every female who desires to please, that they need no further explanation. The discretion likewise in covering all matrimonial quarrels from the knowledge of others, is taught in the pretended visit to Tethys, in the speech where Juno addresses herself to

Digitized by Google

Venus; as the chaste and prudent management of a wife's charms is intimated by the same pretence for her appearing before Jupiter, and by the concealment of the cestus in her bosom.

I shall leave this tale to the consideration of such good housewives who are never well dressed but when they are abroad, and think it necessary to appear more agreeable to all men living than their husbands: as also to those prudent ladies, who, to avoid the appearance of being over-fond, entertain their husbands with indifference, aversion, sullen silence, or exasperating language.

Sheer-Lane, March 17.

UPON my coming home last night, I found a very handsome present of wine left for me, as a taste of 216 hogsheads which are to be put to sale at 20*l.* a hogshead, at Garraway's Coffee-house, in Exchange-Alley, on the 22d instant, at three in the afternoon, and to be tasted in Major Long's vaults from the 20th instant till the time of sale. This having been sent to me with a desire that I would give my judgment upon it, I immediately impannelled a jury of men of nice palates and strong heads, who being all of them very scrupulous, and unwilling to proceed rashly in a matter of so great importance, refused to bring in their verdict till three in the morning; at which time the foreman pronounced, as well as he was able, Extra—a—ordinary French claret. For my own part, as I love to consult my pillow in all points of moment, I slept upon it before I would give my sentence, and this morning confirmed the verdict.

Having mentioned this tribute of wine, I must give notice to my correspondents for the future, who shall apply to me on this occasion, that as I shall decide nothing unadvisedly in matters of this nature, I cannot pretend to give judgment of a right good liquor, without examining at least three dozen bottles of it. I must at the same time do myself the justice to let the world

Digitized by Google

know, that I have resisted great temptations in this kind; as it is well known to a butcher in Clare-Market, who endeavoured to corrupt me with a dozen and half of marrow-bones. I had likewise a bribe sent me by a fishmonger, consisting of a collar of brawn, and a jole of salmon; but not finding them excellent in their kinds, I had the integrity to eat them both up without speaking one word of them. However, for the future, I shall have an eye to the diet of this great city, and will recommend the best and most wholesome food to them, if I receive these proper and respectful notices from the sellers, that it may not be said hereafter, my readers were better taught than fed.

No. 148. TUESDAY, MARCH 21, 1709.

—— Gustus elementa per omnia quærunt,
Nunquam animo pretiis obstantibus.——
JUV.

From my own Apartment, March 20.

HAVING intimated in my last paper, that I design to take under my inspection the diet of this great city, I shall begin with a very earnest and serious exhortation to all my well-disposed readers, that they would return to the food of their forefathers, and reconcile themselves to beef and mutton. This was that diet which bred that hardy race of mortals, who won the fields of Cressy and Agincourt. I need not go up so high as the history of Guy Earl of Warwick, who is well known to have eaten up a dun cow of his own killing. The renowned King Arthur is generally looked upon as the first who ever sat down to a whole roasted ox (which was certainly the best way to preserve the gravy;) and it is further added, that he and his knights sat about it at his round table, and usually consumed it to the very bones before they would enter upon any debate of moment. The Black

Digitized by Google

Prince was a professed lover of the brisket; not to mention the history of the sirloin, or the institution of the order of beef-eaters, which are all so many evident and undeniable marks of the great respect which our warlike predecessors have paid to this excellent food. The tables of the ancient gentry of this nation were covered thrice a day with hot roast-beef; and I am credibly informed by an antiquary who has searched the registers in which the bills of fare of the court are recorded, that instead of tea and bread and butter, which have prevailed of late years, the maids of honour in Queen Elizabeth's time were allowed three rumps of beef for their breakfast. Mutton has likewise been in great repute among our valiant countrymen, but was formerly observed to be the food rather of men of nice and delicate appetites, than those of strong and robust constitutions. For which reason, even to this day, we use the word sheep-biter as a term of reproach, as we do a beef-eater in a respectful and honourable sense. As for the flesh of lamb, veal, chicken, and other animals under age, they were the invention of sickly and degenerate palates, according to that wholesome remark of Daniel the historian, who takes notice, that in all taxes upon provisions, during the reigns of several of our kings, there is nothing mentioned besides the flesh of such fowl and cattle as were arrived at their full growth, and were mature for slaughter. The common people of this kingdom do still keep up the taste of their ancestors; and it is to this that we in a great measure owe the unparalleled victories that have been gained in this reign: for I would desire my reader to consider, what work our countrymen would have made at Blenheim and Ramillies, if they had been fed with fricacies and ragouts.

For this reason we at present see the florid complexion, the strong limb, and the hale constitution, are to be found chiefly among the meaner sort of people, or in the wild gentry, who have been educated among the woods and mountains: whereas many great families are insensibly fallen off from the athletic constitu-

Digitized by Google

tion of their progenitors, and are dwindled away into a pale, sickly, spindle-legged generation of valetudinarians.

I may perhaps be thought extravagant in my notion; but I must confess, I am apt to impute the dishonours that sometimes happen in great families to the inflaming kind of diet which is so much in fashion. Many dishes can excite desire without giving strength, and heat the body without nourishing it: as physicians observe, that the poorest and most dispirited blood is most subject to fevers. I look upon a French ragout to be as pernicious to the stomach as a glass of spirits; and when I have seen a young lady swallow all the instigations of high soups, seasoned sauces, and forced meats, I have wondered at the despair or tedious sighing of her lovers.

The rules among these false delicates, are to be as contradictory as they can be to nature.

Without expecting the return of hunger, they eat for appetite, and prepare dishes not to allay, but to excite it.

They admit of nothing at their tables in its natural form, or without some disguise.

They are to eat every thing before it comes in season, and to leave it off as soon as it is good to be eaten.

They are not to approve any thing that is agreeable to ordinary palates; and nothing is to gratify their senses, but what would offend those of their inferiors.

I remember I was last summer invited to a friend's house, who is a great admirer of the French cookery, and (as the phrase is) 'eats well.' At our sitting down, I found the table covered with a great variety of unknown dishes. I was mightily at a loss to learn what they were, and therefore did not know where to help myself. That which stood before me I took be a roasted porcupine, however, did not care for asking questions; and have since been informed, that it was only a larded turkey. I afterwards passed my eye over seve-

Digitized by Google

ral hashes, which I do not know the names of to this day; and hearing that they were delicacies, did not think fit to meddle with them.

Among other dainties, I saw something like a pheasant, and therefore desired to be helped to a wing of it, but, to my great surprise, my friend told me it was a rabbit, which is a sort of meat I never cared for. At last I discovered, with some joy, a pig at the lower end the table, and begged a gentleman that was near it to cut me a piece of it. Upon which the gentleman of the house said, with great civility, I am sure you will like the pig, for it was whipped to death. I must confess, I heard him with horror, and could not eat of an animal that had died such a tragical death: I was now in great hunger and confusion, when, methought, I smelled the agreeable savour of roast-beef, but could not tell from which dish it arose, though I did not question but it lay disguised in one of them. Upon turning my head, I saw a noble sirloin on the side-table, smoaking in the most delicious manner. I had recourse to it more than once, and could not see, without some indignation, that substantial English dish banished in so ignominious a manner, to make way for French kickshaws.

The desert was brought up at last, which, in truth, was as extraordinary as any thing that had come before it. The whole, when ranged in its proper order, looked like a very beautiful winter-piece. There were several pyramids of candied sweetmeats, that hung like icicles, with fruits scattered up and down, and hid in an artificial kind of frost. At the same time, there were great quantities of cream beaten up into a snow, and near them little plates of sugar-plumbs, disposed like so many heaps of hail-stones, with a multitude of congelations in jellies of various colours. I was indeed so pleased with the several objects which lay before me, that I did not care for displacing any of them, and was half angry with the rest of the company, that, for the sake of a piece of lemon-peel, or a sugar-plumb, would spoil so pleasing a picture. Indeed, I could not but

Digitized by Google

smile to see several of them cooling their mouths with lumps of ice, which they had just before been burning with salts and peppers.

As soon as this show was over I took my leave, that I might finish my dinner at my own house: for as I in every thing love what is simple and natural, so particularly in my food; two plain dishes, with two or three good-natured, cheerful, ingenious friends, would make me more pleased and vain, than all that pomp and luxury can bestow. For it is my maxim, 'That he keeps the greatest table, who has the most valuable company at it.'

No. 152. THURSDAY, MARCH 30, 1710.

Dii, quibus Imperium est animarum, umbræque silentes,
Et Chaos, et Phlegethon, loca nocte silentia late,
Sit mihi fas audita loqui, sit numine vestro
Pandere res alta terra et caligine mersas.

VIRG.

From my own Apartment, March 29.

A MAN who confines his speculations to the time present, has but a very narrow province to employ his thoughts in. For this reason, persons of studious and contemplative natures often entertain themselves with the history of past ages, or raise schemes and conjectures upon futurity. For my own part, I love to range through that half of eternity which is still to come, rather than look on that which is already run out; because I know I have a real share and interest in the one, whereas all that was transacted in the other can be only matter of curiosity to me.

Upon this account, I have been always very much delighted with meditating on the soul's immortality, and in reading the several notions[a] which the wisest of

[a] *In reading the several notions*] We do not *read notions*, but the *books* which contain them. The proper word is—"*observing, contemplating,*" or some such participle, expressing an act of the mind upon it's ideas.

Digitized by Google

men, both ancient and modern, have entertained on that subject. What the opinions of the greatest philosophers have been, I have several times hinted at, and shall give an account of them from time to time as occasion requires. It may likewise be worth while to consider, what men of the most exalted genius, and elevated imagination, have thought of this matter. Among these, Homer stands up as a prodigy of mankind, that looks down upon the rest of human creatures as a species beneath him. Since he is the most ancient heathen author, we may guess from his relation, what were the common opinions in his time concerning the state of the soul after death.

Ulysses, he tells us, made a voyage to the regions of the dead, in order to consult Tiresias how he should return to his own country, and recommend himself to the favour of the gods. The poet scarce introduces a single person, who doth not suggest some useful precept to his reader, and designs[a] his description of the dead for the amendment of the living.

Ulysses, after having made a very plenteous sacrifice, sat him down by the pool of Holy Blood, which attracted a prodigious assembly of ghosts of all ages and conditions, that hovered about the hero, and feasted upon the steams of his oblation. The first he knew, was the shade of Elpenor, who, to show the activity of a spirit above that of body, is represented as arrived there long before Ulysses, notwithstanding the winds and seas had contributed all their force to hasten his voyage thither. This Elpenor, to inspire the reader with a detestation of drunkenness, and at the same time with a religious care of doing proper honours to the dead; describes himself as having broken his neck in a debauch of wine: and begs Ulysses, that for the repose of his soul, he would build a monument over him, and perform funeral rites to his memory. Ulysses

[a] *Scarce introduces—and designs*] The two parts of this sentence do not connect properly. He should have expressed himself in some such way as this:—"He makes almost every person, whom he introduces, suggest—and designs," &c.

Digitized by Google

with great sorrow of heart promises to fulfil his request, and is immediately diverted to an object much more moving than the former. The ghost of his own mother Anticlea, whom he still thought living, appears to him among the multitude of shades that surrounded him, and sits down at a small distance from him by the Lake of Blood, without speaking to him, or knowing who he was. Ulysses was exceedingly troubled at the sight, and could not forbear weeping as he looked upon her; but being all along set forth as a pattern of consummate wisdom, he makes his affection give way to prudence; and therefore, upon his seeing Tiresias, does not reveal himself to his mother, till he had consulted that great prophet, who was the occasion of this his descent into the empire of the dead. Tiresias having cautioned him to keep himself and his companions free from the guilt of sacrilege, and to pay his devotions to all the gods, promises him a return to his kingdom and family, and a happy old age in the enjoyment of them.

The poet having thus with great art kept the curiosity of his reader in suspense, represents his wise man, after the dispatch of his business with Tiresias, as yielding himself up to the calls of natural affection, and making himself known to his mother. Her eyes are no sooner opened, but she cries out in tears, 'Oh my son!' and inquires into the occasions that brought him thither, and the fortune that attended him.

Ulysses on the other hand desires to know, what the sickness was that had sent her into those regions, and the condition in which she had left his father, his son, and more particularly his wife. She tells him, they were all three inconsolable for his absence. 'And as for myself, (says she) that was the sickness of which I died. My impatience for your return, my anxiety for your welfare, and my fondness for my dear Ulysses, were the only distempers that preyed upon my life, and separated my soul from my body.' Ulysses was melted with these expressions of tenderness, and thrice endeavoured to catch the apparition in his arms, that he

Digitized by Google

might hold his mother to his bosom and weep over her.

This gives the poet occasion to describe the notion the Heathens at that time had of an unbodied soul, in the excuse which the mother makes for seeming to withdraw herself from her son's embraces. 'The soul, (says she,) is composed neither of bones, flesh, nor sinews, but leaves behind her all those incumbrances of mortality to be consumed on the funeral pile. As soon as she has thus cast her burthen, she makes her escape, and flies away from it like a dream.'

When this melancholy conversation is at an end, the poet draws up to view as charming a vision as could enter into man's imagination. He describes the next who appeared to Ulysses, to have been the shades of the finest women that had ever lived upon the earth, and who had either been the daughters of kings, the mistresses of gods, or mothers of heroes; such as Antiope, Alcmena, Leda, Ariadne, Iphimedia, Eriphyle, and several others of whom he gives a catalogue, with a short history of their adventures. The beautiful assembly of apparitions were all gathered together about the blood: 'Each of them (says Ulysses, as a gentle satire upon female vanity,) giving me an account of her birth and family.' This scene of extraordinary women seems to have been designed by the poet as a lecture of mortality to the whole sex, and to put them in mind of what they must expect, notwithstanding the greatest perfections, and highest honours they can arrive at.

The circle of beauties at length disappeared, and was succeeded by the shades of several Grecian heroes, who had been engaged with Ulysses in the siege of Troy. The first that approached was Agamemnon, the generalissimo[a] of that great expedition, who at the appearance of his old friend wept very bitterly, and without saying any thing to him, endeavoured to grasp

[a] *Generalissimo*] Instead of this cant, and ludicrous term, he should have used the more noble one of "*General*," or "*Commander in chief*."

Digitized by Google

him by the hand. Ulysses, who was much moved at the sight, poured out a flood of tears, and asked him the occasion of his death, which Agamemnon related to him in all its tragical circumstances; how he was murdered at a banquet by the contrivance of his own wife, in confederacy with her adulterer: from whence he takes occasion to reproach the whole sex, after a manner which would be inexcusable in a man who had not been so great a sufferer by them. 'My wife (says he) has disgraced all the women that shall ever be born into the world, even those who hereafter shall be innocent. Take care how you grow too fond of your wife. Never tell her all you know. If you reveal some things to her, be sure you keep others concealed from her. You, indeed, have nothing to fear from your Penelope, she will not use you as my wife has treated me; however, take care how you trust a woman.' The poet, in this and other instances, according to the system of many heathen as well as christian philosophers, shows, how anger, revenge, and other habits, which the soul had contracted in the body, subsist and grow in it under its state of separation.

I am extremely pleased with the companions which the poet in the next description assigns to Achilles. 'Achilles (says Homer) came up to me with Patroclus and Antilochus.' By which we may see that it was Homer's opinion, and probably that of the age he lived in, that the friendships which are made among the living, will likewise continue among the dead. Achilles inquires after the welfare of his son, and of his father, with a fierceness of the same character that Homer has every where expressed in the actions of his life. The passage relating to his son is so extremely beautiful, that I must not omit it. Ulysses, after having described him as wise in council, and active in war, and mentioned the foes whom he had slain in battle, adds an observation that he himself had made of his behaviour whilst he lay in the wooden horse. 'Most of the generals (says he) that were with us, either wept or trembled: as for your son, I neither saw him wipe a tear

Digitized by Google

from his cheeks, or change his countenance. On the contrary, he would often lay his hand upon his sword, or grasp his spear, as impatient to employ them against the Trojans.' He then informs his father of the great honour and rewards which he had purchased before Troy, and of his return from it without a wound. The shade of Achilles, says the poet, was so pleased with the account he received of his son, that he inquired no further, but stalked away with more than ordinary majesty over the green meadow that lay before them.

This last circumstance of a deceased father's rejoicing in the behaviour of his son, is very finely contrived by Homer, as an incentive to virtue, and made use of by none that I know besides himself.

The description of Ajax, which follows, and his refusing to speak to Ulysses, who had won the armour of Achilles from him, and by that means occasioned his death, is admired by every one that reads it. When Ulysses relates the sullenness of his deportment, and considers the greatness of the hero, he expresses himself with generous and noble sentiments. 'Oh! that I had never gained a prize which cost the life of so brave a man as Ajax! who, for the beauty of his person, and greatness of his actions, was inferior to none but the divine Achilles.' The same noble condescension, which never dwells but in truly great minds, and such as Homer would represent that of Ulysses to have been, discovers itself likewise in the speech which he made to the ghost of Ajax on that occasion. 'Oh Ajax! (says he,) will you keep your resentments even after death? what destructions hath this fatal armour brought upon the Greeks by robbing them of you, who were their bulwark and defence? Achilles is not more bitterly lamented among us than you. Impute not then your death to any one but Jupiter, who, out of his anger to the Greeks, took you away from among them: let me entreat you to approach me; restrain the fierceness of your wrath, and the greatness of your soul, and hear what I have to say to you.' Ajax, without making a

Digitized by Google

reply, turned his back upon him, and retired into a crowd of ghosts.

Ulysses, after all these visions, took a view of those impious wretches who lay in tortures for the crimes they had committed upon the earth, whom he describes under all the varieties of pain, as so many marks of divine vengeance, to deter others from following their example. He then tells us, that notwithstanding he had a great curiosity to see the heroes that lived in the ages before him, the ghosts began to gather about him in such prodigious multitudes, and with such confusion of voices, that his heart trembled as he saw himself amidst so great a scene of horrors. He adds, that he was afraid lest some hideous spectre should appear to him, that might terrify him to destraction; and therefore withdrew in time.

I question not but my reader will be pleased with this description of a future state, represented by such a noble and fruitful imagination, that had nothing to direct it besides the light of nature, and the opinions of a dark and ignorant age.[a]

[a] These extracts from the writings of antiquity, tho' curious in themselves, and embellished by the masterly pen of our author, are yet, by no means, the most pleasing parts of his works. The reason, I take to be, that, to the learned reader, they want the grace of novelty; and, to the unlearned, as not entering into the ideas of ancient times, they appear cold and insipid. In the case before us, many a person, who is little affected by this gloomy tale of Homer's ghosts, would be warmed into an enthusiasm of virtue, by the fine paintings of futurity, which our best writers have given, on the ideas of improved philosophy or sacred scripture; or, by one of Mr. Addison's own visions.

Digitized by Google

No. 153. SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1710.

Bombalio, Clangor, Stridor, Taratantara, Murmur.
FARN. RHET.

From my own Apartment, March 31.

I HAVE heard of a very valuable picture, wherein all the painters of the age in which it was drawn, are represented sitting together in a circle, and joining in a concert of music. Each of them plays upon such a particular instrument as is the most suitable to his character, and expresses that style and manner of painting, which is peculiar to him. The famous cupola-painter of those times, to show the grandeur and boldness of his figures, hath a horn in his mouth, which he seems to wind with great strength and force. On the contrary, an eminent artist, who wrought up his pictures with the greatest accuracy, and gave them all those delicate touches which are apt to please the nicest eye, is represented as tuning a theorbo. The same kind of humour runs through the whole piece.

I have often from this hint imagined to myself, that different talents in discourse might be shadowed out after the same manner by different kinds of music; and that the several conversible parts of mankind in this great city might be cast into proper characters and divisions, as they resemble several instruments that are in use among the masters of harmony. Of these, therefore, in their order, and first of the drum.

Your drums are the blusterers in conversation, that with a loud laugh, unnatural mirth, and a torrent of noise, domineer in public assemblies, overbear men of sense, stun their companions, and fill the place they are in with a rattling sound, that hath seldom any wit, humour, or good breeding in it. The drum, notwithstanding, by this boisterous vivacity, is very proper to impose upon the ignorant; and in conversation with ladies, who are not of the finest taste, often passes for a

Digitized by Google

man of mirth and wit, and for wonderful pleasant company. I need not observe, that the emptiness of the drum very much contributes to its noise.

The lute is a character directly opposite to the drum, that sounds very finely by itself, or in a very small concert. Its notes are exquisitely sweet, and very low, easily drowned in a multitude of instruments, and even lost among a few, unless you give a particular attention to it. A lute is seldom heard in a company of more than five, whereas a drum will show itself to advantage in an assembly of five hundred. The lutanists, therefore, are men of a fine genius, uncommon reflection, great affability, and esteemed chiefly by persons of a good taste, who are the only proper judges of so delightful and soft a melody.

The trumpet is an instrument that has in it no compass of music, or variety of sound, but is notwithstanding very agreeable, so long as it keeps within its pitch. It has not above four or five notes, which are, however, very pleasing, and capable of exquisite turns and modulations. The gentlemen who fall under this denomination, are your men of the most fashionable education and refined breeding, who have learned a certain smoothness of discourse, and sprightliness of air, from the polite company they have kept; but at the same time have shallow parts, weak judgments, and a short reach of understanding; a play-house, a drawing-room, a ball, a visiting-day, or a ring at Hyde-Park, are the few notes they are masters of, which they touch upon in all conversations. The trumpet, however, is a necessary instrument about a court, and a proper enlivener of a concert, though of no great harmony by itself.

Violins are the lively, forward, importunate wits, that distinguish themselves by the flourishes of imagination, sharpness of repartee, glances of satire, and bear away the upper part in every concert. I cannot, however, but observe, that when a man is not disposed to hear music, there is not a more disagreeable sound in harmony, than that of a violin.

Digitized by Google

There is another musical instrument, which is more frequent in this nation than in any other; I mean your bass-viol, which grumbles in the bottom of the concert, and with a surly masculine sound strengthens the harmony, and tempers the sweetness of the several instruments that play along with it. The bass-viol is an instrument of a quite different nature to the trumpet, and may signify men of rough sense, and unpolished parts, who do not love to hear themselves talk, but sometimes break out with an agreeable bluntness, unexpected wit, and surly pleasantries, to the no small diversion of their friends and companions. In short, I look upon every sensible true-born Briton to be naturally a bass-viol.

As for your rural wits, who talk with great eloquence and alacrity of foxes, hounds, horses, quickset hedges, and six-bar gates, double ditches, and broken necks, I am in doubt, whether I should give them a place in the conversable world. However, if they will content themselves with being raised to the dignity of hunting-horns, I shall desire for the future that they may be known by that name.

I must not here omit the bagpipe species, that will entertain you from morning to night with the repetition of a few notes, which are played over and over, with the perpetual humming of a drone running underneath them. These are your dull, heavy, tedious story-tellers, the load and burthen of conversations, that set up for men of importance, by knowing secret history, and giving an account of transactions, that whether[a] they ever passed in the world or not, doth not signify an halfpenny to its instruction, or its welfare. Some have observed, that the Northern parts of this island are more particularly fruitful in bagpipes.

There are so very few persons who are masters in every kind of conversation, and can talk on all subjects,

[a] "*That whether*"—to—"*welfare.*"] Carelessly and elliptically expressed. The sense is, and perhaps, the expression should have been —"transactions so frivolous, that one is not concerned to inquire, whether they ever passed in the world, or not."

Digitized by Google

that I do not know whether we should make a distinct species of them: nevertheless, that my scheme may not be defective, for the sake of those few who are endowed with such extraordinary talents, I shall allow them to be harpsichords, a kind of music which every one knows is a concert by itself.

As for your passing bells, who look upon mirth as criminal, and talk of nothing but what is melancholy in itself, and mortifying to human nature, I shall not mention them.

I shall likewise pass over in silence all the rabble of mankind, that crowd our streets, coffee-houses, feasts, and public tables. I cannot call their discourse conversation, but rather something that is practised in imitation of it. For which reason, if I would describe them by any musical instrument, it should be by those modern inventions of the bladder and string, tongs and key, marrowbone and cleaver.

My reader will doubtless observe, that I have only touched here upon male instruments, having reserved my female concert to another occasion. If he has a mind to know where these several characters are to be met with, I could direct him to a whole club of drums; not to mention another of bagpipes, which I have before given some account of in my description of our nightly meetings in Sheer-Lane. The lutes may often be met with in couples upon the banks of a crystal stream, or in the retreats of shady woods, and flowery meadows; which for different reasons are likewise the great resort of your hunting horns. Bass-viols are frequently to be found over a glass of stale beer, and a pipe of tobacco; whereas those who set up for violins, seldom fail to make their appearance at Will's once every evening. You may meet with a trumpet any where on the other side of Charing Cross.

That we may draw something for our advantage in life out of the foregoing discourse, I must entreat my reader to make a narrow search into his life and conversation, and upon his leaving any company, to examine himself seriously, whether he has behaved himself in it

Digitized by Google

like a drum or a trumpet, a violin or a bass-viol; and accordingly endeavour to mend his music for the future. For my own part, I must confess, I was a drum for many years; nay, and a very noisy one, till having polished myself a little in good company, I threw as much of the trumpet into my conversation as was possible for a man of an impetuous temper, by which mixture of different musics, I look upon myself, during the course of many years, to have resembled a tabor and pipe. I have since very much endeavoured at the sweetness of the lute; but in spite of all my resolutions, I must confess with great confusion, that I find myself daily degenerating into a bagpipe; whether it be the effect of my old age, or of the company I keep, I know not. All that I can do, is to keep a watch over my conversation, and to silence the drone as soon as I find it begin to hum in my discourse, being determined rather to hear the notes of others, than to play out of time, and encroach upon their parts in the concert by the noise of so tiresome an instrument.

I shall conclude this paper with a letter which I received last night from a friend of mine, who knows very well my notions upon this subject, and invites me to pass the evening at his house, with a select company of friends, in the following words:

"DEAR ISAAC,

"I intend to have a concert at my house this evening, having by great chance got a harpsichord, which I am sure will entertain you very agreeably. There will be likewise two lutes and a trumpet: let me beg you to put yourself in tune, and believe me

"Your very faithful servant,

"NICHOLAS HUMDRUM."

Digitized by Google

No. 154. TUESDAY, APRIL 4, 1710.

Obscuris vera involvens.
VIRG. ÆN. l. 6.

From my own Apartment, April 3.

WE have already examined Homer's description of a future state, and the condition in which he hath placed the souls of the deceased. I shall in this paper make some observations on the account which Virgil hath given us of the same subject, who, besides a greatness of genius, had all the lights of philosophy and human learning to assist and guide him in his discoveries.

Æneas is represented as descending into the Empire of Death, with a prophetess by his side, who instructs him in the secrets of those lower regions.

Upon the confines of the dead, and before the very gates of this infernal world, Virgil describes several inhabitants, whose natures are wonderfully suited to the situation of the place, as being either the occasions or resemblances of death. Of the first kind are the shadows of Sickness, Old Age, Fear, Famine, and Poverty (apparitions very terrible to behold:) with several others, as Toil, War, Contention, and Discord, which contribute all of them to people this common receptacle of human souls. As this was likewise a very proper residence for every thing that resembles Death, the poet tells us, that Sleep, whom he represents as a near relation to Death, has likewise his habitation in these quarters, and describes in them a huge gloomy elm-tree, which seems a very proper ornament for the place, and is possessed by an innumerable swarm of Dreams, that hang in clusters under every leaf of it. He then gives us a list of imaginary persons, who very naturally lie within the shadow of the Dream-tree, as being of the same kind of make in themselves, and the materials, or (to use Shakespear's phrase) the stuff of which dreams are made. Such are the shades of the Giant

Digitized by Google

with a hundred hands, and of his brother with three bodies; of the double-shaped Centaur, and Scylla; the Gorgon with snaky hair; the Harpy with a woman's face and lion's talons: the seven-headed Hydra; and the Chimæra, which breathes forth a flame, and is a compound of three animals. These several mixed natures, the creatures of imagination, are not only introduced with great art after the Dreams, but as they are planted at the very entrance, and within the very gates of those regions, do probably denote the wild deliriums and extravagancies of fancy, which the soul usually falls into when she is just upon the verge of death.

Thus far Æneas travels in an allegory. The rest of the description is drawn with great exactness, according to the religion of the Heathens, and the opinions of the Platonic philosophy. I shall not trouble my reader with a common dull story, that gives an account why the Heathens first of all supposed a ferryman in hell, and his name to be Charon; but must not pass over in silence the point of doctrine which Virgil hath very much insisted upon in this book, that the souls of those who are unburied, are not permitted to go over into their respective places of rest, till they have wandered an hundred years upon the banks of Styx. This was, probably, an invention of the Heathen priesthood, to make the people extremely careful of performing proper rites and ceremonies to the memory of the dead. I shall not, however, with the infamous scribblers of the age, take an occasion from such a circumstance, to run into declamations against priestcraft, but rather look upon it even in this light as a religious artifice, to raise in the minds of men an esteem for the memory of their forefathers, and a desire to recommend themselves to that of posterity; as also to excite in them an ambition of imitating the virtues of the deceased, and to keep alive in their thoughts the sense of the soul's immortality. In a word, we may say in defence of the severe opinions relating to the shades of unburied persons, what hath been said by some of our divines in regard to the rigid doctrines concerning the souls of such who

Digitized by Google

die without being initiated into our religion, that supposing they should be erroneous, they can do no hurt to the dead, and will have a good effect upon the living, in making them cautious of neglecting such necessary solemnities.

Charon is no sooner appeased, and the triple-headed dog laid asleep, but Æneas makes his entrance into the dominions of Pluto. There are three kinds of persons described, as being situated on the borders; and I can give no reason for their being stationed there in so particular a manner, but because none of them seem to have had a proper right to a place among the dead, as not having run out the whole thread of their days, and finished the term of life that had been allotted them upon earth. The first of these are the souls of infants, who are snatched away by untimely ends: the second, are of those who are put to death wrongfully, and by an unjust sentence; and the third, of those who grew weary of their lives, and laid violent hands upon themselves. As for the second of these, Virgil adds with great beauty, that Minos, the judge of the dead, is employed in giving them a rehearing, and assigning them their several quarters suitable to the parts they acted in life. The poet, after having mentioned the souls of those unhappy men who destroyed themselves, breaks out into a fine exclamation: 'Oh! how gladly, (says he,) would they now endure life with all its miseries! But the destinies forbid their return to earth; and the waters of Styx surround them with nine streams that are unpassable.' It is very remarkable, that Virgil, notwithstanding self-murder was so frequent among the Heathens, and had been practised by some of the greatest men in the very age before him, hath here represented it as so heinous a crime. But in this particular, he was guided by the doctrines of his great master Plato, who says on this subject, 'That a man is placed in his station of life like a soldier in his proper post, which he is not to quit, whatever may happen, until he is called off by his commander who planted him in it.'

Digitized by Google

There is another point in the Platonic philosophy, which Virgil has made the ground-work of the greatest part in the piece we are now examining, having with wonderful art and beauty materialized (if I may so call it) a scheme of abstracted notions, and clothed the most nice refined conceptions of philosophy in sensible images, and poetical representations. The Platonists tell us, that the soul, during her residence in the body, contracts many virtuous and vicious habits, so as to become a beneficent, mild, charitable, or an angry, malicious, revengeful being; a substance inflamed with lust, avarice, and pride; or, on the contrary, brightened with pure, generous, and humble dispositions: That these and the like habits of virtue and vice growing into the very essence of the soul, survive and gather strength in her after her dissolution: That the torments of a vicious soul in a future state, arise principally from those importunate passions which are not capable of being gratified without a body; and that on the contrary, the happiness of virtuous minds very much consists in their being employed in sublime speculations, innocent diversions, sociable affections, and all the extacies of passion and rapture which are agreeable to reasonable natures, and of which they gained a relish in this life.

Upon this foundation, the poet raises that beautiful description of the secret haunts and walks, which he tells us are inhabited by deceased lovers.

'Not far from hence, (says he,) lies a great waste of plains, that are called the Fields of Melancholy. In these there grows a forest of myrtle, divided into many shady retirements and covered walks, and inhabited by the souls of those who pined away with love. The passion, (says he,) continues with them after death.' He then gives a list of this languishing tribe, in which his own Dido makes the principal figure, and is described as living in this soft romantic scene, with the shade of her first husband Sichæus.

The poet in the next place mentions another plain that was peopled with the ghosts of warriors, as still

Digitized by Google

delighting in each other's company, and pleased with the exercise of arms. He there represents the Grecian generals and common soldiers who perished in the siege of Troy as drawn up in squadrons, and terrified at the approach of Æneas, which renewed in them those impressions of fear they had before received in battle with the Trojans. He afterwards likewise, upon the same notion, gives a view of the Trojan heroes who lived in former ages, amidst a visionary scene of chariots and arms, flowery meadows, shining spears, and generous steeds, which he tells us were their pleasures upon earth, and now make up their happiness in Elysium. For the same reason also, he mentions others as singing pæans, and songs of triumph, amidst a beautiful grove of laurel. 'The chief of the concert was the poet Musæus, who stood inclosed with a circle of admirers, and rose by the head and shoulders above the throng of shades that surrounded him. The habitations of unhappy spirits, to shew the duration of their torments, and the desperate condition they are in, are represented as guarded by a Fury, moated round with a lake of fire, strengthened with towers of iron, encompassed with a triple wall, and fortified with pillars of adamant, which all the gods together are not able to heave from their foundations. The noise of stripes, the clank of chains, and the groans of the tortured, strike the pious Æneas with a kind of horror. The poet afterwards divides the criminals into two classes: the first and blackest catalogue consists of such as were guilty of outrages against the gods; and the next, of such who were convicted of injustice between man and man: the greatest number of whom, says the poet, are those who followed the dictates of Avarice.

It was an opinion of the Platonists, 'That the souls of men having contracted in the body great stains and pollutions of vice and ignorance, there were several purgations and cleansings necessary to be passed through both here and hereafter, in order to refine and purify them.'

Digitized by Google

Virgil, to give this thought likewise a clothing of poetry, describes some spirits as bleaching in the winds, others as cleansing under great falls of waters, and others as purging in fire, to recover the primitive beauty and purity of their natures.

It was likewise an opinion of the same sect of philosophers, that the souls of all men exist in a separate state, long before their union with their bodies; and that upon their immersion into flesh, they forget every thing which passed in the state of pre-existence; so that what we here call knowledge, is nothing else but memory, or the recovery of those things which we knew before.

In pursuance of this scheme, Virgil gives us a view of several souls, who, to prepare themselves for living upon earth, flock about the banks of the river Lethe, and swill themselves with the waters of oblivion.

The same scheme gives him an opportunity of making a noble compliment to his countrymen, where Anchises is represented taking a survey of the long train of heroes that are to descend from him, and giving his son Æneas an account of all the glories of his race.

I need not mention the revolution of the Platonic year, which is but just touched upon in this book; and as I have consulted no authors thoughts in this explication, shall be very well pleased, if it can make the noblest piece of the most accomplished poet more agreeable to my female readers, when they think fit to look into Dryden's translation of it.*

* A very poor reason for giving the foregoing analysis of this poem which the learned reader only, will admire, or can possibly understand.

Digitized by Google

No. 155. THURSDAY, APRIL 6, 1710.

——— Aliena negotia curat
Excussus propriis.———
Hor.

From my own Apartment, April 5.

THERE lived some years since within my neighbourhood a very grave person, an upholsterer, who seemed a man of more than ordinary application to business. He was a very early riser, and was often abroad two or three hours before any of his neighbours. He had a particular carefulness in the knitting of his brows, and a kind of impatience in all his motions, that plainly discovered he was always intent on matters of importance. Upon my inquiry into his life and conversation, I found him to be the greatest newsmonger in our quarter; that he rose before day to read the Postman; and that he would take two or three turns to the other end of the town before his neighbours were up, to see if there were any Dutch mails come in. He had a wife and several children; but was much more inquisitive to know what passed in Poland than in his own family, and was in greater pain and anxiety of mind for King Augustus's welfare than that of his nearest relations. He looked extremely thin in a dearth of news, and never enjoyed himself in a westerly wind. This indefatigable kind of life was the ruin of his shop; for about the time that his favourite prince left the crown of Poland, he broke and disappeared.

This man and his affairs had been long out of my mind, till about three days ago, as I was walking in St. James's Park, I heard somebody at a distance hemming after me: and who should it be but my old neighbour the upholsterer. I saw he was reduced to extreme poverty, by certain shabby superfluities in his dress: for, notwithstanding that it was a very sultry day for the time of the year, he wore a loose great coat and a muff,

Digitized by Google

with a long campaign-wig out of curl; to which he had added the ornament of a pair of black garters buckled under the knee. Upon his coming up to me, I was going to inquire into his present circumstances; but was prevented by his asking me, with a whisper, 'Whether the last letters brought any accounts that one might rely upon from Bender?' I told him, 'None that I heard of;' and asked him, 'Whether he had yet married his eldest daughter?' He told me 'No. But pray,' says he, 'tell me sincerely, what are your thoughts of the king of Sweden?' (for though his wife and children were starving, I found his chief concern at present was for this great monarch.)) I told him, 'that I looked upon him as one of the first heroes of the age.' But pray,' says he, 'do you think there is any thing in the story of his wound?' and finding me surprised at the question, 'Nay,' says he, 'I only propose it to you.' I answered, 'that I thought there was no reason to doubt of it.' 'But why in the heel,' says he, 'more than in any other part of the body?' 'Because,' says I, 'the bullet chanced to light there.'

This extraordinary dialogue was no sooner ended, but he began to launch out into a long dissertation upon the affairs of the North; and, after having spent some time on them, he told me, he was in a great perplexity how to reconcile the Supplement with the English-Post, and had been just now examining what the other papers say upon the same subject. 'The Daily Courant (says he) has these words, 'We have advices from very good hands, that a certain prince has some matters of great importance under consideration.' This is very mysterious; but the Post-boy leaves us more in the dark, for he tells us, 'That there are private intimations of measures taken by a certain prince, which time will bring to light.' Now the Postman, (says he) who uses to be very clear, refers to the same news in these words; 'The late conduct of a certain prince affords great matter of speculation.' This certain prince, (says the upholsterer) whom they are all so cautious of naming, I take to be———,' upon which, though

Digitized by Google

there was nobody near us, he whispered something in my ear, which I did not hear, or think worth my while to make him repeat.

We were now got to the upper end of the Mall, where were three or four very odd fellows sitting together upon the bench. These I found were all of them politicians, who used to sun themselves in that place every day about dinner-time. Observing them to be curiosities in their kind, and my friend's acquaintance, I sat down among them.

The chief politician of the bench was a great assertor of paradoxes. He told us, with a seeming concern, that by some news he had lately read from Muscovy, it appeared to him that there was a storm gathering in the Black Sea, which might in time do hurt to the naval forces of this nation. To this he added, that for his part, he could not wish to see the Turk driven out of Europe, which he believed could not but be prejudicial to our woollen manufacture. He then told us, that he looked upon those extraordinary revolutions which had lately happened in these parts of the world, to have risen chiefly from two persons who were not much talked of; and those, says he, are Prince Menzikoff, and the Duchess of Mirandola. He backed his assertions with so many broken hints, and such a show of depth and wisdom, that we gave ourselves up to his opinions.

The discourse at length fell upon a point which seldom escapes a knot of true-born Englishmen, whether in case of a religious war, the Protestants would not be too strong for the Papists? This we unanimously determined on the Protestant side. One who sat on my right hand, and, as I found by his discourse, had been in the West-Indies, assured us, that it would be a very easy matter for the Protestants to beat the Pope at sea; and added, that whenever such a war does break out, it must turn to the good of the Leeward Islands. Upon this, one who sat at the end of the bench, and, as I afterwards found, was the geographer of the company, said, that in case the Papists should

Digitized by Google

drive the Protestants from these parts of Europe, when the worst came to the worst, it would be impossible to beat them out of Norway and Greenland, provided the Northern crowns hold together, and the Czar of Muscovy stand neuter.

He further told us for our comfort, that there were vast tracts of land about the pole, inhabited neither by Protestants nor Papists, and of greater extent than all the Roman Catholic dominions in Europe.

When we had fully discussed this point, my friend the upholsterer began to exert himself upon the present negotiations of peace, in which he deposed princes, settled the bounds of kingdoms, and balanced the power of Europe, with great justice and impartiality.

I at length took my leave of the company, and was going away; but had not been gone thirty yards, before the upholsterer hemmed again after me. Upon his advancing towards me, with a whisper, I expected to hear some secret piece of news, which he had not thought fit to communicate to the bench; but instead of that, he desired me in my ear to lend him half-a-crown. In compassion to so needy a statesman, and to dissipate the confusion I found he was in, I told him, if he pleased, I would give him five shillings, to receive five pounds of him when the great Turk was driven out of Constantinople; which he very readily accepted, but not before he had laid down to me the impossibility of such an event, as the affairs of Europe now stand.

This paper I design for the particular benefit of those worthy citizens who live more in a coffee-house than in their shops, and whose thoughts are so taken up with the affairs of the allies, that they forget their customers.*

* The ridicule of this paper is incomparably fine and well placed.

Digitized by Google

No. 156. SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1710.

——— *Sequiturque Patrem non passibus æquis.*
VIRG.

From my own Apartment, April 7.

WE have already described out of Homer the voyage of Ulysses to the infernal shades, with the several adventures that attended it. If we look into the beautiful romance published not many years since by the Archbishop of Cambray, we may see the son of Ulysses bound on the same expedition, and after the same manner making his discoveries among the regions of the dead. The story of Telemachus is formed altogether in the spirit of Homer, and will give an unlearned reader a notion of that great poet's manner of writing, more than any translation of him can possibly do.* As it was written for the instruction of a young prince, who may one day sit upon the throne of France, the author took care to suit the several parts of his story, and particularly the description we are now entering upon, to the character and quality of his pupil. For which reason, he insists very much on the misery of bad, and the happiness of good kings, in the account he hath given of punishments and rewards in the other world.

We may, however, observe, notwithstanding the endeavours of this great and learned author, to copy after the style and sentiments of Homer, that there is a certain tincture of Christianity running through the whole relation. The prelate in several places mixes himself with the poet; so that his future state puts me in mind

* Because the peculiar fictions and superstitions of Homer are omitted, or turned in such a way, as is more consistent with philosophical, and even Christian ideas. In other words, the writer treats the subject, as Homer would, most probably, have done, if he had lived in our days. This confession of Mr. Addison justifies the remark before made on the impropriety of giving extracts from the two Pagan poets, on the subject of a future state, for the entertainment of *common readers*.

Digitized by Google

of Michael Angelo's last judgment, where Charon[a] and his boat are represented as bearing a part in the dreadful solemnities of that great day.

Telemachus, after having passed through the dark avenues of death, in the retinue of Mercury, who every day delivers up a certain tale of ghosts to the ferryman of Styx, is admitted into the infernal bark. Among the companions of his voyage, is the shade of Nabopharzon, a king of Babylon, and tyrant of all the East. Among the ceremonies and pomps of his funeral, there were four slaves sacrificed, according to the custom of the country, in order to attend him among the shades. The author having described this tyrant in the most odious colours of pride, insolence, and cruelty, tells us, that his four slaves, instead of serving him after death, were perpetually insulting him with reproaches and affronts for his past usage; that they spurned him as he lay upon the ground, and forced him to show his face, which he would fain have covered, as lying under all the confusions of guilt and infamy; and, in short, that they kept him bound in a chain, in order to drag him before the tribunal of the dead.

Telemachus, upon looking out of the bark, sees all the strand covered with an innumerable multitude of shades, who, upon his jumping ashore, immediately vanished. He then pursues his course to the palace of Pluto, who is described as seated on his throne in terrible majesty, with Proserpine by his side. At the foot of his throne was the pale hideous spectre, who, by the ghastliness of his visage, and the nature of the appari-

[a] This way of paganizing a future state, was unavoidable in the plan of Telemachus, as it also was in that of Fontenelle's Dialogues. But it was something to be serious in his paganism. Thus much may be said for the French Homer, But how the French Lucian could hope to serve the cause of virtue and religion, by indulging the way of humour on a subject, which no man should treat with levity, or so much as think of, but with awe, it is not easy to conceive. It is very unhappy when men of parts are content to purchase the fame of ingenuity, at the expence of decency and common sense; and it is still more to be lamented, that men of religion should be, sometimes, indiscreet enough, to give into those freedoms of men, who have none.

Digitized by Google

tions that surrounded him, discovers himself to be Death. His attendants are Melancholy, Distrust, Revenge, Hatred, Avarice, Despair, Ambition, Envy, Impiety, with frightful Dreams, and waking Cares, which are all drawn very naturally in proper actions and postures. The author, with great beauty, places near his frightful dreams, an assembly of phantoms, which are often employed to terrify the living, by appearing in the shape and likeness of the dead.

The young hero, in the next place, takes a survey of the different kinds of criminals that lay in torture among clouds of sulphur, and torrents of fire. The first of these were such as had been guilty of impieties, which every one hath an horror for: to which is added, a catalogue of such offenders that scarce appear to be faulty in the eyes of the vulgar. 'Among these,' says the author, 'are malicious critics, that have endeavoured to cast a blemish upon the perfections of others;' with whom he likewise places such as have often hurt the reputation of the innocent, by passing a rash judgment on their actions, without knowing the occasion of them. 'These crimes, (says he) are more severely punished after death, because they generally meet with impunity upon earth.'

Telemachus, after having taken a survey of several other wretches in the same circumstances, arrives at that region of torments in which wicked kings are punished. There are very fine strokes of imagination in the description which he gives of this unhappy multitude. He tells us, that on one side of them there stood a revengeful fury, thundering in their ears incessant repetitions of all the crimes they had committed upon earth, with the aggravations of ambition, vanity, hardness of heart, and all those secret affections of mind that enter into the composition of a tyrant. At the same time, she holds up to them a large mirror, in which every one sees himself represented in the natural horror and deformity of his character. On the other side of them stands another fury, that, with an insulting derision, repeats to them all the praises that their

Digitized by Google

flatterers had bestowed upon them while they sat upon their respective thrones. She too, says the author, presents a mirror before their eyes, in which every one sees himself adorned with all those beauties and perfections in which they had been drawn by the vanity of their own hearts, and the flattery of others. To punish them for the wantonness of the cruelty which they formerly exercised, they are now delivered up to be treated according to the fancy and caprice of several slaves, who have here an opportunity of tyrannizing in their turns.

The author having given us a description of these ghastly spectres, who, says he, are always calling upon death, and are placed under the distillation of that burning vengeance which falls upon them drop by drop, and is never to be exhausted, leads us into a pleasing scene of groves, filled with the melody of birds, and the odours of a thousand different plants. These groves are represented as rising among a great many flowery meadows, and watered with streams that diffuse a perpetual freshness in the midst of an eternal day, and a never-fading spring. This, says the author, was the habitation of those good princes who were friends of the gods, and parents of the people. Among these, Telemachus converses with the shade of one of his ancestors, who makes a most agreeable relation of the joys of Elysium, and the nature of its inhabitants. The residence of Sesostris among these happy shades, with his character and present employment, is drawn in a very lively manner, and with a great elevation of thought.

The description of that pure and gentle light which overflows these happy regions, and clothes the spirits of these virtuous persons, hath something in it of that enthusiasm which this author was accused of by his enemies in the church of Rome; but however it may look in religion, it makes a very beautiful figure in poetry.

'The rays of the sun, (says he) are darkness in comparison with this light, which rather deserves the name

Digitized by Google

of glory, than that of light. It pierces the thickest bodies, in the same manner as the sun-beams pass through crystal; it strengthens the sight instead of dazzling it; and nourishes in the most inward recesses of the mind, a perpetual serenity that is not to be expressed. It enters and incorporates itself with the very substance of the soul: the spirits of the blessed feel it in all their senses, and in all their perceptions. It produces a certain source of peace and joy that arises in them for ever, running through all the faculties, and refreshing all the desires of the soul. External pleasures and delights, with all their charms and allurements, are regarded with the utmost indifference and neglect by these happy spirits, who have this great principle of pleasure within them, drawing the whole mind to itself, calling off their attention from the most delightful objects, and giving them all the transports of inebriation, without the confusion and the folly of it.'

I have here only mentioned some master-touches of this admirable piece, because the original itself is understood by the greater part of my readers. I must confess, I take a particular delight in these prospects of futurity, whether grounded upon the probable suggestions of a fine imagination, or the more severe conclusions of philosophy; as a man loves to hear all the discoveries or conjectures relating to a foreign country which he is, at some time, to inhabit. Prospects of this nature lighten the burden of any present evil, and refresh us under the worst and lowest circumstances of mortality. They extinguish in us both the fear and envy of human grandeur. Insolence shrinks its head, power disappears; pain, poverty, and death, fly before them. In short, the mind that is habituated to the lively sense of an hereafter, can hope for what is the most terrifying to the generality of mankind, and rejoice in what is the most afflicting.

Digitized by Google

No. 158. THURSDAY, APRIL 13, 1710.

Faciunt næ intelligendo, ut nihil intelligant.
TER.

From my own Apartment, April 12.

TOM Folio is a broker in learning, employed to get together good editions, and stock the libraries of great men. There is not a sale of books begins till Tom Folio is seen at the door. There is not an auction where his name is not heard, and that too in the very nick of time, in the critical moment, before the last decisive stroke of the hammer. There is not a subscription goes forward, in which Tom is not privy to the first rough draught of the proposals; nor a catalogue printed, that doth not come to him wet from the press. He is an universal scholar, so far as the title-page of all authors,[a] knows the manuscripts in which they were discovered, the editions through which they have passed, with the praises or censures which they have received from the several members of the learned world. He has a greater esteem for Aldus and Elzevir, than for Virgil and Horace. If you talk of Herodotus, he breaks out into a panegyric upon Harry Stephens. He thinks he gives you an account of an author, when he tells the subject he treats of, the name of the editor, and the year in which it was printed. Or if you draw him into further particulars, he cries up the goodness of the paper, extols the diligence of the corrector, and is transported with the beauty of the letter. This he looks upon to be sound learning and substantial criticism. As for those who talk of the fineness of style, and the justness of thought, or describe the brightness of any particular passages; nay, though they write them-

[a] *So far as the title-page of all authors,*] Elliptically expressed.—He should have said:—"so far as the title-page of all authors *can make him so.*"—Or, I would have put it thus:—"*He is deeply read in the title-pages of all authors.*"

Digitized by Google

selves in the genius and spirit of the author they admire, Tom looks upon them as men of superficial learning, and flashy parts.

I had yesterday morning a visit from this learned idiot, (for that is the light in which I consider every pedant) when I discovered in him some little touches of the coxcomb, which I had not before observed. Being very full of the figure which he makes in the republic of letters, and wonderfully satisfied with his great stock of knowledge, he gave me broad intimations, that he did not 'believe' in all points as his forefathers had done. He then communicated to me a thought of a certain author upon a passage of Virgil's account of the dead, which I made the subject of a late paper. This thought hath taken very much among men of Tom's pitch and understanding, though universally exploded by all that know how to construe Virgil, or have any relish of antiquity. Not to trouble my reader with it, I found upon the whole, that Tom did not believe a future state of rewards and punishments, because Æneas, at his leaving the empire of the dead, passed through the gate of ivory, and not through that of horn. Knowing that Tom had not sense enough to give up an opinion which he had once received, that he might avoid wrangling, I told him, that Virgil possibly had his oversights as well as another author. 'Ah! Mr. Bickerstaffe,' says he, 'you would have another opinion of him, if you would read him in Daniel Heinsius's edition. I have perused him myself several times in that edition,' continued he; 'and after the strictest and most malicious examination, could find but two faults in him: one of them is in the Æneid, where there are two commas instead of a parenthesis; and another in the third Georgic, where you may find a semicolon turned upside down.' 'Perhaps,' said I, 'these were not Virgil's thoughts, but those of the transcriber.' 'I do not design it,' says Tom, 'as a reflection on Virgil: on the contrary, I know that all the manuscripts 'reclaim' against such a punctuation. Oh! Mr. Bickerstaffe,' says he, 'what would a man give to see one simile of

Digitized by Google

Virgil writ in his own hand?' I asked him which was the simile he meant; but was answered, 'Any simile in Virgil.' He then told me all the secret history in the commonwealth of learning; of modern pieces that had the names of ancient authors annexed to them; of all the books that were now writing or printing in the several parts of Europe; of many amendments which are made, and not yet published; and a thousand other particulars, which I would not have my memory burthened with for a Vatican.

At length, being fully persuaded that I thoroughly admired him, and looked upon him as a prodigy of learning, he took his leave. I know several of Tom's class who are professed admirers of Tasso without understanding a word of Italian; and one in particular, that carries a *Pastor-fido* in his pocket, in which I am sure he is acquainted with no other beauty but the clearness of the character.

There is another kind of pedant, who, with all Tom Folio's impertinencies, hath greater superstructures and embellishments of Greek and Latin, and is still more insupportable than the other, in the same degree as he is more learned. Of this kind very often are editors, commentators, interpreters, scholiasts, and critics; and in short, all men of deep learning without common sense. These persons set a greater value on themselves for having found out the meaning of a passage in Greek, than upon the author for having written it; nay, will allow the passage itself not to have any beauty in it, at the same time that they would be considered as the greatest men in the age for having interpreted it. They will look with contempt upon the most beautiful poems that have been composed by any of their contemporaries; but will lock themselves up in their studies for a twelvemonth together, to correct, publish, and expound, such trifles of antiquity as a modern author would be contemned for. Men of the strictest morals, severest lives, and the gravest professions, will write volumes upon an idle sonnet that is originally in Greek or Latin; give editions of the most immoral authors, and spin out

Digitized by Google

whole pages upon the various readings of a lewd expression. All that can be said in excuse for them, is, that their works sufficiently show they have no taste of their authors; and that what they do in this kind, is out of their great learning, and not out of any levity or lasciviousness of temper.[a]

A pedant of this nature is wonderfully well described in six lines of Boileau, with which I shall conclude his character:[b]

Un Pédant engoré de sa vaine science,
Tout herissé de Grec, tout bouffi d' arrogance,
Et qui de mille Auteurs retenus mot pour mot,
Dans sa tête entassez n' a souvent fait qu'un Sot,
Croit qu'un Livre fait tout, et que sans Aristote
La Raison ne voit goute, et le bon Sens radote.

No. 160. TUESDAY, APRIL 18, 1710.

From my own Apartment, April 17.

A COMMON civility to an impertinent fellow, often draws upon one a great many unforeseen troubles; and if one doth not take particular care, will be interpreted by him as an overture of friendship and intimacy. This I was very sensible of this morning. About two hours before day, I heard a great rapping at my door, which continued some time, till my maid could get

[a] It may be so.—Yet when learned critics chuse to *shine* on these dirty subjects, while so many cleaner and fairer, which deserve their pains, are left in obscurity, they must not be surprised if the world thinks otherwise.

[b] The satire contained in this paper is extremely just; and yet, I doubt, has done no small hurt in the republic of letters. The reason is, that most men are lazy, as well as vain; and are, therefore, glad of such a pretence, as this piece of raillery affords them, to see all erudition, especially profound erudition, in the light of pedantry. So difficult it is not to misapply the talent of ridicule, or, at least, not to give others the *occasion* of misapplying it!

Digitized by Google

herself ready to go down and see what was the occasion of it. She then brought me up word, that there was a gentleman who seemed very much in haste, and said he must needs speak with me. By the description she gave me of him, and by his voice, which I could hear as I lay in my bed, I fancied him to be my old acquaintance the upholsterer, whom I met the other day in St. James's Park. For which reason, I bid her tell the gentleman, whoever he was, that I was indisposed, that I could see nobody, and that, if he had any thing to say to me, I desired he would leave it in writing. My maid, after having delivered her message, told me, that the gentleman said he would stay at the next coffee-house till I was stirring, and bid her be sure to tell me, that the French were driven from the Scarp, and that Douay was invested. He gave her the name of another town, which I found she had dropped by the way.

As much as I love to be informed of the success of my brave countrymen, I do not care for hearing of a victory before day, and was therefore very much out of humour at this unseasonable visit. I had no sooner recovered my temper, and was falling asleep, but I was immediately startled by a second rap; and upon my maid's opening the door, heard the same voice ask her, if her master was yet up? and at the same time bid her tell me, that he was come on purpose to talk with me about a piece of home-news that every body in town will be full of two hours hence. I ordered my maid, as soon as she came into the room, without hearing her message, to tell the gentleman, that whatever his news was, I would rather hear it two hours hence than now; and that I persisted in my resolution not to speak with any body that morning. The wench delivered my answer presently, and shut the door. It was impossible for me to compose myself to sleep after two such unexpected alarms; for which reason I put on my clothes in a very peevish humour. I took several turns about my chamber, reflecting with a great deal of anger and contempt on these volunteers in politics, that undergo

Digitized by Google

all the pain, watchfulness, and disquiet of a first minister, without turning it to the advantage either of themselves or their country; and yet it is surprising to consider how numerous this species of men is. There is nothing more frequent than to find a taylor breaking his rest on the affairs of Europe, and to see a cluster of porters sitting upon the ministry. Our streets swarm with politicians, and there is scarce a shop which is not held by a statesman. As I was musing after this manner, I heard the upholsterer at the door delivering a letter to my maid, and begging her, in very great hurry, to give it to her master as soon as ever he was awake, which I opened, and found as follows:

"Mr. BICKERSTAFFE,

"I was to wait upon you about a week ago, to let you know, that the honest gentlemen whom you conversed with upon the bench at the end of the Mall, having heard that I had received five shillings of you, to give you a hundred pounds upon the Great Turk's being driven out of Europe, desired me to acquaint you, that every one of that company would be willing to receive five shillings, to pay a hundred pounds on the same conditions. Our last advices from Muscovy making this a fairer bet than it was a week ago, I do not question but you will accept the wager.

"But this is not my present business. If you remember, I whispered a word in your ear as we were walking up the Mall, and you see what has happened since. If I had seen you this morning, I would have told you in your ear another secret. I hope you will be recovered of your indisposition by to-morrow morning, when I will wait on you at the same hour as I did this; my private circumstances being such, that I cannot well appear in this quarter of the town after it is day.

"I have been so taken up with the late good news from Holland, and expectation of further particulars, as well as with other transactions, of which I will tell you more to-morrow morning, that I have not slept a wink these three nights.

Digitized by Google

"I have reason to believe, that Picardy will soon follow the example of Artois, in case the enemy continue in their present resolution of flying away from us. I think I told you last time we were together my opinion about the Deulle.

"The honest gentlemen upon the bench bid me tell you, they would be glad to see you often among them. We shall be there all the warm hours of the day during the present posture of affairs.

"This happy opening of the campaign will, I hope, give us a very joyful summer; and I propose to take many a pleasant walk with you, if you will sometimes come into the Park; for that is the only place in which I can be free from the malice of my enemies. Farewel till three-a-clock to-morrow morning.

"I am

"Your most humble servant," &c.

"P. S. The King of Sweden is still at Bender."

I should have fretted myself to death at this promise of a second visit, if I had not found in his letter an intimation of the good news which I have since heard at large. I have, however, ordered my maid to tie up the knocker of my door, in such a manner as she would do if I was really indisposed. By which means I hope to escape breaking my morning's rest.

No. 161. THURSDAY, APRIL 20, 1710.

——Nunquam libertas gratior exstat
Quam sub rege pio.——

From my own Apartment, April 19.

I WAS walking two or three days ago in a very pleasing retirement, and amusing myself with the reading of

* Better expunge—"*the reading of.*"

Digitized by Google

that ancient and beautiful allegory, called 'The table of Cebes.'[a] I was at last so tired with my walk, that I sat down to rest myself upon a bench that stood in the midst of an agreeable shade. The music of the birds, that filled all the trees about me, lulled me asleep before I was aware of it; which[b] was followed by a dream, that I impute in some measure to the foregoing author, who had made an impression upon my imagination, and put me into his own way of thinking.

I fancied myself among the Alps,[c] and, as it is natural in a dream, seemed every moment to bound from one summit to another, till at last, after having made this airy progress over the tops of several mountains, I arrived at the very centre of those broken rocks and precipices. I here, methought, saw a prodigious circuit of hills, that reached above the clouds, and encompassed a large space of ground, which I had a great curiosity to look into. I thereupon continued my former way of travelling through a great variety of winter scenes, till I had gained the top of these white mountains, which seemed another Alps of snow. I looked down from hence into a spacious plain, which was surrounded on all sides by this mound of hills, and which presented me with the most agreeable prospect I had ever seen. There was a greater variety of colours in the embroidery of the meadows, a more lively green in the leaves and grass, a brighter crystal in the streams, than what I ever met with in any other region. The light itself had something more shining and glorious in it than that of which the day is made in other places. I was wonderfully astonished at the discovery of such a Paradise amidst the wildness of those cold hoary landscapes which lay about it; but found at length, that this happy region was inhabited by 'The Goddess of

[a] *The table of Cebes.*] A fine moral allegory, but of a character wholly different from that which follows. This picturesque and sublime dream had been more naturally introduced, if the author of it had fallen asleep over a *canto of Spenser.*

[b] *Which*] what? "*The being lulled asleep,*" carelessly expressed.

[c] *The Alps,*] The scenery of this vision, taken from *Switzerland.*—See the author's travels.

Digitized by Google

Liberty;' whose presence softened the rigours of the climate, enriched the barrenness of the soil, and more than supplied the absence of the sun. The place was covered with a wonderful profusion of flowers, that without being disposed into regular borders and parterres, grew promiscuously, and had a greater beauty in their natural luxuriancy and disorder, than they could have received from the checks and restraints of art. There was a river that arose out of the south side of the mountain, that by an infinite number of turns and windings, seemed to visit every plant, and cherish the several beauties of the spring, with which the fields abounded. After having run to and fro in a wonderful variety of meanders, it at last throws itself into the hollow of a mountain, from whence it passes under a long range of rocks, and at length rises in that part of the Alps where the inhabitants think it the first source of the Rhone. This river, after having made its progress through those free nations, stagnates in a huge lake at the leaving of them, and no sooner enters into the regions of slavery, but runs through them with an incredible rapidity, and takes its shortest way to the sea.

I descended into the happy fields that lay beneath me, and in the midst of them, beheld the goddess sitting upon a throne. She had nothing to inclose her but the bounds of her own dominions, and nothing over her head but the heavens. Every glance of her eye cast a track of light where it fell, that revived the spring, and made all things smile about her. My heart grew cheerful at the sight of her, and as she looked upon me, I found a certain confidence growing in me, and such an inward resolution as I never felt before that time.

On the left hand of the goddess sat the Genius of a Commonwealth, with the cap of liberty on her head, and in her hand a wand, like that with which a Roman citizen used to give his slaves their freedom. There was something mean and vulgar, but at the same time exceeding bold and daring, in her air; her eyes were full of fire, but had in them such casts of fierceness and

Digitized by Google

cruelty, as made her appear to me rather dreadful than amiable. On her shoulders she wore a mantle, on which there was wrought a great confusion of figures. As it flew in the wind, I could not discern the particular design of them, but saw wounds in the bodies of some, and agonies in the faces of others; and over one part of it could read, in letters of blood, 'The Ides of March.'

On the right hand of the goddess was the Genius of Monarchy. She was clothed in the whitest ermine, and wore a crown of the purest gold upon her head. In her hand she held a sceptre like that which is borne by the British monarchs.[a] A couple of tame lions lay crouching at her feet: her countenance had in it a very great majesty, without any mixture of terror; her voice was like the voice of an angel, filled with so much sweetness, accompanied with such an air of condescension, as tempered the awfulness of her appearance, and equally inspired love and veneration into the hearts of all that beheld her.

In the train of the Goddess of Liberty were the several Arts and Sciences, who all of them flourished underneath her eye. One of them in particular, made a greater figure than any of the rest, who held a thunder bolt in her hand, which had the power of melting, piercing, or breaking every thing that stood in its way. The name of this goddess was Eloquence.

There were two other dependant goddesses, who made a very conspicuous figure in this blissful region. The first of them was seated upon an hill, that had every plant growing out of it, which the soil was in its own nature capable of producing. The other was seated in a little island, that was covered with groves of spices, olives, and orange-trees; and in a word, with the products of every foreign clime. The name of the first was Plenty, of the second, Commerce. The first leaned her right arm upon a plough, and under her left

[a] A compliment to the well-tempered *monarchy* of his country, so finely conducted, as to be applicable, at the same time, to the personal virtues of its *Monarch*.

Digitized by Google

held a huge horn, out of which she poured a whole autumn of fruits. The other wore a rostral crown upon her head, and kept her eyes fixed upon a compass.

I was wonderfully pleased in ranging through this delightful place, and the more so, because it was not encumbered with fences and enclosures; till at length, methoughts, I sprung from the ground, and pitched upon the top of an hill, that presented several objects to my sight, which I had not before taken notice of. The winds that passed over this flowery plain, and through the tops of trees which were full of blossoms, blew upon me in such a continued breeze of sweets, that I was wonderfully charmed with my situation. I here saw all the inner declivities of that great circuit of mountains, whose outside was covered with snow, overgrown with huge forests of fir-trees,[a] which, indeed, are very frequently found in other parts of the Alps. These trees were inhabited by storks,[b] that came thither in great flights from very distant quarters of the world. Methought I was pleased in my dream, to see what became of these birds, when, upon leaving the places to which they make an annual visit, they rise in great flocks so high till they are out of sight; and for that reason have been thought by some modern philosophers to take a flight to the moon. But my eyes were soon diverted from this prospect, when I observed two great gaps that led through this circuit of mountains, where guards and watches were posted day and night. Upon examination I found, that there were two formidable enemies encamped before each of these avenues,

[a] *Fir-trees,*] Because this tree thrives best in mountainous countries, i. e. according to the author's idea, "in *free* countries."

[b] *Inhabited by storks,*] Alluding to the notions that these birds are to be found only in republics. Whence the famous lines,

"Lucretius, with a stork-like fate,"
"Bred and translated, in a state."

Though by what he says of these birds flying to the moon, he would insinuate, I suppose, that one tradition was just as credible as the other.

Digitized by Google

who kept the place in a perpetual alarm, and watched all opportunities of invading it.

Tyranny was at the head of one of these armies, dressed in an Eastern habit, and grasping in her hand an iron sceptre. Behind her was Barbarity, with the garb and complexion of an Æthiopian; Ignorance with a turban upon her head; and Persecution holding up a bloody flag, embroidered with flower-de-luces. These were followed by Oppression, Poverty, Famine, Torture, and a dreadful train of appearances, that made me tremble to behold them. Among the baggage of this army, I could discover racks, wheels, chains, and gibbets, with all the instruments art could invent to make human nature miserable.

Before the other avenue I saw Licentiousness, dressed in a garment not unlike the Polish cassock, and leading up a whole army of monsters, such as Clamour, with a hoarse voice and a hundred tongues; Confusion, with a mis-shapen body and a thousand heads; Impudence, with a forehead of brass; and Rapine, with hands of iron. The tumult, noise, and uproar in this quarter were so very great, that they disturbed my imagination more than is consistent with sleep, and by that means awaked me.

No. 162. SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1710.

Tertius è Cælo cecidit Cato.
JUV. SAT. 2.

From my own Apartment, April 21.

IN my younger years I used many endeavours to get a place at court, and indeed continued my pursuits till I arrived at my grand climacteric; but at length altogether despairing of success, whether it were for want of capacity, friends, or due application, I at last resolved to erect a new office, and for my encouragement,

Digitized by Google

to place myself in it. For this reason, I took upon me the title and dignity of Censor of Great Britain, reserving to myself all such perquisites, profits, and emoluments as should arise out of the discharge of the said office. These in truth have not been inconsiderable; for besides those weekly contributions which I receive from John Morphew, and those annual subscriptions which I propose to myself from the most elegant part of this great island, I daily live in a very comfortable affluence of wine, stale beer, Hungary water, beef, books, and marrow-bones, which I receive from many well-disposed citizens; not to mention the forfeitures which accrue to me from the several offenders that appear before me on court days.

Having now enjoyed this office for the space of a twelvemonth, I shall do what all good officers ought to do, take a survey of my behaviour, and consider carefully whether I have discharged my duty, and acted up to the character with which I am invested. For my direction in this particular, I have made a narrow search into the nature of the old Roman Censors, whom I must always regard, not only as my predecessors, but as my patterns in this great employment: and have several times asked my own heart with great impartiality, whether Cato will not bear a more venerable figure among posterity than Bickerstaffe?

I find the duty of the Roman Censor was twofold. The first part of it consisted in making frequent reviews of the people, in casting up their numbers, ranging them under their several tribes, disposing them into proper classes, and subdividing them into their respective centuries.

In compliance with this part of the office, I have taken many curious surveys of this great city. I have collected into particular bodies the dappers and the smarts, the natural and affected rakes, the pretty fellows and the very pretty fellows. I have likewise drawn out in several distinct parties, your pedants and men of fire, your gamesters and politicians. I have separated cits from citizens, free-thinkers from philosophers, wits

Digitized by Google

from snuff-takers, and duellists from men of honour. I have likewise made a calculation of esquires, not only considering the several distinct swarms of them that are settled in the different parts of this town, but also, that more rugged species that inhabit the fields and woods, and are often found in pot houses, and upon hay-cocks.

I shall pass the soft sex over in silence, having not yet reduced them into any tolerable order; as likewise the softer tribe of lovers, which will cost me a great deal of time, before I shall be able to cast them into their several centuries and subdivisions.

The second part of the Roman Censor's office was to look into the manners of the people, and to check any growing luxury, whether in diet, dress, or building. This duty, likewise, I have endeavoured to discharge, by those wholesome precepts which I have given my countrymen in regard to beef and mutton, and the severe censures which I have passed upon ragouts and fricassees. There is not, as I am informed, a pair of red heels to be seen within ten miles of London, which I may likewise ascribe, without vanity, to the becoming zeal which I expressed in that particular. I must own, my success with the petticoat is not so great; but as I have not yet done with it, I hope I shall, in a little time, put an effectual stop to that growing evil. As for the article of building, I intend hereafter to enlarge upon it, having lately observed several warehouses, nay, private shops, that stand upon Corinthian pillars, and whole rows of tin pots showing themselves, in order to their sale, through a sash window.

I have likewise followed the example of the Roman Censors, in punishing offences according to the quality of the offender. It was usual for them to expel a senator who had been guilty of great immoralities out of the senate house, by omitting his name when they called over the list of his brethren. In the same manner, to remove effectually several worthless men who stand possessed of great honours, I have made frequent draughts of dead men out of the vicious part of the

Digitized by Google

nobility, and given them up to the new society of upholders, with the necessary orders for their interment. As the Roman Censors used to punish the knights or gentlemen of Rome, by taking away their horses from them, I have seized the canes of many criminals of figure, whom I had just reason to animadvert upon. As for the offenders among the common people of Rome, they were generally chastised, by being thrown out of a higher tribe, and placed in one which was not so honourable. My reader cannot but think I have had an eye to this punishment, when I have degraded one species of men into bombs, squibs, and crackers, and another into drums, bass-viols, and bagpipes; not to mention whole packs of delinquents whom I have shut up in kennels, and the new hospital which I am at present erecting, for the reception of those of my countrymen who give me but little hopes of their amendment, on the borders of Moorfields. I shall only observe upon this particular, that since some late surveys I have taken of this island, I shall think it necessary to enlarge the plan of the buildings which I design in this quarter.

When my great predecessor Cato the elder stood for the censorship of Rome, there were several other competitors who offered themselves: and to get an interest among the people, gave them great promises of the mild and gentle treatment which they would use towards them in that office. Cato on the contrary told them, he presented himself as a candidate, because he knew the age was sunk in immorality and corruption; and that if they would give him their votes, he would promise them to make use of such a strictness and severity of discipline as should recover them out of it. The Roman historians, upon this occasion, very much celebrated the public-spiritedness of that people, who chose Cato for their Censor, notwithstanding his method of recommending himself. I may in some measure extol my own countrymen upon the same account, who, without any respect to party, or any application from myself, have made such generous subscriptions for

Digitized by Google

the Censor of Great Britain, as will give a magnificence to my old age, and which I esteem more than I would any post in Europe of an hundred times the value. I shall only add, that upon looking into my catalogue of subscribers, which I intend to print alphabetically in the front of my lucubrations, I find the names of the greatest beauties and wits in the whole island of Great Britain, which I only mention for the benefit of any of them who have not yet subscribed, it being my design to close the subscription in a very short time.

No. 163. THURSDAY, APRIL 25, 1710.

Idem inficeto est inficetior rure
Simul poemata attigit; neque idem unquam
Æquè est beatus, ac poema cum scribit:
Tam gaudet in se, tamque se ipse miratur.
Nimirum idem omnes fallimur; neque est quisquam
Quem non in aliqua re videre Suffenum
Possis———

CATUL. DE SUFFENO.

Will's Coffee-house, April 24.

I YESTERDAY came hither about two hours before the company generally make their appearance, with a design to read over all the news-papers; but upon my sitting down, I was accosted by Ned Softly, who saw me from a corner in the other end of the room, where I found he had been writing something. Mr. Bickerstaffe, (says he) I observe by a late paper of yours, that you and I are just of a humour; for you must know, of all impertinencies, there is nothing which I so much hate as news. I never read a Gazette in my life; and never trouble my head about our armies, whether they win or lose, or in what part of the world they lie encamped. Without giving me time to reply, he drew a paper of verses out of his pocket, telling me, that he had something which would entertain me more agree-

Digitized by Google

ably, and that he would desire my judgment upon every line, for that we had time enough before us till the company came in.

Ned Softly is a very pretty poet, and a great admirer of easy lines. Waller is his favourite: and as that admirable writer has the best and worst verses of any among our English poets, Ned Softly has got all the bad ones without book, which he repeats upon occasion, to show his reading, and garnish his conversation. Ned is indeed a true English reader, incapable of relishing the great and masterly strokes of this art; but wonderfully pleased with the little Gothic ornaments of epigrammatical conceits, turns, points, and quibbles, which are so frequent in the most admired of our English poets, and practised by those who want genius and strength to represent, after the manner of the ancients, simplicity in its natural beauty and perfection.

Finding myself unavoidably engaged in such a conversation, I was resolved to turn my pain into a pleasure, and to divert myself as well as I could with so very odd a fellow. 'You must understand, (says Ned) that the sonnet I am going to read to you was written upon a lady, who showed me some verses of her own making, and is, perhaps, the best poet of our age. But you shall hear it.' Upon which he began to read as follows:

'*To* Mira *on her incomparable Poem.*

I.

'When dress'd in laurel wreaths you shine,
And tune your soft melodious notes,
You seem a sister of the Nine,
Or Phœbus' self in petticoats.

II.

'I fancy, when your song you sing,
(Your song you sing with so much art)
Your pen was pluck'd from Cupid's wing;
For ah! it wounds me like his dart.'

Digitized by Google

'Why, (says I) this is a little nosegay of conceits, a very lump of salt: every verse hath something in it that piques; and then the dart in the last line is certainly as pretty a sting in the tail of an epigram (for so I think your critics call it) as ever entered into the thought of a poet.' 'Dear Mr. Bickerstaffe, (says he) shaking me by the hand, every body knows you to be a judge of these things; and to tell you truly, I read over Roscommon's translation of Horace's Art of Poetry three several times, before I sat down to write the sonnet which I have shown you. But you shall hear it again, and pray observe every line of it, for not one of them shall pass without your approbation.

'When dress'd in laurel wreaths you shine.'

'That is, (says he) when you have your garland on; when you are writing verses.' To which I replied, 'I know your meaning: a metaphor!' 'The same,' said he, and went on:

'And tune your soft melodious notes.'

'Pray observe the gliding of that verse; there is scarce a consonant in it: I took care to make it run upon liquids. Give me your opinion of it.' 'Truly, (said I) I think it as good as the former.' 'I am very glad to hear you say so, (says he:) but mind the next:'

'You seem a sister of the Nine.'

'That is, (says he) you seem a sister of the Muses; for if you look into ancient authors, you will find it was their opinion, that there were nine of them.' 'I remember it very well, (said I;) but pray proceed.'

'Or Phœbus' self in petticoats.'

'Phœbus (says he) was the god of poetry. These little instances, Mr. Bickerstaffe, show a gentleman's reading. Then to take off from the air of learning, which Phœbus and the Muses have given to this

Digitized by Google

first stanza, you may observe, how it falls all of a sudden into the familiar; in petticoats!

'Or Phœbus' self in petticoats.'

'Let us now, (says I) enter upon the second stanza. I find the first line is still a continuation of the metaphor.

'I fancy when your song you sing.'

'It is very right, (says he;) but pray observe the turn of words in those two lines. I was a whole hour in adjusting of them, and have still a doubt upon me, whether in the second line it should be, 'Your song you sing;' or, 'You sing your song.' You shall hear them both:'

'I fancy when your song you sing,
(Your song you sing with so much art.)'

OR,

'I fancy, when your song you sing,
(You sing your song with so much art.)'

'Truly, (said I) the turn is so natural either way, that you have made me almost giddy with it.' 'Dear sir, (said he, grasping me by the hand,) you have a great deal of patience; but pray what do you think of the next verse?'

'Your pen was pluck'd from Cupid's wing.'

'Think! (says I:) I think you have made Cupid look like a little goose.' 'That was my meaning, (says he) I think the ridicule is well enough hit off. But we now come to the last, which sums up the whole matter.'

'For ah! it wounds me like his dart.'

'Pray how do you like that *ah!* doth it not make a pretty figure in that place? *Ah!* it looks as if I felt the dart, and cried out at being pricked with it.'

'For ah! it wounds me like his dart.'

Digitized by Google

'My friend Dick Easy (continued he) assured me, he would rather have written that *ah!* than to[a] have been the author of the Æneid. He indeed objected, that I made Mira's pen like a quill in one of the lines, and like a dart in the other. But as to that———' 'Oh! as to that, (says I) it is but supposing Cupid to be like a porcupine, and his quills and darts will be the same thing.' He was going to embrace me for the hint; but half a dozen critics coming into the room, whose faces he did not like, he conveyed the sonnet into his pocket, and whispered me in the ear, he would show it me again as soon as his man had written it over fair.[b]

No. 165. SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1710.

From my own Apartment, April 28.

It has always been my endeavour to distinguish between realities and appearances, and to separate true merit from the pretence to it. As it shall ever be my study to make discoveries of this nature in human life, and to settle the proper distinctions between the virtues and perfections of mankind, and those false colours and resemblances of them that shine alike in the eyes of the vulgar; so I shall be more particularly careful to search into the various merits and pretences of the learned world. This is the more necessary, because there seems to be a general combination among the pedants to extol one another's labours, and cry up one another's parts; while men of sense, either through that modesty

[a] *To*] should be left out.

[b] The humour of this paper is fine; but not original. *Ned Softly* is a slip of *Bays*, in the rehearsal:

"———*Parnassia laurus,*
Parva sub ingenti matris se subjicit umbrâ."

Digitized by Google

which is natural to them, or the scorn they have for such trifling commendations, enjoy their stock of knowledge like a hidden treasure with satisfaction and silence. Pedantry, indeed, in learning, is like hypocrisy in religion, a form of knowledge without the power of it, that attracts the eyes of the common people, breaks out in noise and show, and finds its reward, not from[a] any inward pleasure that attends it, but from the praises and approbations which it receives from men.

Of this shallow species there is not a more importunate, empty, and conceited animal, than that which is generally known by the name of a critic. This, in the common acceptation of the word, is one that, without entering into the sense and soul of an author, has a few general rules, which, like mechanical instruments, he applies to the works of every writer, and as they quadrate with them, pronounces the author perfect or defective. He is master of a certain set of words, as Unity, Style, Fire, Phlegm, Easy, Natural, Turn, Sentiment, and the like; which he varies, compounds, divides, and throws together, in every part of his discourse, without any thought or meaning. The marks you may know him by are, an elevated eye, and dogmatical brow, a positive voice, and a contempt for every thing that comes out, whether he has read it or not. He dwells altogether in generals. He praises or dispraises in the lump. He shakes his head very frequently at the pedantry of universities, and bursts into laughter when you mention an author that is known at Will's. He hath formed his judgment upon Homer, Horace, and Virgil, not from their own works, but from those of Rapin and Bossu. He knows his own strength so well, that he never dares praise any thing in which he has not a French author for his voucher.

With these extraordinary talents and accomplishments, Sir Timothy Tittle puts men in vogue, or con-

[a] *Finds its reward from*] He should have said "*in*," the proper preposition, after "*find*:" what determined his choice of "*from*" was the jingle of—"*in any inward*"—But the sentence might have been turned differently,

Digitized by Google

demns them to obscurity, and sits as judge of life and death upon every author that appears in public. It is impossible to represent the pangs, agonies, and convulsions, which Sir Timothy expresses in every feature of his face, and muscle of his body, upon the reading of a bad poet.

About a week ago I was engaged at a friend's house of mine in an agreeable conversation with his wife and daughters, when in the height of our mirth, Sir Timothy, who makes love to my friend's eldest daughter, came in amongst us puffing and blowing, as if he had been very much out of breath. He immediately called for a chair, and desired leave to sit down, without any further ceremony. I asked him, 'Where he had been? Whether he was out of order?' He only replied, that he was quite spent, and fell a cursing in soliloquy. I could hear him cry, 'A wicked rogue!—An execrable wretch!—Was there ever such a monster!'—The young ladies upon this began to be affrighted, and asked, 'Whether any one had hurt him?' He answered nothing, but still talked to himself. 'To lay the first scene (says he) in St. James's Park, and the last in Northamptonshire!' 'Is that all? (says I:) Then I suppose you have been at the rehearsal of a play this morning.' 'Been! (says he;) I have been at Northampton, in the Park, in a lady's bed-chamber, in a dining-room, every where; the rogue has led me such a dance!'—Though I could scarce forbear laughing at his discourse, I told him I was glad it was no worse, and that he was only metaphorically weary. 'In short, sir, (says he) the author has not observed a single unity in his whole play; the scene shifts in every dialogue; the villain has hurried me up and down at such a rate, that I am tired off my legs. I could not but observe with some pleasure, that the young lady whom he made love to, conceived a very just aversion towards him, upon seeing him so very passionate in trifles. And as she had that natural sense which makes her a better judge than a thousand critics, she began to rally him upon this foolish humour. 'For my part (says she,) I

Digitized by Google

never knew a play take that was written up to your rules, as you call them.' 'How madam! (says he,) is that your opinion? I am sure you have a better taste.' 'It is a pretty kind of magic, (says she) the poets have to transport an audience from place to place without the help of a coach and horses. I could travel round the world at such a rate. 'Tis such an entertainment as an enchantress finds when she fancies herself in a wood, or upon a mountain, at a feast, or a solemnity; though at the same time she has never stirred out of her cottage.' 'Your simile, madam, (says Sir Timothy,) is by no means just.' 'Pray, (says she) let my similes pass without a criticism. I must confess, (continued she, for I found she was resolved to exasperate him) I laughed very heartily at the last new comedy which you found so much fault with.' 'But, madam, (says he,) you ought not to have laughed; and I defy any one to show me a single rule that you could laugh by.' 'Ought not to laugh! (says she:) Pray who should hinder me?' 'Madam, (says he,) there are such people in the world as Rapin, Dacier, and several others, that ought to have spoiled your mirth.' 'I have heard, (says the young lady,) that your great critics are always very bad poets: I fancy there is as much difference between the works of one and the other, as there is between the carriage of a dancing-master and a gentleman. I must confess, (continued she,) I would not be troubled with so fine a judgment as yours is; for I find you feel more vexation in a bad comedy, than I do in a deep tragedy.' 'Madam, (says Sir Timothy,) that is not my fault; they should learn the art of writing.' 'For my part, (says the young lady,) I should think the greatest art in your writers of comedies is to please.' 'To please!' (says Sir Timothy;) and immediately fell a laughing. 'Truly, (says she,) that is my opinion.' Upon this, he composed his countenance, looked upon his watch, and took his leave.

I hear that Sir Timothy has not been at my friend's house since this notable conference, to the satisfaction

Digitized by Google

of the young lady, who by this means has got rid of a very impertinent fop.

I must confess, I could not but observe, with a great deal of surprise, how this gentleman, by his ill-nature, folly, and affectation, hath made himself capable of suffering so many imaginary pains, and looking with such a senseless severity upon the common diversions of life.

No. 192. SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1710.

Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens.
HOR.

From my own Apartment, June 30.

SOME years since I was engaged with a coach full of friends to take a journey as far as the Land's-end. We were very well pleased with one another the first day, every one endeavouring to recommend himself by his good humour and complaisance to the rest of the company. This good correspondence did not last long; one of our party was soured the very first evening by a plate of butter which had not been melted to his mind, and which spoiled his temper to such a degree, that he continued upon the fret to the end of our journey. A second fell off from his good humour the next morning, for no other reason that I could imagine, but because I chanced to step into the coach before him, and place myself on the shady side. This, however, was but my own private guess, for he did not mention a word of it, nor indeed of any thing else, for three days following. The rest of our company held out very near half the way, when of a sudden Mr. Sprightly fell asleep; and instead of endeavouring to divert and oblige us, as he had hitherto done, carried himself with an unconcerned, careless, drowsy behaviour, till we came to our last stage. There were three of us who still held up our

Digitized by Google

heads, and did all we could to make our journey agreeable; but, to my shame be it spoken, about three miles on this side Exeter I was taken with an unaccountable fit of sullenness, that hung upon me for above threescore miles; whether it were for want of respect, or from an accidental tread upon my foot, or from a foolish maid's calling me The old Gentleman, I cannot tell. In short, there was but one who kept his good humour to the Land's-end.

There was another coach that went along with us, in which I likewise observed, that there were many secret jealousies, heart-burnings, and animosities: for when we joined companies at night, I could not but take notice, that the passengers neglected their own company, and studied how to make themselves esteemed by us, who were altogether strangers to them: till at length they grew so well acquainted with us, that they liked us as little as they did one another. When I reflect upon this journey, I often fancy it to be a picture of human life, in respect to the several friendships, contracts, and alliances, that are made and dissolved in the several periods of it. The most delightful and most lasting engagements are generally those which pass between man and woman; and yet upon what trifles are they weakened, or entirely broken? Sometimes the parties fly asunder even in the midst of courtship, and sometimes grow cool in the very honey-month. Some separate before the first child, and some after the fifth; others continue good till thirty, others till forty; while some few, whose souls are of an happier make, and better fitted to one another, travel on together to the end of their journey, in a continual intercourse of kind offices and mutual endearments.

When we, therefore, chuse our companions for life, if we hope to keep both them and ourselves in good humour to the last stage of it, we must be extremely careful in the choice we make, as well as in the conduct on our own part. When the persons to whom we join ourselves can stand an examination, and bear the scrutiny, when they mend upon our acquaintance with

Digitized by Google

them, and discover new beauties the more we search into their characters, our love will naturally rise in proportion to their perfections.

But because there are very few possessed of such accomplishments of body and mind, we ought to look after those qualifications both in ourselves and others, which are indispensibly necessary towards this happy union, and which are in the power of every one to acquire, or at least to cultivate and improve. These, in my opinion, are cheerfulness and constancy. A cheerful temper joined with innocence, will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful, and wit good-natured. It will lighten sickness, poverty, and affliction; convert ignorance into an amiable simplicity, and render deformity itself agreeable.

Constancy is natural to persons of even tempers and uniform dispositions, and may be acquired by those of the greatest fickleness, violence, and passion, who consider seriously the terms of union upon which they come together, the mutual interest in which they are engaged, with all the motives that ought to incite their tenderness and compassion towards those who have their dependance upon them, and are embarked with them for life in the same state of happiness or misery. Constancy, when it grows in the mind upon considerations of this nature, becomes a moral virtue, and a kind of good-nature, that is not subject to any change of health, age, fortune, or any of those accidents which are apt to unsettle the best dispositions that are founded rather in constitution than in reason.[a] Where such a constancy as this is wanting, the most inflamed passion may fall away into coldness and indifference, and the most melting tenderness degenerate into hatred and aversion. I shall conclude this paper with a story that is very well known in the North of England.

About thirty years ago, a packet-boat that had se-

[a] The last part of this sentence is strung together with too many relatives—*that*—*which*—*that*. The following sentence, too, is not exact —"*inflamed* passion *fall away*—*melting* tenderness *degenerate*."—The metaphor not well pursued.

Digitized by Google

veral passengers on board was cast away upon a rock, and in so great danger of sinking, that all who were in it endeavoured to save themselves as well as they could, though only those who could swim well had a bare possibility of doing it. Among the passengers there were two women of fashion, who seeing themselves in such a disconsolate condition, begged of their husbands not to leave them. One of them chose rather to die with his wife, than to forsake her; the other, though he was moved with the utmost compassion for his wife, told her, that for the good of their children, it was better one of them should live, than both perish. By a great piece of good luck, next to a miracle, when one of our good men had taken the last and long farewel in order to save himself, and the other held in his arms the person that was dearer to him than life, the ship was preserved. It is with a secret sorrow and vexation of mind that I must tell the sequel of the story, and let my reader know, that this faithful pair who were ready to have died in each others arms, about three years after their escape, upon some trifling disgust, grew to a coldness at first, and at length fell out to such a degree, that they left one another, and parted for ever. The other couple lived together in an uninterrupted friendship and felicity; and what was remarkable, the husband whom the shipwreck had like to have separated from his wife, died a few months after her, not being able to survive the loss of her.[a]

I must confess, there is something in the changeableness and inconstancy of human nature, that very often both dejects and terrifies me. Whatever I am at present, I tremble to think what I may be. While I find this principle in me, how can I assure mself, that I shall be always true to my God, my friend, or myself? in short, without constancy there is neither love, friendship, or virtue in the world.

[a] The rythm of this sentence hurt by the repetition of "*her*"—"*after her*"—"*loss of her.*"

Digitized by Google

No. 216. SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1710.

——— *Nugis addere pondus.*

From my own Apartment, August 25.

NATURE is full of wonders; every atom is a standing miracle, and endowed with such qualities, as could not be impressed on it by a power and wisdom less than infinite. For this reason, I would not discourage any searches that are made into the most minute and trivial parts of the creation. However, since the world abounds in the noblest fields of speculation, it is, methinks, the mark of a little genius to be wholly conversant among insects, reptiles, animalcules, and those trifling rarities that furnish out the apartment of a virtuoso.

There are some men whose heads are so oddly turned this way, that though they are utter strangers to the common occurrences of life, they are able to discover the sex of a cockle, or describe the generation of a mite, in all its circumstances. They are so little versed in the world, that they scarce know a horse from an ox; but at the same time will tell you, with great deal of gravity, that a flea is a rhinoceros, and a snail an hermaphrodite. I have known one of these whimsical philosophers who has set a greater value upon a collection of spiders than he would upon a flock of sheep, and has sold his coat off his back to purchase a tarantula.

I would not have a scholar wholly unacquainted with these secrets and curiosities of nature; but certainly the mind of man, that is capable of so much higher contemplations, should not be altogether fixed upon such mean and disproportioned objects. Observations of this kind are apt to alienate us too much from the knowledge of the world, and to make us serious upon trifles, by which means they expose philosophy to the ridicule of the witty, and the contempt of the ignorant.

Digitized by Google

In short, studies of this nature should be the diversions, relaxations, and amusements, not the care, business, and concern of life.

It is indeed wonderful to consider, that there should be a sort of learned men who are wholly employed in gathering together the refuse of nature, if I may call it so, and hoarding up in their chests and cabinets such creatures as others industriously avoid the sight of. One does not know how to mention some of the most precious parts of their treasure, without a kind of an apology for it. I have been shewn a beetle valued at twenty crowns, and a toad at an hundred: but we must take this for a general rule, that whatever appears trivial or obscene in the common notions of the world, looks grave and philosophical in the eye of a virtuoso.

To show this humour in its perfection, I shall present my reader with the legacy of a certain virtuoso, who laid out a considerable estate in natural rarities and curiosities, which upon his death-bed he bequeathed to his relations and friends in the following words:

The Will of a Virtuoso.

I NICHOLAS GIMCRACK, being in sound health of mind, but in great weakness of body, do by this my last will and testament, bestow my worldly goods and chattels in manner following:

Imprimis, To my dear wife,
One box of butterflies,
One drawer of shells,
A female skeleton,
A dried cockatrice.

Item, To my daughter Elizabeth,
My receipt for preserving dead caterpillars.
As also my preparations of winter May-dew, and embrio pickle.

Digitized by Google

Item, To my little daughter Fanny,
Three crocodile's eggs.
And upon the birth of her first child, if she marries with her mother's consent,
The nest of an humming-bird.

Item, To my eldest brother, as an acknowledgment for the lands he has vested in my son Charles, I bequeath
My last year's collection of grasshoppers.

Item, To his daughter Susannah, being his only child, I bequeath my
English weeds pasted on royal paper,
With my large folio of Indian cabbage.

Item, To my learned and worthy friend Dr. Johannes Elscrickius, professor in anatomy, and my associate in the studies of nature, as an eternal monument of my affection and friendship for him, I bequeath
My rat's testicles, and
Whale's pizzle,
To him and his issue male; and in default of such issue in the said Dr. Elscrickius, then to return to my executor and his heirs for ever.

Having fully provided for my nephew Isaac, by making over to him some years since
A horned scarabæus,
The skin of a rattle-snake, and
The mummy of an Egyptian king,
I make no further provision for him in this my will.

My eldest son, John, having spoken disrespectfully of his little sister whom I keep by me in spirits of wine, and in many other instances behaved himself undutifully towards me, I do disinherit, and wholly cut off from any part of this my personal estate, by giving him a single cockle-shell.

Digitized by Google

To my second son, Charles, I give and bequeath all my flowers, plants, minerals, mosses, shells, pebbles, fossils, beetles, butterflies, caterpillars, grasshoppers, and vermin, not above specified: as also all my monsters, both wet and dry, making the said Charles whole and sole executor of this my last will and testament; he paying, or causing to be paid, the aforesaid legacies within the space of six months after my decease. And I do hereby revoke all other wills whatsoever by me formerly made.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WHEREAS an ignorant upstart in astrology, has publicly endeavoured to persuade the world, that he is the late John Partridge, who died the 28th of March 1708; these are to certify all whom it may concern, that the true John Partridge was not only dead at that time, but continues so to this present day.

Beware of counterfeits, for such are abroad.

No. 218. THURSDAY, AUGUST 30, 1710.

Scriptorum Chorus omnis amat nemus et fugit urbes.
HOR.

From my own Apartment, August 30.

I CHANCED to rise very early one particular morning this summer, and took a walk into the country to divert myself among the fields and meadows, while the green was new, and the flowers in their bloom. As at this season of the year every lane is a beautiful walk, and every hedge full of nosegays,[1] I lost myself with a

[1] *Nosegay*] An oddly compounded word, is we take *gay* in the sense of *fine* or *showy*, expressing, together, the effect which flowers have on the *sight* and *smell*. But gay, in the primary sense of the word, is that which *cheers, refreshes*, or *delights;* and derived like *gaudy* from "*gaudere*." In this view, the composition is more natural and proper. However, the word itself, is, now, much out of use.

Digitized by Google

great deal of pleasure among several thickets and bushes that were filled with a great variety of birds, and an agreeable confusion of notes,[a] which formed[b] the pleasantest scene in the world to one who had passed a whole winter in noise and smoke. The freshness of the dews that lay upon every thing about me, with the cool breath of the morning, which inspired the birds with so many delightful instincts, created in me the same kind of animal pleasure, and made my heart overflow with such secret emotions of joy and satisfaction as are not to be described or accounted for. On this occasion, I could not but reflect upon a beautiful simile in Milton:

> As one who long in populous city pent,
> Where houses thick, and sewers, annoy the air,
> Forth issuing on a summer's morn, to breathe
> Among the pleasant villages, and farms
> Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight:
> The smell of grain, or tedded grass, or kine,
> Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound.

Those who are conversant in the writings of polite authors, receive an additional entertainment from the country, as it revives in their memories those charming descriptions with which such authors do frequently abound.[c]

I was thinking of the foregoing beautiful simile in Milton, and applying it to myself, when I observed to the windward of me a black cloud falling to the earth in long trails of rain, which made me betake myself

[a] *Filled with—birds, and—notes,*] We may say of a *thicket,* that it is *filled* with *birds,* or filled with the *notes* of birds, but not at the same time: because the word, filled, must, then, be taken in a different sense, as applied to each; in a *literal* sense, when connected with *birds,* and, a *metaphorical* sense, as joined to the *notes* of birds: whence arises a degree of quaintness and confusion.

[b] *Which formed*] That is, which *birds* and *notes* formed: but one does not see how birds and notes can be said to *form a scene.* In short, the whole sentence is heavy and inaccurate. But the author makes amends in what follows.

[c] *With which such authors do frequently abound.*] One wonders to find the expletive "*do*" inserted in this place. It was to prevent the close of this paragraph from running into a verse:—

> "With which such authors frequently abound."

He might have said, "*which are frequent in such authors.*"

Digitized by Google

for shelter to a house which I saw at a little distance from the place where I was walking. As I sat in the porch, I heard the voices of two or three persons, who seemed very earnest in discourse. My curiosity was raised when I heard the names of Alexander the Great and Artaxerxes; and as their talk seemed to run on ancient heroes, I concluded there could not be any secret in it; for which reason I thought I might very fairly listen to what they said.

After several parallels between great men, which appeared to me altogether groundless and chimerical, I was surprised to hear one say, 'That he valued the Black Prince more than the Duke of Vendosme.' How the Duke of Vendosme should become a rival of the Black Prince's, I could not conceive: and was more startled, when I heard a second affirm with great vehemence, 'That if the Emperor of Germany was not going off, he should like him better than either of them.' He added, 'That though the season was so changeable, the Duke of Marlborough was in blooming beauty.' I was wondering to myself from whence they had received this odd intelligence, especially when I heard them mention the names of several other great generals, as the Prince of Hesse, and the King of Sweden, who, they said, were both running away. To which they added, what I entirely agreed with them in, 'That the Crown of France was very weak, but that the Marshal Villars still kept his colours.' At last one of them told the company, 'If they would go along with him, he would show them a Chimney Sweeper and a Painted Lady in the same bed, which he was sure would very much please them.' The shower which had driven them, as well as myself, into the house, was now over: and as they were passing by me into the garden, I asked them to let me be one of their company.

The gentleman of the house told me, 'If I delighted in flowers, it would be worth my while, for that he believed he could show me such a blow of tulips as was not to be matched in the whole country.'

Digitized by Google

I accepted the offer, and immediately found that they had been talking in terms of gardening, and that the kings and generals they had mentioned were only so many tulips, to which the gardeners, according to their usual custom, had given such high titles and appellations of honour.

I was very much pleased and astonished at the glorious show of these gay vegetables, that arose in great profusion on all the banks about us. Sometimes I considered them, with the eye of an ordinary spectator, as so many beautiful objects, varnished over with a natural gloss, and stained with such a variety of colours, as are not to be equalled in any artificial dyes or tinctures. Sometimes I considered every leaf as an elaborate piece of tissue, in which the threads and fibres were woven together into different configurations, which gave a different colouring to the light as it glanced on the several parts of the surface. Sometimes I considered the whole bed of tulips, according to the notion of the greatest mathematician and philosopher that ever lived, as a multitude of optic instruments, designed for the separating light into all those various colours of which it is composed.

I was awakened out of these my philosophical speculations, by observing the company often seemed to laugh at me. I accidentally praised a tulip as one of the finest that I ever saw; upon which they told me, it was a common Fool's-coat. Upon that I praised a second, which it seems was but another kind of Fool's-coat. I had the same fate with two or three more; for which reason I desired the owner of the garden to let me know which were the finest of the flowers, for that I was so unskilful in the art, that I thought the most beautiful were the most valuable, and that those which had the gayest colours were the most beautiful. The gentleman smiled at my ignorance: he seemed a very plain honest man, and a person of good sense, had not his head been touched with that distemper which Hippocrates calls the *Tulippo-Mania*, Τυλιππομανία; insomuch

Digitized by Google

that he would talk very rationally on any subject in the world but a tulip.

He told me, 'That he valued the bed of flowers which lay before us, and was not above twenty yards in length, and two in breadth, more than he would the best hundred acres of land in England;' and added, 'That it would have been worth twice the money it is, if a foolish cook-maid of his had not almost ruined him the last winter, by mistaking an handful of tulip-roots for an heap of onions, and by that means (says he) made me a dish of pottage, that cost me above 1000l. sterling.' He then showed me what he thought the finest of his tulips, which I found received all their value from their rarity and oddness, and put me in mind of your great fortunes, which are not always the greatest beauties.

I have often looked upon it as a piece of happiness, that I have never fallen into any of these fantastical tastes, nor esteemed any thing the more for its being uncommon and hard to be met with. For this reason, I look upon the whole country in spring-time as a spacious garden, and make as many visits to a spot of daisies, or a bank of violets, as a florist does to his borders and parterres. There is not a bush in blossom within a mile of me which I am not acquainted with, nor scarce a daffodil or cowslip that withers away in my neighbourhood without my missing it. I walked home in this temper of mind through several fields and meadows with an unspeakable pleasure, not without reflecting on the bounty of Providence, which has made the most pleasing and most beautiful objects the most ordinary and most common.

Digitized by Google

No. 220. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1710.

Insani sanus nomen ferat, æquus iniqui,
Ultra quam satis est, virtutem si petat ipsam.
HOR.

From my own Apartment, September 4.

HAVING received many letters filled with compliments and acknowledgments for my late useful discovery of the political barometer, I shall here communicate to the public an account of my ecclesiastical thermometer, the latter giving as manifest prognostications of the changes and revolutions in Church, as the former does of those in state, and both of them being absolutely necessary for every prudent subject who is resolved to keep what he has, and get what he can.

The church thermometer, which I am now to treat of, is supposed to have been invented in the reign of Henry the Eighth, about the time when that religious prince put some to death for owning the Pope's supremacy, and others for denying transubstantiation. I do not find, however, any great use made of this instrument till it fell into the hands of a learned and vigilant priest or minister, (for he frequently wrote himself both one and the other) who was some time Vicar of Bray. This gentleman lived in his vicarage to a good old age; and after having seen several successions of his neighbouring clergy either burnt or banished, departed this life with the satisfaction of having never deserted his flock, and died Vicar of Bray. As this glass was first designed to calculate the different degrees of heat in religion, as it raged in Popery, or as it cooled and grew temperate in the reformation, it was marked at several distances, after the manner our ordinary thermometer is to this day, viz. 'extreme hot, sultry hot, very hot, hot, warm, temperate, cold, just freezing, frost, hard frost, great frost, extreme cold.'

It is well known, that Toricellius, the inventor of the common weather-glass, made the experiment in a long

Digitized by Google

tube which held thirty-two foot of water; and that a more modern virtuoso, finding such a machine altogether unweildy and useless, and considering that thirty-two inches of quicksilver weighed as much as so many foot of water in a tube of the same circumference, invented that sizeable instrument which is now in use. After this manner, that I might adapt the thermometer I am now speaking of to the present constitution of our church, as divided into 'high' and 'low,' I have made some necessary variations both in the tube and the fluid it contains. In the first place, I ordered a tube to be cast in a planetary hour, and took care to seal it hermetically, when the sun was in conjunction with Saturn. I then took the proper precautions about the fluid, which is a compound of two very different liquors; one of them a spirit drawn out of a strong heady wine; the other a particular sort of rock water, colder than ice, and clearer than crystal. The spirit is of a red fiery colour, and so very apt to ferment, that unless it be mingled with a proportion of the water, or pent up very close, it will burst the vessel that holds it, and fly up in fume and smoke. The water, on the contrary, is of such a subtle piercing cold, that unless it be mingled with a proportion of the spirits, it will sink through almost every thing that it is put into, and seems to be of the same nature as the water mentioned by Quintus Curtius, which, says the historian, could be contained in nothing but in the hoof, or (as the Oxford manuscript has it) in the skull of an ass. The thermometer is marked according to the following figure, which I set down at length, not only to give my reader a clear idea of it, but also to fill up my paper.

Ignorance.
Persecution.
Wrath.
Zeal.
CHURCH.
Moderation.
Lukewarmness.
Infidelity.
Ignorance.

Digitized by Google

The reader will observe, that the church is placed in the middle point of the glass, between Zeal and Moderation, the situation in which she always flourishes, and in which every good Englishman wishes her, who is a friend to the constitution of his country. However, when it mounts to Zeal it is not amiss; and when it sinks to Moderation, is still in a most admirable temper. The worst of it is, that when once it begins to rise, it has still an inclination to ascend, insomuch that it is apt to climb from Zeal to Wrath, and from Wrath to Persecution, which always ends in Ignorance, and very often proceeds from it. In the same manner it frequently takes its progress through the lower half of the glass; and when it has a tendency to fall, will gradually descend from Moderation to Lukewarmness, and from Lukewarmness to Infidelity, which very often terminates in Ignorance, and always proceeds from it.

It is a common observation, that the ordinary thermometer will be affected by the breathing of people who are in the room where it stands; and indeed, it is almost incredible to conceive how the glass I am now describing will fall by the breath of a multitude crying Popery; or on the contrary, how it will rise when the same multitude (as it sometimes happens) cry out in the same breath, 'The Church is in danger.'

As soon as I had finished this my glass, and adjusted it to the above-mentioned scale of religion, that I might make proper experiments with it, I carried it under my cloak to several coffee-houses, and other places of resort about this great city. At St. James's coffee-house, the liquor stood at Moderation; but at Will's, to my extreme surprise, it subsided to the very lowest mark on the glass. At the Grecian, it mounted but just one point higher; at the Rainbow, it still ascended two degrees: Child's fetched it up to Zeal, and other adjacent coffee-houses to Wrath.

It fell into the lower half of the glass as I went further into the city, till at length it settled at Moderation, where it continued all the time I stayed about the 'Change, as also whilst I passed by the Bank. And

Digitized by Google

here I cannot but take notice, that through the whole course of my remarks, I never observed my glass to rise at the same time that the stocks did.

To complete the experiment, I prevailed upon a friend of mine, who works under me in the occult sciences, to make a progress with my glass through the whole island of Great Britain; and after his return, to present me with a register of his observations. I guessed beforehand at the temper of several places he passed through, by the characters they have had time out of mind. Thus that facetious divine, Dr. Fuller, speaking of the town of Banbury near a hundred years ago, tells us, it was a place famous for cakes and zeal, which I find by my glass is true to this day, as to the latter part of this description; though I must confess, it is not in the same reputation for cakes that it was in the time of that learned author; and thus of other places. In short, I have now by me, digested in an alphabetical order, all the counties, corporations, and boroughs in Great Britain, with their respective tempers, as they stand related to my thermometer: but this I shall keep to myself, because I would by no means do any thing that may seem to influence any ensuing elections.

The point of doctrine which I would propagate by this my invention, is the same which was long ago advanced by that able teacher Horace, out of whom I have taken my text for this discourse: we should be careful not to overshoot ourselves in the pursuits even of virtue. Whether zeal or moderation be the point we aim at, let us keep fire out of the one, and frost out of the other. But alas! the world is too wise to want such a precaution. The terms High Church and Low Church, as commonly used, do not so much denote a principle, as they distinguish a party. They are like words of battle, that have nothing to do with their original signification, but are only given out to keep a body of men together, and to let them know friends from enemies.

I must confess, I have considered with some little attention, the influence which the opinions of these great

Digitized by Google

national sects have upon their practice; and do look upon it as one of the unaccountable things of our times, that multitudes of honest gentlemen, who entirely agree in their lives, should take it in their heads to differ in their religion.

No. 224. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1710.

Materiam superabat opus.——— OVID.

From my own Apartment, September 13.

IT is my custom, in a dearth of news, to entertain myself with those collections of advertisements that appear at the end of all our public prints. These I consider as accounts of news from the little world, in the same manner that the foregoing parts of the paper are from the great. If in one we hear that a sovereign prince is fled from his capital city, in the other we hear of a tradesman who hath shut up his shop, and run away. If in one we find the victory of a general, in the other we see the desertion of a private soldier. I must confess, I have a certain weakness in my temper, that is often very much affected by these little domestic occurrences, and have frequently been caught with tears in my eyes over a melancholy advertisement.

But to consider this subject in its most ridiculous lights, advertisements are of great use to the vulgar: first of all, as they are instruments of ambition. A man that is by no means big enough for the gazette, may easily creep into the advertisements: by which means we often see an apothecary in the same paper of news with a plenipotentiary, or a running-footman with an ambassador. An advertisement from Piccadilly goes down to posterity, with an article from Madrid; and John Bartlett, of Goodman's Fields, is celebrated in the same paper with the Emperor of Germany. Thus

Digitized by Google

the fable tells us, 'That the wren mounted as high as the eagle, by getting upon his back.'

A second use which this sort of writings have been turned to of late years, has been the management of controversy, insomuch, that above half the advertisements one meets with now-a-days are purely polemical. The inventors of 'Strops for Razors' have written against one another this way for several years, and that with great bitterness; as the whole argument *pro* and *con* in the case of the 'Morning Gowns' is still carried on after the same manner. I need not mention the several proprietors of Dr. Anderson's pills; nor take notice of the many satirical works of this nature so frequently published by Dr. Clark, who has had the confidence to advertise upon that learned knight, my very worthy friend, Sir William Read: but I shall not interpose in their quarrel; Sir William can give him his own in advertisements, that, in the judgment of the impartial, are as well penned as the doctor's.

The third and last use of these writings is, to inform the world where they may be furnished with almost every thing that is necessary for life. If a man has pains in his head, cholics in his bowels, or spots in his clothes, he may here meet with proper cures and remedies. If a man would recover a wife or a horse that is stolen or strayed; if he wants new sermons, electuaries, asses milk, or any thing else, either for his body or his mind, this is the place to look for them in.

The great art in writing advertisements, is the finding out a proper method to catch the reader's eye; without which a good thing may pass over unobserved, or be lost among commissions of bankrupt. Asterisks and hands were formerly of great use for this purpose. Of late years, the *N. B.* has been much in fashion; as also little cuts and figures, the invention of which we must ascribe to the author of spring-trusses. I must not here omit the blind Italian character, which being scarce legible, always fixes and detains the eye, and gives the curious reader something like the satisfaction of prying into a secret.

Digitized by Google

But the great skill in an advertiser, is chiefly seen in the style which he makes use of. He is to mention 'the universal esteem, or general reputation,' of things that were never heard of. If he is a physician or astrologer, he must change his lodgings frequently, and (though he never saw any body in them besides his own family) give public notice of it, 'For the information of the Nobility and Gentry.' Since I am thus usefully employed in writing criticisms on the works of these diminutive authors, I must not pass over in silence an advertisement which has lately made its appearance, and is written altogether in a Ciceronian manner. It was sent to me, with five shillings, to be inserted among my advertisements; but as it is a pattern of good writing in this way, I shall give it a place in the body of my paper.

"THE highest compounded Spirit of Lavender, the most glorious (if the expression may be used) enlivening scent and flavour that can possibly be, which so raptures the spirits, delights the gust, and gives such airs to the countenance, as are not to be imagined but by those that have tried it. The meanest sort of the thing is admired by most gentlemen and ladies: but this far more, as by far it exceeds it, to the gaining among all a more than common esteem. It is sold (in neat flint bottles fit for the pocket) only at the Golden Key, in Warton's Court, near Holborn Bars, for 3s. 6d. with directions."

At the same time that I recommend the several flowers in which this spirit of lavender is wrapped up, (if the expression may be used) I cannot excuse my fellow labourers for admitting into their papers several uncleanly advertisements, not at all proper to appear in the works of polite writers. Among these I must reckon the 'Carminative wind-expelling Pills.' If the doctor had called them his Carminative Pills, he had done as cleanly as any one could have wished; but the second word entirely destroys the decency of the first. There

Digitized by Google

are other absurdities of this nature so very gross, that I dare not mention them; and shall therefore dismiss this subject, with a public admonition to Michael Parrot; that he do not presume any more to mention a certain worm he knows of, which, by the way, has grown seven foot in my memory; for, if I am not much mistaken, it is the same that was but nine foot long about six months ago.

By the remarks I have here made, it plainly appears, that a collection of advertisements is a kind of miscellany; the writers of which, contrary to all authors, except men of quality, give money to the booksellers who publish their copies. The genius of the bookseller is chiefly shown in his method of ranging and digesting these little tracts. The last paper I took up in my hands, places them in the following order:

The true Spanish blacking for shoes, &c.
The beautifying cream for the face, &c.
Pease and plaisters, &c.
Nectar and ambrosia, &c.
Four freehold tenements of 15l. per annum, &c.
*** The present State of England, &c.
†††† Annotations upon the Tatler, &c.

A COMMISSION of bankrupt being awarded against B. L. bookseller, &c.

No. 226. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1710.

——Juvenis quondam, nunc Fœmina Cæneus,
Et fato in veterem rursus revoluta figuram.

VIRG.

From my own Apartment, September 18.

IT is one of the designs of this paper to transmit to posterity an account of every thing that is monstrous

Digitized by Google

in my own times. For this reason I shall here publish to the world the life of a person who was neither man nor woman, as written by one of my ingenious correspondents, who seems to have imitated Plutarch in that multifarious erudition, and those occasional dissertations, which he has wrought into the body of his history. The life I am putting out, is that of Margery, alias John Young, commonly known by the name of Dr. Young, who (as the town very well knows) was a woman that practised physic in man's clothes, and after having had two wives and several children, died about a month since.

"SIR,

"I HERE make bold to trouble you with a short account of the famous Dr. Young's life, which you may call (if you please) a second part of the farce of the Sham Doctor. This perhaps will not seem so strange to you, who (if I am not mistaken) have somewhere mentioned with honour your sister Kirleus as a practitioner both in physic and astrology: but in the common opinion of mankind, a she-quack is altogether as strange and astonishing a creature as a Centaur that practised physic in the days of Achilles, or as King Phys in the Rehearsal. Æsculapius, the great founder of your art, was particularly famous for his beard, as we may conclude from the behaviour of a tyrant, who is branded by Heathen historians as guilty both of sacrilege and blasphemy, having robbed the statue of Æsculapius of a thick bushy golden beard, and then alledged for his excuse, 'That it was a shame the son should have a beard when his father Apollo had none.' This latter instance, indeed, seems something to favour a female professor, since (as I have been told) the ancient statues of Apollo are generally made with the head and face of a woman: nay, I have been credibly informed by those who have seen them both, that the famous Apollo in the Belvidere did very much resemble Dr. Young. Let that be as it will, the Doctor was a kind

Digitized by Google

of Amazon in physic, that made as great devastations and slaughters as any of our chief heroes in the art, and was as fatal to the English in these our days, as the famous Joan d'Arc was in those of our forefathers.

"I do not find any thing remarkable in the life I am about to write, till the year 1695, at which time the doctor, being about twenty-three years old, was brought to bed of a bastard child. The scandal of such a misfortune gave so great uneasiness to pretty Mrs. Peggy, (for that was the name by which the doctor was then called) that she left her family, and followed her lover to London, with a fixed resolution, some way or other, to recover her lost reputation: but instead of changing her life, which one would have expected from so good a disposition of mind, she took it in her head to change her sex. This was soon done by the help of a sword, and a pair of breeches. I have reason to believe, that her first design was to turn man-midwife, having herself had some experience in those affairs: but thinking this too narrow a foundation for her future fortune, she at length bought her a gold button coat, and set up for a physician. Thus we see the same fatal miscarriage in her youth made Mrs. Young a doctor, that formerly made one of the same sex a pope.

"The doctor succeeded very well in his business at first, but very often met with accidents that disquieted him. As he wanted that deep magisterial voice which gives authority to a prescription, and is absolutely necessary for the right pronouncing of those words, 'Take these pills,' he unfortunately got the nickname of 'The Squeaking Doctor.' If this circumstance alarmed the doctor, there was another that gave him no small disquiet, and very much diminished his gains. In short, he found himself run down as a superficial prating quack, in all families that had at the head of them a cautious father, or a jealous husband. These would often complain among one another, that they did not like such a smock-faced physician; though in truth, had they known how justly he deserved that name,

Digitized by Google

they would rather have favoured his practice, than have apprehended any thing from it.

Such were the motives that determined Mrs. Young to change her condition, and take in marriage a virtuous young woman, who lived with her in good reputation, and made her the father of a very pretty girl. But this part of her happiness was soon after destroyed by a distemper which was too hard for our physician, and carried off his wife. The doctor had not been a widow long, before he married his second lady, with whom also he lived in very good understanding. It so happened, that the doctor was with child at the same time that his lady was; but the little ones coming both together, they passed for twins. The doctor having entirely established the reputation of his manhood, especially by the birth of the boy of whom he had been lately delivered, and who very much resembles him, grew into good business, and was particularly famous for the cure of venereal distempers; but would have had much more practice among his own sex, had not some of them been so unreasonable as to demand certain proofs of their cure, which the doctor was not able to give them. The florid blooming look, which gave the doctor some uneasiness at first, instead of betraying his person, only recommended his physic. Upon this occasion I cannot forbear mentioning what I thought a very agreeable surprise in one of Moliere's plays, where a young woman applies herself to a sick person in the habit of a quack, and speaks to her patient, who was something scandalized at the youth of his physician, to the following purpose:—'I begun to practise in the reign of Francis I. and am now in the hundred and fiftieth year of my age; but, by the virtue of my medicaments, have maintained myself in the same beauty and freshness I had at fifteen.' For this reason, Hippocrates lays it down as a rule, that a student in physic should have a sound constitution, and a healthy look; which indeed seem as necessary qualifications for a physician, as a good life, and virtuous behaviour, for

Digitized by Google

a divine. But to return to our subject. About two years ago, the doctor was very much afflicted with the vapours, which grew upon him to such a degree, that about six weeks since they made an end of him. His death discovered the disguise he had acted under, and brought him back again to his former sex. 'Tis said, that at his burial, the pall was held up by six women of some fashion. The doctor left behind him a widow, and two fatherless children, if they may be called so, besides the little boy before mentioned. In relation to whom we may say of the doctor, as the good old ballad about the 'The Children in the Wood' says of the unnatural uncle, that he was father and mother both in one. These are all the circumstances that I could learn of Dr. Young's life, which might have given occasion to many obscene fictions: but as I know those would never have gained a place in your paper, I have not troubled you with any impertinence of that nature; having stuck to the truth very scrupulously, as I always do when I subscribe myself,

"Sir, Your," &c.

I shall add, as a postscript to this letter, that I am informed, the famous Saltero, who sells coffee in his museum at Chelsea, has by him a curiosity which helped the doctor to carry on his imposture, and will give great satisfaction to the curious inquirer.

No. 229. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1710.

Quæsitam meritis nunc superbiam.
HOR.

From my own Apartment, September 25.

THE whole creation preys upon itself; every living creature is inhabited. A flea has a thousand invisible insects that teaze him as he jumps from place to place,

Digitized by Google

and revenge our quarrels upon him. A very ordinary microscope shows us, that a louse is itself a very lousy creature. A whale, besides those seas and oceans in the several vessels of his body, which are filled with innumerable shoals of little animals, carries about it a whole world of inhabitants; insomuch that, if we believe the calculations some have made, there are more living creatures, which are too small for the naked eye to behold, about the leviathan, than there are of visible creatures upon the face of the whole earth. Thus every nobler creature is as it were the basis and support of multitudes that are his inferiors.

This consideration very much comforts me, when I think on those numberless vermin that feed upon this paper, and find their sustenance out of it; I mean, the small wits and scribblers that every day turn a penny by nibbling at my lucubrations. This has been so advantageous to this little species of writers, that, if they do me justice, I may expect to have my statue erected in Grub-street, as being a common benefactor to that quarter.

They say, when a fox is very much troubled with fleas, he goes into the next pool with a little lock of wool in his mouth, and keeps his body under water till the vermin get into it, after which he quits the wool, and diving, leaves his tormentors to shift for themselves, and get their livelihood where they can. I would have these gentlemen take care that I do not serve them after the same manner; for though I have hitherto kept my temper pretty well, it is not impossible but I may some time or other disappear; and what will then become of them? Should I lay down my paper, what a famine would there be among the hawkers, printers, booksellers, and authors? It would be like Dr. B—s's dropping his cloak, with the whole congregation hanging upon the skirts of it. To enumerate some of these my doughty antagonists, I was threatened to be answered weekly Tit for Tat: I was undermined by the Whisperer, haunted by Tom Brown's Ghost, scolded at by a Female Tatler, and slandered by another of the same cha-

Digitized by Google

racter, under the title of Atalantis. I have been annotated, retattled, examined, and condoled: but it being my standing maxim, never to speak ill of the dead; I shall let these authors rest in peace, and take great pleasure in thinking that I have sometimes been the means of their getting a belly-full. When I see myself thus surrounded by such formidable enemies, I often think of the Knight of the Red Cross in Spencer's Den of Error, who, after he has cut off the dragon's head, and left it wallowing in a flood of ink, sees a thousand monstrous reptiles making their attempts upon him, one with many heads, another with none, and all of them without eyes.

> The same so sore annoyed has the knight,
> That well nigh choaked with the deadly stink,
> His forces fail, he can no longer fight;
> Whose courage when the fiend perceived to shrink,
> She poured forth out of her hellish sink
> Her fruitful cursed spawn of serpents small,
> Deformed monsters, foul, and black as ink;
> Which swarming all about his legs did crawl,
> And him encombred sore, but could not hurt at all.
>
> As gentle shepherd in sweet even-tide,
> When ruddy Phœbus gins to welk in west,
> High on an hill, his flock to viewen wide,
> Marks which do bite their hasty supper best:
> A cloud of combrous gnats do him molest,
> All striving to infix their feeble stings,
> That from their noyance he no where can rest;
> But with his clownish hands their tender wings
> He brusheth oft, and oft doth mar their murmurings.

If ever I should want such a fry of little authors to attend me, I shall think my paper in a very decaying condition. They are like ivy about an oak, which adorns the tree at the same time that it eats into it; or like a great man's equipage, that do honour to the person on whom they feed. For my part, when I see myself thus attacked, I do not consider my antagonists as malicious, but hungry, and therefore am resolved never to take any notice of them.

As for those who detract from my labours without being prompted to it by an empty stomach, in return

Digitized by Google

to their censures I shall take pains to excel, and never fail to persuade myself, that their enmity is nothing but their envy or ignorance.

Give me leave to conclude, like an old man and a moralist, with a fable.

The owls, bats, and several other birds of night, were one day got together in a thick shade, where they abused their neighbours in a very sociable manner. This satire at last fell upon the sun, whom they all agreed to be very troublesome, impertinent, and inquisitive. Upon which the sun, who overheard them, spoke to them after this manner: 'Gentlemen, I wonder how you dare abuse one that you know could in an instant scorch you up, and burn every mother's son of you: but the only answer I shall give you, or the revenge I shall take of you, is, to shine on.'

No. 239. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1710.

——— *Mecum certasse feretur.*

OVID.

From my own Apartment, October 18.

IT is ridiculous for any man to criticise on the works of another, who has not distinguished himself by his own performances. A judge would make but an indifferent figure who had never been known at the bar. Cicero was reputed the greatest orator of his age and country before he wrote a book De Oratore; and Horace the greatest poet before he published his Art of Poetry. The observation arises naturally in any one who casts his eye upon this last mentioned author, where he will find the criticisms placed in the latter end of his book, that is, after the finest odes and satires in the Latin tongue.

A modern, whose name I shall not mention, because I would not make a silly paper sell, was born a critic

Digitized by Google

and an examiner, and, like one of the race of the serpent's teeth, came into the world with a sword in his hand. His works put me in mind of the story that is told of a German monk, who was taking a catalogue of a friend's library, and meeting with a Hebrew book in it, entered it under the title of, 'A book that has the beginning where the end should be.' This author, in the last of his crudities, has amassed together a heap of quotations, to prove that Horace and Virgil were both of them modester men than myself, and if his works were to live as long as mine, they might possibly give posterity a notion, that Isaac Bickerstaffe was a very conceited old fellow, and as vain a man as either Tully or Sir Francis Bacon. Had this serious writer fallen upon me only, I could have overlooked it; but to see Cicero abused, is, I must confess, what I cannot bear. The censure he passes upon this great man runs thus: 'The itch of being very abusive, is almost inseparable from vain-glory. Tully has these two faults in so high a degree, that nothing but his being the best writer in the world can make amends for them.' The scurrilous wretch goes on to say I am as bad as Tully. His words are these: 'And yet the Tatler, in his paper of September 26, has outdone him in both. He speaks of himself with more arrogance, and with more insolence of others.' I am afraid, by his discourse, this gentleman has no more read Plutarch than he has Tully. If he had, he would have observed a passage in that historian, wherein he has with great delicacy distinguished between two passions which are usually complicated in human nature, and which an ordinary writer would not have thought of separating. Not having my Greek spectacles by me, I shall quote the passage word for word as I find it translated to my hand. 'Nevertheless, though he was intemperately fond of his own praise, yet he was very free from envying others, and most liberally profuse in commending both the ancients and his contemporaries, as is to be understood by his writings; and many of those sayings are still recorded, as that concerning Aristotle, 'That he was a river of flow-

Digitized by Google

ing gold.' Of Plato's dialogue, 'That if Jupiter were to speak, he would discourse as he did.' Theophrastus he was wont to call his peculiar delight; and being asked which of Demosthenes his orations he liked best? He answered, 'The longest.'

'And as for eminent men of his own time, either for eloquence or philosophy, there was not one of them whom he did not, by writing or speaking favourably of, render more illustrious.'

Thus the critic tells us, that Cicero was excessively vain-glorious and abusive; Plutarch, that he was vain, but not abusive. Let the reader believe which of them he pleases.

After this he complains to the world that I call him names; and that in my passion I said, 'He was a flea, a louse, an owl, a bat, a small wit, a scribbler, and a nibbler.' When he has thus bespoken his reader's pity, he falls into that admirable vein of mirth, which I shall set down at length, it being an exquisite piece of raillery, and written in great gaiety of heart. 'After this list of names, (viz. flea, louse, owl, bat, &c.) I was surprised to hear him say, that he has hitherto kept his temper pretty well; I wonder how he will write when he has lost his temper? I suppose, as he now is very angry and unmannerly, he will then be exceeding courteous and good-humoured.' If I can outlive this raillery, I shall be able to bear any thing.

There is a method of criticism made use of by this author, (for I shall take care how I call him a scribbler again) which may turn into ridicule any work that was ever written, wherein there is a variety of thoughts: this the reader will observe in the following words; 'He (meaning me) is so intent upon being something extraordinary, that he scarce knows what he would be; and is as fruitful in his similes, as a brother of his whom I lately took notice of. In the compass of a few lines he compares himself to a fox, to Daniel Burgess, to the Knight of the Red Cross, to an oak with ivy about it, and to a great man with an equipage.' I think myself as much honoured by being joined in this part

Digitized by Google

of his paper with the gentleman[a] whom he here calls my brother, as I am in the beginning of it, by being mentioned with Horace and Virgil.

It is very hard that a man cannot publish ten papers without stealing from himself; but to show you that this is only a knack of writing, and that the author is got into a certain road of criticism, I shall set down his remarks on the works of the gentleman whom he here glances upon, as they stand on his 6th paper, and desire the reader to compare them with the foregoing passage upon mine.

'In thirty lines his patron is a river, the *Primum Mobile*, a Pilot, a Victim, the Sun, any Thing, and Nothing. He bestows increase, conceals his source, makes the machine move, teaches to steer, expiates our offences, raises vapours, and looks larger as he sets.'[b]

What poem can be safe from this sort of criticism? I think I was never in my life so much offended as at a wag whom I once met with in a coffee-house: he had in his hand one of the miscellanies, and was reading the following short copy of verses, which, without flattery to the author,[c] is (I think) as beautiful in its kind as any one in the English tongue.

Flavia the least and slightest toy,
Can with resistless art employ.
This fan in meaner hands would prove
An engine of small force in love;
But she with such an air and mien,
Not to be told, or safely seen,
Directs its wanton motions so,
That it wounds more than Cupid's bow;
Gives coolness to the matchless dame,
To ev'ry other breast a flame.

When this coxcomb had done reading them, 'Heyday! (says he) what instrument is this that Flavia employs in such a manner as is not to be told, or safely seen? In ten lines it is a toy, a Cupid's bow, a fan,

[a] Dr. Garth.
[b] Dr. Garth's verses to my Lord Treasurer.
[c] *The author,*] Dr. Atterbury.

Digitized by Google

and an engine in love. It has wanton motions, it wounds, it cools, and inflames.'

Such criticisms make a man of sense sick, and a fool merry.

The next paragraph of the paper we are talking of, falls upon somebody whom I am at a loss to guess at: but I find the whole invective turns upon a man who (it seems) has been imprisoned for debt. Whoever he was, I most heartily pity him; but at the same time must put the Examiner in mind, that notwithstanding he is a critic, he still ought to remember he is a Christian. Poverty was never thought a proper subject for ridicule; and I do not remember that I ever met with a satire upon a beggar.

As for those little retortings of my own expressions, of being dull by design, witty in October, shining, excelling, and so forth; they are the common cavils of every witling, who has no other method of showing his parts, but by little variations and repetitions of the man's words whom he attacks.

But the truth of it is, the paper before me, not only in this particular, but in its very essence, is like Ovid's echo:

> ——— *Quæ nec reticere loquenti,*
> *Nec prior ipsa loqui didicit.* ———

I should not have deserved the character of a Censor, had I not animadverted upon the above-mentioned author by a gentle chastisement: but I know my reader will not pardon me, unless I declare, that nothing of this nature for the future (unless it be written with some wit) shall divert me from my care of the public.[a]

[a] The caustic severity of this, and the preceding paper, is the more felt for being conveyed in all the softness of good-humour.—To possess extraordinary talents for personal ridicule, and to be shy of appearing in this dazzling character, is, I think, a praise peculiar to Virgil, and Mr. Addison. It is but from two or three lines in the Roman poet, and from two or three occasional papers, in the large and miscellaneous works of our author, that *either* is known to have been the keenest satyrist of his time; Horace, and Swift, not excepted.

Digitized by Google

No. 240. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1710.

Ad populum phaleras.——
PERS.

From my own Apartment, October 20.

I DO not remember that in any of my lucubrations I have touched upon that useful science of physic, notwithstanding I have declared myself more than once a professor of it. I have indeed joined the study of astrology with it, because I never knew a physician recommend himself to the public who had not a sister art to embellish his knowledge in medicine. It has been commonly observed in compliment to the ingenious of our profession, that Apollo was god of verse as well as physic; and in all ages the most celebrated practitioners of our country were[a] the particular favourites of the muses. Poetry to physic is indeed like the gilding to a pill; it makes the art shine, and covers the severity of the doctor with the agreeableness of the companion.

The very foundation of poetry is good sense, if we may allow Horace to be a judge of the art.

Scribendi recte sapere est, et principium, et fons:

And if so, we have reason to believe, that the same man who writes well can prescribe well, if he has applied himself to the study of both. Besides, when we see a man making profession of two different sciences, it is natural for us to believe he is no pretender in that which we are not judges of, when[b] we find him skilful in that which we understand.

Ordinary quacks and charlatans are thoroughly sensible how necessary it is to support themselves by these collateral assistances, and therefore always lay their

[a] *Were*] Rather "*have been.*"
[b] *When*] To avoid an ungraceful repetition, he should have said—"*if* we find."

Digitized by Google

claim to some supernumerary accomplishments which are wholly foreign to their profession.

About twenty years ago, it was impossible to walk the streets without having an advertisement thrust into your hand, of a doctor 'who was arrived at the knowledge of the green and red dragon, and had discovered the female fern seed.' Nobody ever knew what this meant; but the green and red dragon so amused the people, that the doctor lived very comfortably upon them. About the same time there was pasted a very hard word upon every corner of the streets. This, to the best of my remembrance, was

TETRACHYMAGOGON,

which drew great shoals of spectators about it, who read the bill that it introduced with unspeakable curiosity; and when they were sick, would have nobody but this learned man for their physician.

I once received an advertisement of one 'who had studied thirty years by candle-light for the good of his countrymen.' He might have studied twice as long by day-light, and never have been taken notice of: but elucubrations cannot be over-valued. There are some who have gained themselves great reputation for physic by their birth, as the 'seventh son of a seventh son;' and others by not being born at all, as the 'unborn doctor,' who, I hear, is lately gone the way of his patients, having died worth five hundred pounds *per annum*, though he was not 'born' to a halfpenny.

My ingenious friend Dr. Saffold, succeeded my old contemporary Dr. Lilly in the studies both of physic and astrology, to which he added that of poetry, as was to be seen both upon the sign where he lived, and in the bills which he distributed. He was succeeded by Doctor Case, who erased the verses of his predecessor out of the sign-post, and substituted in their stead two of his own, which were as follow:

Within this Place
Lives Doctor Case.

Digitized by Google

He is said to have got more by this distich, than Mr. Dryden did by all his works. There would be no end of enumerating the several imaginary perfections and unaccountable artifices by which this tribe of men ensnare the minds of the vulgar, and gain crowds of admirers. I have seen the whole front of a mountebank's stage from one end to the other faced with patents, certificates, medals, and great seals, by which the several princes of Europe have testified their particular respect and esteem for the doctor. Every great man with a sounding title has been his patient. I believe I have seen twenty mountebanks that have given physic to the Czar of Muscovy. The great Duke of Tuscany escapes no better. The Elector of Brandenburg was likewise a very good patient.

This great condescension of the doctor draws upon him much good-will from his audience; and it is ten to one, but if any of them be troubled with an aching tooth, his ambition will prompt him to get it drawn by a person who has had so many princes, kings, and emperors, under his hands.

I must not leave this subject without observing, that as physicians are apt to deal in poetry, apothecaries endeavour to recommend themselves by oratory, and are therefore, without controversy, the most eloquent persons in the whole British nation. I would not willingly discourage any of the arts, especially that of which I am an humble professor; but I must confess, for the good of my native country, I could wish there might be a suspension of physic for some years, that our kingdom, which has been so much exhausted by the wars, might have leave to recruit itself.

As for myself, the only physic which has brought me safe to almost the age of man, and which I prescribe to all my friends, is abstinence. This is certainly the best physic for prevention, and very often the most effectual against the present distemper. In short, my recipe is, 'Take nothing.'

Were the body politic to be physicked like particular persons, I should venture to prescribe to it after the

Digitized by Google

same manner. I remember when our whole island was shaken with an earthquake some years ago, there was an impudent mountebank who sold pills, which (as he told the country people) were very good against an earthquake. It may perhaps be thought as absurd to prescribe a diet for the allaying popular commotions, and national ferments. But I am verily persuaded, that if in such a case a whole people were to enter into a course of abstinence, and eat nothing but water-gruel for a fortnight, it would abate the rage and animosity of parties, and not a little contribute to the cure of a distracted nation. Such a fast would have a natural tendency to the procuring of those ends for which a fast is usually proclaimed. If any man has a mind to enter on such a voluntary abstinence, it might not be improper to give him the caution of Pythagoras in particular.

"*Abstine a fabis.*"
"Abstain from beans."

That is, say the interpreters, meddle not with elections: beans having been made use of by the voters among the Athenians in the choice of magistrates.

No. 243. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1710.

Infert se septis nebula, mirabile dictu
Per medios, miscetque viris, neque cernitur ulli.
VIRG.

From my own Apartment, October 27.

I HAVE somewhere made mention of Gyges's ring, and intimated to my reader, that it was at present in my possession, though I have not since made any use of it. The tradition concerning this ring is very romantic, and taken notice of both by Plato and Tully, who each of them make an admirable use of it for the advancement of morality. This Gyges was the master shep-

Digitized by Google

herd to King Candaules. As he was wandering over the plains of Lydia, he saw a great chasm in the earth, and had the curiosity to enter it. After having descended pretty far into it, he found the statue of an horse in brass, with doors in the sides of it. Upon opening of them, he found the body of a dead man, bigger than ordinary, with a ring upon his finger, which he took off, and put it upon his own. The virtues of it were much greater than he at first imagined; for upon his going into the assembly of shepherds, he observed, that he was invisible when he turned the stone of the ring within the palm of his hand, and visible when he turned it towards his company. Had Plato and Cicero been as well versed in the occult sciences as I am, they would have found a great deal of mystic learning in this tradition: but it is impossible for an adept to be understood by one who is not an adept.

As for myself, I have, with much study and application, arrived at this great secret of making myself invisible, and by that means conveying myself where I please; or to speak in Rosycrucian lore, I have entered into the clefts of the earth, discovered the brazen horse, and robbed the dead giant of his ring. The tradition says further of Gyges, that by the means of this ring he gained admission into the most retired parts of the court, and made such use of those opportunities, that he at length became King of Lydia. For my own part, I, who have always rather endeavoured to improve my mind than my fortune, have turned this ring to no other advantage than to get a thorough insight into the ways of men, and to make such observations upon the errors of others, as may be useful to the public, whatever effect they may have upon myself.

About a week ago, not being able to sleep, I got up and put on my magical ring, and with a thought transported myself into a chamber where I saw a light. I found it inhabited by a celebrated beauty, though she is of that species of women which we call a slattern. Her head-dress and one of her shoes lay upon a chair, her petticoat in one corner of the room, and her girdle,

Digitized by Google

that had a copy of verses made upon it but the day before, with her thread stockings, in the middle of the floor. I was so foolishly officious, that I could not forbear gathering up her clothes together to lay them upon the chair that stood by her bed-side, when, to my great surprise, after a little muttering, she cried out, 'What do you do? Let my petticoat alone.' I was startled at first, but soon found that she was in a dream; being one of those who (to use Shakespear's expression) are 'So loose of thought,' that they utter in their sleep every thing that passes in their imagination. I left the apartment of this female rake, and went into her neighbour's, where there lay a male coquet. He had a bottle of salts hanging over his head, and upon the table, by his bed-side, Suckling's poems, with a little heap of black patches on it. His snuff-box was within reach on a chair: but while I was admiring the disposition which he made of the several parts of his dress, his slumber seemed interrupted by a pang, that was accompanied by a sudden oath, as he turned himself over hastily in his bed. I did not care for seeing him in his nocturnal pains, and left the room.

I was no sooner got into another bedchamber, but I heard very harsh words uttered in a smooth uniform tone. I was amazed to hear so great a volubility in reproach, and thought it too coherent to be spoken by one asleep; but upon looking nearer, I saw the headdress of the person who spoke, which shewed her to be a female with a man lying by her side broad awake, and as quiet as a lamb. I could not but admire his exemplary patience, and discovered by his whole behaviour, that he was then lying under the discipline of a curtain-lecture.

I was entertained in many other places with this kind of nocturnal eloquence, but observed, that most of those whom I found awake, were kept so either by envy or by love. Some of these were sighing, and others cursing, in soliloquy; some hugged their pillows, and others gnashed their teeth.

Digitized by Google

The covetous I likewise found to be a very wakeful people. I happened to come into a room where one of them lay sick. His physician and his wife were in close whisper near his bed-side. I overheard the doctor say to the gentlewoman, 'He cannot possibly live till five in the morning.' She received it like the mistress of a family prepared for all events. At the same instant came in a servant maid, who said, 'Madam, the undertaker is below according to your order.' The words were scarce out of her mouth, when the sick man cried out with a feeble voice, 'Pray, doctor, how went bank-stock to-day at 'Change?' This melancholy object made me too serious for diverting myself further this way: but as I was going home, I saw a light in a garret, and entering into it, heard a voice crying 'And, hand, stand, band, fann'd, tann'd.' I concluded him by this, and the furniture of his room, to be a lunatic; but upon listening a little longer, perceived it was a poet, writing an heroic upon the ensuing peace.

It was now towards morning, an hour when spirits, witches, and conjurors, are obliged to retire to their own apartments; and feeling the influence of it, I was hastening home, when I saw a man had got half way into a neighbour's house. I immediately called to him, and, turning my ring, appeared in my proper person. There is something magisterial in the aspect of the Bickerstaffes, which made him run away in confusion.

As I took a turn or two in my own lodging, I was thinking, that, old as I was, I need not go to bed alone, but that it was in my power to marry the finest lady in this kingdom, if I would wed her with this ring. For what a figure would she that should have it make at a visit, with so perfect a knowledge as this would give her of all the scandal in the town? But instead of endeavouring to dispose of myself and it in matrimony, I resolved to lend it to my loving friend the author of the Atalantis, to furnish a new Secret History of Secret Memoirs.

Digitized by Google

No. 249. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1710.

Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum,
Tendimus.——————

VIRG.

From my own Apartment, November 10.

I WAS last night visited by a friend[a] of mine, who has an inexhaustible fund of discourse, and never fails to entertain his company with a variety of thoughts and hints that are altogether new and uncommon. Whether it were in complaisance to my way of living, or his real opinion, he advanced the following paradox, 'That it required much greater talents to fill up and become a retired life, than a life of business.' Upon this occasion he rallied very agreeably the busy men of the age, who only valued themselves for being in motion, and passing through a series of trifling and insignificant actions. In the heat of his discourse, seeing a piece of money lying on my table, 'I defy (says he,) any of these active persons to produce half the adventures that this twelvepenny-piece has been engaged in, were it possible for him to give us an account of his life.'

My friend's talk made so odd an impression upon my mind, that soon after I was a-bed I fell insensibly into a most unaccountable resverie, that had neither moral nor design in it, and cannot be so properly called a dream as a delirium.

Methoughts the shilling that lay upon the table reared itself upon its edge, and turning the face towards me, opened its mouth, and in a soft silver sound, gave me the following account of his life and adventures:

[a] Swift. See his letters to Mrs. Johnson. Letter X. Nov. 25, 1710. p. 115.—Swift then invented the subject: but it is not so much the invention of a story, as the manner of telling it, that constitutes the merit of these papers.

Digitized by Google

'I was born, (saye he,) on the side of a mountain, near a little village of Peru, and made a voyage to England in an ingot, under the convoy of Sir Francis Drake. I was, soon after my arrival, taken out of my Indian habit, refined, naturalized, and put into the British mode, with the face of Queen Elizabeth on one side, and the arms of the country on the other. Being thus equipped, I found in me a wonderful inclination to ramble, and visit all the parts of the new world into which I was brought. The people very much favoured my natural disposition, and shifted me so fast from hand to hand, that before I was five years old, I had travelled into almost every corner of the nation. But in the beginning of my sixth year, to my unspeakable grief, I fell into the hands of a miserable old fellow, who clapped me into an iron chest, where I found five hundred more of my own quality who lay under the same confinement. The only relief we had, was to be taken out and counted over in the fresh air every morning and evening. After an imprisonment of several years, we heard somebody knocking at our chest, and breaking it open with an hammer. This we found was the old man's heir, who, as his father lay a dying, was so good as to come to our release: he separated us that very day. What was the fate of my companions I know not: as for myself, I was sent to the apothecary's shop for a pint of sack. The apothecary gave me to an herb-woman, the herb-woman to a butcher, the butcher to a brewer, and the brewer to his wife, who made a present of me to a nonconformist preacher. After this manner I made my way merrily through the world; for, as I told you before, we shillings love nothing so much as travelling. I sometimes fetched in a shoulder of mutton, sometimes a play-book, and often had the satisfaction to treat a Templar at a twelvepenny ordinary, or carry him, with three friends, to Westminster Hall.

'In the midst of this pleasant progress which I made from place to place, I was arrested by a superstitious old woman, who shut me up in a greasy purse, in pur-

Digitized by Google

suance of a foolish saying, 'That while she kept a Queen Elizabeth's shilling about her, she should never be without money.' I continued here a close prisoner for many months, till at last I was exchanged for eight and forty farthings.

'I thus rambled from pocket to pocket till the beginning of the civil wars, when, to my shame be it spoken, I was employed in raising soldiers against the king: for being of a very tempting breadth, a sergeant made use of me to inveigle country fellows, and list them in the service of the parliament.

'As soon as he had made one man sure, his way was to oblige him to take a shilling of a more homely figure, and then practise the same trick upon another.' Thus I continued doing great mischief to the crown, till my officer, chancing one morning to walk abroad earlier than ordinary, sacrificed me to his pleasures, and made use of me to seduce a milk-maid. This wench bent me, and gave me to her sweetheart, applying more properly than she intended the usual form of, 'To my love and from my love.' This ungenerous gallant marrying her within few days after, pawned me for a dram of brandy, and drinking me out next day, I was beaten flat with an hammer, and again set a running.

'After many adventures, which it would be tedious to relate, I was sent to a young spendthrift, in company with the will of his deceased father. The young fellow, who I found was very extravagant, gave great demonstrations of joy at the receiving of the will: but opening it, he found himself disinherited and cut off from the possession of a fair estate, by virtue of my being made a present to him. This put him into such a passion, that after having taken me in his hand, and cursed me, he squirred me away from him as far as he could fling me. I chanced to light in an unfrequented place under a dead wall, where I lay undiscovered and useless, during the usurpation of Oliver Cromwell.

'About a year after the king's return, a poor cavalier that was walking there about dinner-time, fortunately

Digitized by Google

cast his eye upon me, and, to the great joy of us both, carried me to a cook's shop, where he dined upon me, and drank the king's health. When I came again into the world, I found that I had been happier in my retirement than I thought, having probably, by that means, escaped wearing a monstrous pair of breeches.[a]

'Being now of great credit and antiquity, I was rather looked upon as a medal than an ordinary coin; for which reason a gamester laid hold of me, and converted me to a counter, having got together some dozens of us for that use. We led a melancholy life in his possession, being busy at those hours wherein current coin is at rest, and partaking the fate of our master, being in a few moments valued at a crown, a pound, or a sixpence, according to the situation in which the fortune of the cards placed us. I had at length the good luck to see my master break, by which means I was again sent abroad under my primitive denomination of a shilling.

'I shall pass over many other accidents of less moment, and hasten to that fatal catastrophe, when I fell into the hands of an artist, who conveyed me under ground, and with an unmerciful pair of sheers, cut off my titles, clipped my brims, retrenched my shape, rubbed me to my inmost ring, and, in short, so spoiled and pillaged me, that he did not leave me worth a groat. You may think what a confusion I was in, to see myself thus curtailed and disfigured. I should have been ashamed to have shown[b] my head, had not all my old acquaintance been reduced to the same shameful figure, excepting some few that were punched through the belly. In the midst of this general calamity, when every body thought our misfortune irretrievable, and our case desperate, we were thrown into the furnace together, and (as it often happens with cities rising out of a fire) appeared with greater beauty and lustre than we

[a] *Pair of breeches.*] A conceit of the people, from the disposition of the arms of England and Ireland, in the commonwealth coin.

[b] *To have shewn*] It should be, *to shew:* the only inaccuracy, however, in this delicious paper.

Digitized by Google

could ever boast of before. What has happened to me since this change of sex which you now see, I shall take some other opportunity to relate. In the mean time, I shall only repeat two adventures, as being very extraordinary, and neither of them having ever happened to me above once in my life. The first was, my being in a poet's pocket, who was so taken with the brightness and novelty of my appearance, that it gave occasion to the finest burlesque poem in the British language, entitled from me, 'The Splendid Shilling.'[a] The second adventure, which I must not omit, happened to me in the year 1703, when I was given away in charity to a blind man; but indeed this was by a mistake, the person who gave me having heedlessly thrown me into the hat among a pennyworth of farthings.'

No. 250. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1710.

Scis etenim justum gemina suspendere lance
Ancipitis libræ.——

PERS.

From my own Apartment, November 13.

I LAST winter erected a court of justice for the correcting of several enormities in dress and behaviour, which are not cognizable in any other courts of this realm. The vintner's case, which I there tried, is still fresh in every man's memory. That of the petticoat gave also a general satisfaction, not to mention the more important points of the cane and perspective; in which, if I did not give judgments and decrees according to the strictest rules of equity and justice, I can safely say, I acted according to the best of my understanding. But as for the proceedings of that court, I shall refer

[a] By Mr. John Phillips.

Digitized by Google

my reader to an account of them, written by my secretary, which is now in the press, and will shortly be published under the title of 'Lillie's Reports.'

As I last year presided over a court of justice, it is my intention this year to set myself at the head of a Court of Honour. There is no court of this nature any where at present, except in France, where, according to the best of my intelligence, it consists of such only as are Marshals of that kingdom. I am likewise informed, that there is not one of that honourable board at present who has not been driven out of the field by the Duke of Marlborough: but whether this be only an accidental, or a necessary qualification, I must confess I am not able to determine.

As for the Court of Honour of which I am here speaking, I intend to sit myself in it as president, with several men of honour on my right hand, and women of virtue on my left, as my assistants. The first place of the bench I have given to an old Tangereen captain with a wooden leg. The second is a gentleman of a long twisted periwig without a curl in it, a muff with very little hair upon it, and a threadbare coat with new buttons, being a person of great worth, and second brother to a man of quality. The third is a gentleman usher, extremely well read in romances, and grandson to one of the greatest wits in Germany, who was some time master of the ceremonies to the Duke of Wolfembuttel.

As for those who sit further on my right hand, as it is usual in public courts, they are such as will fill up the number of faces upon the bench, and serve rather for ornament than use.

The chief upon my left hand are, an old maiden lady, that preserves some of the best blood of England in her veins.

A Welsh woman of a little stature, but high spirit.

An old prude that has oensured every marriage for these thirty years, and is lately wedded to a young rake,

Digitized by Google

Having thus furnished my bench, I shall establish correspondencies with the horse-guards, and the veterans of Chelsea-College; the former to furnish me with twelve men of honour, as often as I shall have occasion for a grand jury, and the latter with as many good men and true for a petty jury.

As for the women of virtue, it will not be difficult for me to find them about midnight at crimp and basset.

Having given this public notice of my court, I must further add, that I intend to open it on this day sevennight, being Monday the twentieth instant; and do hereby invite all such as have suffered injuries and affronts, that are not to be redressed by the common laws of this land, whether they be short bows, cold salutations, supercilious looks, unreturned smiles, distant behaviour, or forced familiarity; as also all such as have been aggrieved by any ambiguous expression, accidental justle, or unkind repartee; likewise all such as have been defrauded of their right to the wall, tricked out of the upper end of the table, or have been suffered to place themselves in their own wrong on the back-seat of the coach: these, and all of these, I do, as is above-said, invite to bring in their several cases and complaints, in which they shall be relieved with all imaginable expedition.

I am very sensible, that the office I have now taken upon me will engage me in the disquisition of many weighty points that daily perplex the youth of the British nation, and therefore I have already discussed several of them for my future use; as, How far a man may brandish his cane in the telling a story, without insulting his hearer? What degree of contradiction amounts to the lie? How a man should resent another's staring and cocking a hat in his face? If asking pardon is an atonement for treading upon one's toes? Whether a man may put up a box on the ear received from a stranger in the dark? Or, whether a man of honour may take a blow of his wife? with several other subtilties of the like nature.

Digitized by Google

For my direction in the duties of my office, I have furnished myself with a certain astrological pair of scales which I have contrived for this purpose. In one of them I lay the injuries, in the other the reparations. The first are represented by little weights made of a metal resembling iron, and the other in gold. These are not only lighter than the weights made use of in Avoirdupois, but also than such as are used in Troy-weight. The heaviest of those that represent the injuries, amount to but a scruple; and decrease by so many sub-divisions, that there are several imperceptible weights which cannot be 'seen without the help of a very fine microscope. I might acquaint my reader, that these scales were made under the influence of the sun when he was in *Libra*, and describe many signatures on the weights both of injury and reparation: but as this would look rather to proceed from an ostentation of my own art than any care for the public, I shall pass it over in silence.

No. 253. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1710.

Pietate gravem ac meritis si forte virum quem
Conspexere, silent, arrectisque auribus astant.
VIRG.

From my own Apartment, November 20.

Extract of the Journal of the Court of Honour, 1710.

Diæ Lunæ vicesimo Novembris, hora nona Antemeridiana.

THE court being sat, an oath prepared by the Censor was administered to the assistants on his right-hand, who were all sworn upon their honour. The women on his left-hand took the same oath upon their reputation. Twelve gentlemen of the horse-guards were impannelled, having unanimously chosen Mr. Alexander Truncheon,

Digitized by Google

who is their right-hand man in the troop, for their foreman in the jury. Mr. Truncheon immediately drew his sword, and holding it with the point towards his own body, presented it to the Censor. Mr. Bickerstaffe received it, and after having surveyed the breadth of the blade, and the sharpness of the point, with more than ordinary attention, returned it to the foreman, in a very graceful manner. The rest of the jury, upon the delivery of the sword to their foreman, drew all of them together as one man, and saluted the bench with such an air, as signified the most resigned submission to those who commanded them, and the greatest magnanimity to execute what they should command.

Mr. Bickerstaffe, after having received the compliments on his right-hand, cast his eye upon the left, where the whole female jury paid their respects by a low curtsey, and by laying their hands upon their mouths. Their fore-woman was a professed Platonist, that had spent much of her time in exhorting the sex to set a just value upon their persons, and to make the men know themselves.

There followed a profound silence, when at length, after some recollection, the censor, who continued hitherto uncovered, put on his hat with great dignity; and after having composed the brims of it in a manner suitable to the gravity of his character, he gave the following charge, which was received with silence and attention, that being the only applause which he admits of, or is ever given in his presence.

"The nature of my office, and the solemnity of this occasion, requiring that I should open my first session with a speech, I shall cast what I have to say under two principal heads:

"Under the first, I shall endeavour to show the necessity and usefulness of this new-erected court; and, under the second, I shall give a word of advice and instruction to every constituent part of it.

"As for the first, it is well observed by Phædrus, an heathen poet,

Digitized by Google

Nisi utile est quod facimus, frustra est gloria.

"Which is the same, ladies, as if I should say, 'It would be of no reputation for me to be president of a court which is of no benefit to the public.' Now the advantages that may arise to the weal public from this institution will more plainly appear, if we consider what it suffers for the want of it. Are not our streets daily filled with wild pieces of justice and random penalties? Are not crimes undetermined, and reparations disproportioned? How often have we seen the lie punished by death, and the liar himself deciding his own cause; nay, not only acting the judge, but the executioner? Have we not known a box on the ear more severely accounted for than manslaughter? In these extrajudicial proceedings of mankind, an unmannerly jest is frequently as capital as a premeditated murder.

"But the most pernicious circumstance in this case is, that the man who suffers the injury must put himself upon the same foot of danger with him that gave it, before he can have his just revenge; so that the punishment is altogether accidental, and may fall as well upon the innocent as the guilty. I shall only mention a case which happens frequently among the more polite nations of the world, and which I the rather mention, because both sexes are concerned in it, and which therefore, you gentlemen and you ladies of the jury will the rather take notice of; I mean that great and known case of cuckoldom. Supposing the person who has suffered insults in his dearer and better half; supposing, I say, this person should resent the injuries done to his tender wife; what is the reparation he may expect? Why, to be used worse than his poor lady, run through the body, and left breathless upon the bed of honour? What then, will you on my right-hand say, must the man do that is affronted? Must our sides be elbowed, our shins broken? Must the wall, or perhaps our mistress, be taken from us? May a man knit his forehead into a frown, toss up his arm, or pish at what we say; and must the villain live after it? Is there no redress for

Digitized by Google

injured honour? Yes, gentlemen, that is the design of the judicature we have here established.

"A court of conscience, we very well know, was first instituted for the determining of several points of property that were too little and trivial for the cognizance of higher courts of justice. In the same manner, our court of honour is appointed for the examination of several niceties and punctilios that do not pass for wrongs in the eye of our common laws. But, notwithstanding no legislators of any nation have taken into consideration these little circumstances, they are such as often lead to crimes big enough for their inspection, though they come before them too late for their redress.

"Besides, I appeal to you, ladies, [Here Mr. Bickerstaffe turned to his left-hand] if these are not the little stings and thorns in life that make it more uneasy than its most substantial evils? Confess ingenuously, did you never lose a morning's devotions, because you could not offer them up from the highest place of the pew? Have you not been in pain, even at a ball, because another has been taken out to dance before you? Do you love any of your friends so much as those that are below you? Or have you any favourites that walk on your right-hand? You have answered me in your looks, I ask no more.

"I come now to the second part of my discourse, which obliges me to address myself in particular to the respective members of the court, in which I shall be very brief.

"As for you, gentlemen and ladies, my assistants and grand juries, I have made choice of you on my right-hand, because I know you very jealous of your honour; and you on my left, because I know you very much concerned for the reputation of others; for which reason I expect great exactness and impartiality in your verdicts and judgments.

"I must in the next place address myself to you, gentlemen of the council: you all know, that I have not chosen you for your knowledge in the litigious parts

Digitized by Google

of the law, but because you have all of you formerly fought duels, of which I have reason to think you have repented, as being now settled in the peaceable state of benchers. My advice to you is, only, that in your pleadings you are short and expressive; to which end you are to banish out of your discourses all synonymous terms, and unnecessary multiplications of verbs and nouns. I do moreover forbid you the use of the words *also* and *likewise;* and must further declare, that if I catch any one among you, upon any pretence whatsoever, using the particle *or*, I shall incessantly order him to be stripped of his gown, and thrown over the bar."

This is a true copy,
CHARLES LILLIE.

N. B. The sequel of the proceedings of this day will be published on Tuesday next.

Sir Richard Steele assisted in this paper.[a] T.

No. 254. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1710.

Splendide mendax.——————
HOR.

From my own Apartment, November 22.

THERE are no books which I more delight in than in travels, especially those that describe remote countries, and give the writer an opportunity of showing his parts without incurring any danger of being examined or contradicted. Among all the authors of this kind, our renowned countryman Sir John Mandeville has distinguished himself by the copiousness of his invention, and

[a] Yet the whole, it must be owned, is not unworthy of Mr. Addison.

Digitized by Google

greatness of his genius. The second to Sir John I take to have been Ferdinand Mendez Pinto, a person of infinite adventure, and unbounded imagination. One reads the voyages of these two great wits with as much astonishment as the travels of Ulysses in Homer, or of the Red-Cross Knight in Spencer. All is enchanted ground, and fairy land.

I have got into my hands, by great chance, several manuscripts of these two eminent authors, which are filled with greater wonders than any of those they have communicated to the public; and indeed, were they not so well attested, would appear altogether improbable. I am apt to think, the ingenious authors did not publish them with the rest of their works, lest they should pass for fictions and fables: a caution not unnecessary, when the reputation of their veracity was not yet established in the world. But as this reason has now no further weight, I shall make the public a present of these curious pieces at such times as I shall find myself unprovided with other subjects.

The present paper I intend to fill with an extract of Sir John's journal, in which that learned and worthy knight gives an account of the freezing and thawing of several short speeches which he made in the territories of Nova Zembla. I need not inform my reader, that the author of Hudibras alludes to this strange quality in that cold climate, when, speaking of abstracted notions clothed in a visible shape, he adds that apt simile,

Like words congeal'd in northern air.

Nor to keep my reader any longer in suspense, the relation put into modern language is as follows:

'We were separated by a storm in the latitude of 73, insomuch that only the ship which I was in, with a Dutch and a French vessel, got safe into a creek of Nova Zembla. We landed, in order to refit our vessels, and store ourselves with provisions. The crew of each vessel made themselves a cabin of turf and wood, at some distance from each other, to fence themselves

Digitized by Google

against the inclemencies of the weather, which was severe beyond imagination. We soon observed, that in talking to one another we lost several of our words, and could not hear one another at above two yards distance, and that too when we sat very near the fire. After much perplexity, I found that our words froze in the air before they could reach the ears of the person to whom they were spoken. I was soon confirmed in this conjecture, when, upon the increase of the cold, the whole company grew dumb, or rather deaf; for every man was sensible, as we afterwards found, that he spoke as well as ever; but the sounds no sooner took air, than they were condensed and lost. It was now a miserable spectacle to see us nodding and gaping at one another, every man talking, and no man heard. One might observe a seaman, that could hail a ship at a league distance, beckoning with his hands, straining his lungs, and tearing his throat, but all in vain.

——— *Nec vox, nec verba, sequuntur.*

'We continued here three weeks in this dismal plight. At length, upon a turn of wind, the air about us began to thaw. Our cabin was immediately filled with a dry clattering sound, which I afterwards found to be the crackling of consonants that broke above our heads, and were often mixed with a gentle hissing, which I imputed to the letter S, that occurs so frequently in the English tongue. I soon after felt a breeze of whispers rushing by my ear; for those being of a soft and gentle substance, immediately liquified in the warm wind that blew across our cabin. These were soon followed by syllables and short words, and at length by entire sentences, that melted sooner or later, as they were more or less congealed; so that we now heard every thing that had been spoken during the whole three weeks that we had been silent, if I may use that expression. It was now very early in the morning, and yet, to my surprise, I heard somebody say, 'Sir John, it is midnight, and time for the ship's crew to go to bed.' This I knew to be the pilot's voice, and upon

Digitized by Google

recollecting myself, I concluded that he had spoken these words to me some days before, though I could not hear them before the present thaw. My reader will easily imagine how the whole crew was amazed to hear every man talking, and see no man opening his mouth. In the midst of this great surprise we were all in, we heard a volley of oaths and curses, lasting for a long while, and uttered in a very hoarse voice, which I knew belonged to the boatswain, who was a very choleric fellow, and had taken his opportunity of cursing and swearing at me when he thought I could not hear him; for I had several times given him the strappado on that account, as I did not fail to repeat it for these his pious soliloquies when I got him on shipboard.

'I must not omit the names of several beauties in Wapping, which were heard every now and then, in the midst of a long sigh that accompanied them; as, dear Kate! Pretty Mrs. Peggy! When shall I see my Sue again? This betrayed several amours which had been concealed till that time, and furnished us with a great deal of mirth in our return to England.

'When this confusion of voices was pretty well over, though I was afraid to offer at speaking, as fearing I should not be heard, I proposed a visit to the Dutch cabin, which lay about a mile further up into the country. My crew were extremely rejoiced to find they had again recovered their hearing, though every man uttered his voice with the same apprehensions that I had done:

——— *Et timide verba intermissa retentat.*

'At about half a mile's distance from our cabin, we heard the groanings of a bear, which at first startled us; but upon inquiry we were informed by some of our company that he was dead, and now lay in salt, having been killed upon that very spot about a fortnight before in the time of the frost. Not far from the same place we were likewise entertained with some posthumous snarls and barkings of a fox.

'We at length arrived at the little Dutch settlement,

Digitized by Google

and upon entering the room, found it filled with sighs that smelt of brandy, and several other unsavoury sounds that were altogether inarticulate. My valet, who was an Irishman, fell into so great a rage at what he heard, that he drew his sword; but not knowing where to lay the blame, he put it up again. We were stunned with these confused noises, but did not hear a single word till about half an hour after; which I ascribed to the harsh and obdurate sounds of that language, which wanted more time than ours to melt and become audible.

'After having here met with a very hearty welcome, we went to the French cabin, who, to make amends for their three weeks silence, were talking and disputing with greater rapidity and confusion than ever I heard in an assembly even of that nation. Their language, as I found, upon the first giving of the weather, fell asunder and dissolved. I was here convinced of an error into which I had before fallen; for I fancied, that for the freezing of the sound, it was necessary for it to be wrapped up, and, as it were, preserved in breath; but I found my mistake, when I heard the sound of a kit playing a minuet over our heads. I asked the occasion of it; upon which one of the company told me, that it would play there above a week longer if the thaw continued; 'For, (says he,) finding ourselves bereft of speech, we prevailed upon one of the company, who had this musical instrument about him, to play to us from morning to night; all which time we employed in dancing, in order to dissipate our chagrin, *et tuer le temps*.'

Here Sir John gives very good philosophical reasons, why the kit could be heard during the frost; but as they are something prolix, I pass over them in silence, and shall only observe, that the honourable author seems, by his quotations, to have been well versed in the ancient poets, which perhaps raised his fancy above the ordinary pitch of historians, and very much contributed to the embellishment of his writings.*

* It is hard to say, whether the *humour* of this paper, or the *expression*, be more exquisite.

Digitized by Google

No. 255. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1710.

——Nec te tua plurima, Panthu,
Labentem pietas nec Apollinis infula texit.

Virg.

From my own Apartment, November 24.

To the Censor of Great Britain.

"SIR,

"I AM at present under very great difficulties, which it is not in the power of any one, besides yourself, to redress. Whether or no you shall think it a proper case to come before your Court of Honour, I cannot tell; but thus it is: I am chaplain to an honourable family, very regular at the hours of devotion, and, I hope, of an unblameable life; but for not offering to rise at second course, I found my patron and his lady very sullen and out of humour, though at first I did not know the reason of it. At length, when I happened to help myself to a jelly, the lady of the house, otherwise a devout woman, told me, 'That it did not become a man of my cloth to delight in such frivolous food:' but as I still continued to sit out the last course, I was yesterday informed by the butler, that his lordship had no further occasion for my service. All which is humbly submitted to your consideration, by

"SIR,

"Your most humble servant," &c.

The case of this gentleman deserves pity, especially if he loves sweetmeats, to which, if I may guess by his letter, he is no enemy. In the mean time, I have often wondered at the indecency of discarding the holiest man from the table, as soon as the most delicious parts of the entertainment are served up, and could never conceive a reason for so absurd a custom. Is it because

Digitized by Google

a liquorish palate, or a sweet tooth (as they call it) is not consistent with the sanctity of his character? This is but a trifling pretence. No man of the most rigid virtue gives offence by any excesses in plum-pudding or plum-porridge, and that because they are the first parts of the dinner. Is there any thing that tends to incitation in sweetmeats more than in ordinary dishes? Certainly not. Sugar-plums are a very innocent diet, and conserves of a much colder nature than our common pickles. I have sometimes thought, that the ceremony of the chaplain's flying away from the dessert was typical and figurative, to mark out to the company how they ought to retire from all the luscious baits of temptation, and deny their appetites the gratifications that are most pleasing to them; or at least to signify, that we ought to stint ourselves in our most lawful satisfactions, and not make our pleasure, but our support, the end of eating. But most certainly, if such a lesson of temperance had been necessary at a table, our clergy would have recommended it to all the laymasters of families, and not have disturbed other men's tables with such unseasonable examples of abstinence. The original, therefore, of this barbarous custom, I take to have been merely accidental. The chaplain retired out of pure complaisance, to make room for the removal of the dishes, or possibly for the ranging of the dessert. This by degrees grew into a duty, till at length, as the fashion improved, the good man found himself cut off from the third part of the entertainment; and if the arrogance of the patron goes on, it is not impossible, but, in the next generation, he may see himself reduced to the tythe, or tenth dish of the table; a sufficient caution not to part with any privilege we are once possessed of. It was usual for the priest, in old times, to feast upon the sacrifice, nay the honey-cake, while the hungry laity looked upon him with great devotion, or, as the late Lord Rochester describes it in a lively manner:

And while the priest did eat, the people stared.

Digitized by Google

At present the custom is inverted; the laity feast, while the priest stands by as an humble spectator. This necessarily puts the good man upon making great ravages on all the dishes that stand near him, and distinguishing himself by voraciousness of appetite, as knowing that his time is short. I would fain ask these stiff-necked patrons, whether they would not take it ill of a chaplain that, in his grace after meat, should return thanks for the whole entertainment, with an exception to the dessert? And yet I cannot but think, that in such a proceeding, he would but deal with them as they deserved. What would a Roman Catholic priest think, who is always helped first, and placed next the ladies, should he see a clergyman giving his company the slip at the first appearance of the tarts or sweetmeats? Would not he believe that he had the same antipathy to a candied orange, or a piece of puff paste, as some have to a Cheshire cheese, or a breast of mutton? Yet to so ridiculous a height is this foolish custom grown, that even the Christmas pye, which in its very nature is a kind of consecrated cate, and a badge of distinction, is often forbidden to the Druid of the family. Strange! that a sirloin of beef, whether boiled or roasted, when entire, is exposed to his utmost depredations and incisions; but if minced into small pieces, and tossed up with plums and sugar, changes its property, and, forsooth, is meat for his master.

In this case I know not which to censure, the patron or the chaplain; the insolence of power, or the abjectness of dependance. For my own part, I have often blushed to see a gentleman, whom I knew to have much more wit and learning than myself, and who was bred up with me at the University upon the same foot of a liberal education, treated in such an ignominious manner, and sunk beneath those of his own rank, by reason of that character which ought to bring him honour. This deters men of generous minds from placing themselves in such a station of life, and by that means frequently excludes persons of quality from

Digitized by Google

the improving and agreeable conversation of a learned and obsequious friend.

Mr. Oldham lets us know, that he was affrighted from the thought of such an employment, by the scandalous sort of treatment which often accompanies it.

> Some think themselves exalted to the sky;
> If they light in some noble family:
> Diet, an horse, and thirty pounds a year,
> Besides th' advantage of his lordship's ear,
> The credit of the business, and the state,
> Are things that in a youngster's sense sound great.
> Little the unexperienc'd wretch does know,
> What slavery he oft must undergo:
> Who though in silken scarf, and cassoc drest,
> Wears but a gayer livery at best.
> When dinner calls, the implement must wait
> With holy words to consecrate the meat.
> But hold it for a favour seldom known,
> If he be deign'd the honour to sit down.
> Soon as the tarts appear, Sir Crape withdraw,
> Those dainties are not for a spiritual maw.
> Observe your distance, and be sure to stand
> Hard by the cistern with your cap in hand:
> There for diversion you may pick your teeth,
> Till the kind voider comes for your relief.
> Let others who such meannesses can brook,
> Strike countenance to ev'ry great man's look;
> I rate my freedom higher.

This author's raillery is the raillery of a friend, and does not turn the sacred order into ridicule, but is a just censure on such persons as take advantage from the necessities of a man of merit, to impose on him hardships that are by no means suitable to the dignity of his profession.

Digitized by Google

No. 256. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1710.

——Nostrum est tantas componere Lites.
VIRG.

The proceedings of the Court of Honour, held in Sheer Lane, on Monday, the 20th of November, 1710, before Isaac Bickerstaffe, Esq. Censor of Great Britain.

PETER Plumb, of London, merchant, was indicted by the Honourable Mr. Thomas Gules, of Gule Hall, in the county of Salop, for that the said Peter Plumb did in Lombard Street, London, between the hours of two and three in the afternoon, meet the said Mr. Thomas Gules, and after a short salutation, put on his hat, value five pence, while the Honourable Mr. Gules stood bare headed for the space of two seconds. It was further urged against the criminal, that, during his discourse with the prosecutor, he feloniously stole the wall of him, having clapped his back against it in such a manner that it was impossible for Mr. Gules to recover it again at his taking leave of him. The prosecutor alledged, that he was the cadet of a very ancient family, and that, according to the principles of all the younger brothers of the said family, he had never sullied himself with business, but had chosen rather to starve like a man of honour, than do any thing beneath his quality. He produced several witnesses, that he had never employed himself beyond the twisting of a whip, or the making of a pair of nutcrackers, in which he only worked for his diversion, in order to make a present now and then to his friends. The prisoner being asked what he could say for himself, cast several reflections upon the Honourable Mr. Gules: as, that he was not worth a groat; that nobody in the city would trust him for a halfpenny; that he owed him money which he had promised to pay him several times, but never kept

Digitized by Google

his word: and in short, that he was an idle, beggarly fellow, and of no use to the public. This sort of language was very severely reprimanded by the Censor, who told the criminal, that he spoke in contempt of the court, and that he should be proceeded against for contumacy, if he did not change his style. The prisoner, therefore, desired to be heard by his counsel, who urged in his defence, 'That he put on his hat through ignorance, and took the wall by accident.' They likewise produced several witnesses, that he made several motions with his hat in his hand, which are generally understood as an invitation to the person we talk with to be covered; and that the gentleman not taking the hint, he was forced to put on his hat, as being troubled with a cold. There was likewise an Irishman who deposed, that he had heard him cough three and twenty times that morning. And as for the wall, it was alledged, that he had taken it inadvertently, to save himself from a shower of rain which was then falling. The Censor having consulted the men of honour who sat at his right hand on the bench, found they were of opinion, that the defence made by the prisoner's counsel did rather aggravate than extenuate his crime; that the motions and intimations of the hat were a token of superiority in conversation, and therefore not to be used by the criminal to a man of the prosecutor's quality, who was likewise vested with a double title to the wall at the time of their conversation, both as it was the upper hand, and as it was a shelter from the weather. The evidence being very full and clear, the jury, without going out of court, declared their opinion unanimously by the mouth of their foreman, that the prosecutor was bound in honour to make the sun shine through the criminal, or, as they afterwards explained themselves, to whip him through the lungs.

The Censor knitting his brows into a frown, and looking very sternly upon the jury, after a little pause, gave them to know, that this court was erected for the finding out of penalties suitable to offences, and to restrain the outrages of private justice; and that he ex-

Digitized by Google

pected they should moderate their verdict. The jury, therefore, retired, and being willing to comply with the advices of the Censor, after an hour's consultation, declared their opinion as follows:

'That in consideration this was Peter Plumb's first offence, and that there did not appear any 'malice prepense' in it, as also that he lived in good reputation among his neighbours, and that his taking the wall was only *se defendendo*, the prosecutor should let him escape with life, and content himself with the slitting of his nose, and the cutting off both his ears.' Mr. Bickerstaffe smiling upon the court, told them, that he thought the punishment, even under its present mitigation, too severe; and that such penalties might be of ill consequence in a trading nation. He therefore pronounced sentence against the criminal in the following manner: 'That his hat, which was the instrument of offence, should be forfeited to the court; that the criminal should go to the warehouse from whence he came, and thence, as occasion should require, proceed to the Exchange, or Garraway's coffee-house, in what manner he pleased; but that neither he, nor any of the family of the Plumbs, should hereafter appear in the streets of London out of their coaches, that so the foot-way might be left open and undisturbed for their betters.'

Dathan, a peddling Jew, and T. R—, a Welshman, were indicted by the keeper of an alehouse in Westminster, for breaking the peace and two earthen mugs, in a dispute about the antiquity of their families, to the great detriment of the house, and disturbance of the whole neighbourhood. Dathan said for himself, that he was provoked to it by the Welshman, who pretended that the Welsh were an ancienter people than the Jews; 'Whereas, (says he,) I can shew by this genealogy in my hand, that I am the son of Mesheck, that was the son of Naboth, that was the son of Shalem, that was the son of —' The Welshman here interrupted him, and told him, 'That he could produce shennalogy as well as himself; for that he was John ap Rice, ap Shen-

Digitized by Google

kin, ap Shones.' He then turned himself to the Censor, and told him in the same broken accent, and with much warmth, 'That the Jew would needs uphold, that King Cadwallader was younger than Issachar.' Mr. Bickerstaffe seemed very much inclined to give sentence against Dathan, as being a Jew, but finding reasons, by some expressions which the Welshman let fall in asserting the antiquity of his family, to suspect that the said Welshman was a Præ-Adamite, he suffered the jury to go out, without any previous admonition. After some time they returned, and gave their verdict, that it appearing the persons at the bar did neither of them wear a sword, and that consequently they had no right to quarrel upon a point of honour; to prevent such frivolous appeals for the future, they should both of them be tossed in the same blanket, and there adjust the superiority as they could agree it between themselves. The Censor confirmed the verdict.

Richard Newman was indicted by Major Punto, for having used the words, 'Perhaps it may be so,' in a dispute with the said major. The major urged, that the word 'Perhaps,' was questioning his veracity, and that it was an indirect manner of giving him the lie. Richard Newman had nothing more to say for himself, than that he intended no such thing, and threw himself upon the mercy of the court. The jury brought in their verdict special.

Mr. Bickerstaffe stood up, and after having cast his eyes over the whole assembly, hemmed thrice. He then acquainted them, that he had laid down a rule to himself, which he was resolved never to depart from, and which, as he conceived, would very much conduce to the shortening the business of the court; I mean, says he, never to allow of the lie being given by construction, implication, or induction, but by the sole use of the word itself. He then proceeded to show the great mischiefs that had arisen to the English nation from that pernicious monosyllable; that it had bred the most fatal quarrels between the dearest friends; that it had frequently thinned the guards, and made great ha-

Digitized by Google

voc in the army; that it had sometimes weakened the city trained-bands; and, in a word, had destroyed many of the bravest men in the isle of Great Britain. For the prevention of which evils for the future, he instructed the jury to 'present' the word itself as a nuisance in the English tongue; and further promised them, that he would, upon such their presentment, publish an edict of the court for the entire banishment and exclusion of it out of the discourses and conversation of all civil societies.

This is a true copy,

CHARLES LILLIE.

Monday next is set apart for the trial of several female causes.

N. B. The case of the hassock will come on between the hours of nine and ten.

Sir Richard Steel assisted in this paper.[a] T.

No. 257. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1710.

In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas
Corpora: Dii, ceptis (nam vos mutastis et illas)
Aspirate meis.——

OVID. MET.

From my own Apartment, November 29.

EVERY nation is distinguished by productions that are peculiar to it. Great Britain is particularly fruitful in religions, that shoot up and flourish in this climate more than in any other. We are so famous abroad for our great variety of sects and opinions, that an ingeni-

[a] There is humour in this paper. But the pertness of style, and cant of expression, in some places, especially in Dathan's case, shews clearly enough, that Sir Richard Steele had a hand in it.

Digitized by Google

ous friend of mine, who is lately returned from his travels, assures me, there is a show at this time carried up and down in Germany, which represents all the religions in Great Britain in wax-work. Notwithstanding that the pliancy of the matter in which the images are wrought, makes it capable of being moulded into all shapes and figures, my friend tells me, that he did not think it possible for it to be twisted and tortured into so many screwed faces and wry features as appeared in several of the figures that composed the show. I was, indeed, so pleased with the design of the German artist, that I begged my friend to give me an account of it in all its particulars, which he did after the following manner:

'I have often,' says he, 'been present at a show of elephants, camels, dromedaries, and other strange creatures, but I never saw so great an assembly of spectators as were met together at the opening of this great piece of waxwork. We were all placed in a large hall, according to the price that we had paid for our seats. The curtain that hung before the show was made by a master of tapestry, who had woven it in the figure of a monstrous hydra that had several heads, which brandished out their tongues, and seemed to hiss at each other. Some of these heads were large and entire; and where any of them had been lopped away, there sprouted up several in the room of them; insomuch that for one head cut off, a man might see ten, twenty, or an hundred of a smaller size, creeping through the wound. In short, the whole picture was nothing but confusion and bloodshed. On a sudden,' says my friend, 'I was startled with a flourish of many musical instruments that I had never heard before, which was followed by a short tune (if it might be so called) wholly made up of jars and discords. Among the rest, there was an organ, a bagpipe, a groaning-board, a stentorophonic trumpet, with several wind instruments of a most disagreeable sound, which I do not so much as know the names of. After a short flourish, the curtain was drawn up, and we were presented with the most extraordinary as-

Digitized by Google

sembly of figures that ever entered into a man's imagination. The design of the workman was so well expressed in the dumb show before us, that it was not hard for an Englishman to comprehend the meaning of it.

'The principal figures were placed in a row, consisting of seven persons. The middle figure, which immediately attracted the eyes of the whole company, and was much bigger than the rest, was formed like a matron, dressed in the habit of an elderly woman of quality in Queen Elizabeth's days. The most remarkable parts of her dress, was the beaver with the steeple crown, the scarf that was darker than sable, and the lawn apron that was whiter than ermine. Her gown was of the richest black velvet, and just upon her heart studded with large diamonds of an inestimable value, disposed in the form of a cross. She bore an inexpressible cheerfulness and dignity in her aspect; and though she seemed in years, appeared with so much spirit and vivacity, as gave her at the same time an air of old age and immortality. I found my heart touched with so much love and reverence at the sight of her, that the tears ran down my face as I looked upon her; and still the more I looked upon her, the more my heart was melted with the sentiments of filial tenderness and duty. I discovered every moment something so charming in this figure, that I could scarce take my eyes off it. On its right hand there sat the figure of a woman so covered with ornaments, that her face, her body, and her hands, were almost entirely hid under them. The little you could see of her face was painted; and what I thought very odd, had something in it like artificial wrinkles; but I was the less surprised at it, when I saw upon her forehead an old-fashioned tower of grey hairs. Her head-dress rose very high by three several stories or degrees; her garments had a thousand colours in them, and were embroidered with crosses in gold, silver, and silk: she had nothing on, so much as a glove or a slipper, which was not marked with this figure; nay, so superstitiously fond did she appear of it, that

Digitized by Google

she sat cross-legged. I was quickly sick of this tawdry composition of ribbons, silks, and jewels, and therefore cast my eye on a dame which was just the reverse of it. I need not tell my reader, that the lady before described was Popery, or that she I am now going to describe is Presbytery. She sat on the left hand of the venerable matron, and so much resembled her in the features of her countenance, that she seemed her sister; but at the same time that one observed a likeness in her beauty, one could not but take notice, that there was something in it sickly and splenetic. Her face had enough to discover the relation, but it was drawn up into a peevish figure, soured with discontent, and overcast with melancholy. She seemed offended at the matron for the shape of her hat, as too much resembling the triple coronet of the person who sat by her. One might see, likewise, that she dissented from the white apron and the cross; for which reasons she had made herself a plain homely dowdy, and turned her face towards the sectaries that sat on the left hand, as being afraid of looking upon the matron, lest she should see the harlot by her.

'On the right hand of Popery sat Judaism, represented by an old man embroidered with phylacteries, and distinguished by many typical figures, which I had not skill enough to unriddle. He was placed among the rubbish of a temple; but instead of weeping over it, (which I should have expected from him) he was counting out a bag of money upon the ruins of it.

'On his right hand was Deism, or Natural Religion. This was a figure of an half-naked aukward country wench, who with proper ornaments and education would have made an agreeable and beautiful appearance; but for want of those advantages, was such a spectacle as a man would blush to look upon.

'I have now,' continued my friend, 'given you an account of those who were placed on the right hand of the matron, and who, according to the order in which they sat, were Deism, Judaism, and Popery. On the

Digitized by Google

left hand, as I told you, appeared Presbytery. The next to her was a figure which somewhat puzzled me: it was that of a man looking, with horror in his eyes, upon a silver bason filled with water. Observing something in his countenance that looked like lunacy, I fancied at first that he was to express that kind of distraction which the physicians call the Hydrophobia: but considering what the intention of the show was, I immediately recollected myself, and concluded it to be Anabaptism.

'The next figure was a man that sat under a most profound composure of mind: he wore an hat whose brims were exactly parallel to the horizon: his garment had neither sleeve nor skirt, nor so much as a superfluous button. What he called his cravat, was a little piece of white linen quilled with great exactness, and hanging below his chin about two inches. Seeing a book in his hand, I asked our artist what it was, who told me it was the Quaker's religion; upon which I desired a sight of it. Upon perusal, I found it to be nothing but a new-fashioned grammar, or an art of abridging ordinary discourse. The nouns were reduced to a very small number, as the *light, friend, Babylon.* The principal of his pronouns was *thou;* and as for *you, ye,* and *yours,* I found they were not looked upon as parts of speech in this grammar. All the verbs wanted the second person plural; the participles ending all in *ing* or *ed,* which were marked with a particular accent. There were no adverbs besides *yea* and *nay.* The same thrift was observed in the prepositions. The conjunctions were only *hem!* and *ha!* and the interjections brought under the three heads of sighing, sobbing, and groaning. There was at the end of the grammar a little nomenclature, called 'The Christian man's Vocabulary,' which gave new appellations, or (if you will) Christian names to almost every thing in life. I replaced the book in the hand of the figure, not without admiring the simplicity of its garb, speech, and behaviour.

Digitized by Google

'Just opposite to this row of religions, there was a statue dressed in a fool's coat, with a cap of bells upon his head, laughing and pointing at the figures that stood before him. This ideot is supposed to say in his heart what David's fool did some thousands of years ago, and was therefore designed as a proper representative of those among us who are called atheists and infidels by others, and free-thinkers by themselves.

'There were many other groups of figures which I did not know the meaning of; but seeing a collection of both sexes turning their backs upon the company, and laying their heads very close together, I inquired after their religion, and found that they called themselves the Philadelphians, or the family of love.

'In the opposite corner there sat another little congregation of strange figures, opening their mouths as wide as they could gape, and distinguished by the title of 'The sweet Singers of Israel.'

'I must not omit, that in this assembly of wax there were several pieces that moved by clockwork, and gave great satisfaction to the spectators. Behind the matron there stood one of these figures, and behind Popery another, which, as the artist told us, were each of them the genius of the person they attended. That behind Popery represented Persecution, and the other Moderation. The first of these moved by secret springs towards a great heap of dead bodies that lay piled upon one another at a considerable distance behind the principal figures. There were written on the foreheads of these dead men several hard words, as Præ-Adamites, Sabbatarians, Cameronians, Muggletonians, Brownists, Independents, Masonites, Camisars, and the like. At the approach of Persecution, it was so contrived, that as she held up her bloody flag, the whole assembly of dead men, like those in the Rehearsal, started up and drew their swords. This was followed by great clashings and noise, when, in the midst of the tumult, the figure of Moderation moved gently towards this new army, which, upon her holding up a paper in her hand,

Digitized by Google

inscribed, 'Liberty of Conscience,' immediately fell into a heap of carcasses, remaining in the same quiet posture that they lay at first."

No. 259. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1710.

——— Vexat censura columbas.
Juv.

A Continuation of the Journal of the Court of Honour, held in Sheer-Lane, on Monday the 27th of November, before Isaac Bickerstaffe, Esq. Censor of Great Britain.

ELIZABETH MAKEBATE, of the parish of St. Catherine's, spinster, was indicted for surreptitiously taking away the hassoc from under the Lady Grave-Airs, between the hours of four and five, on Sunday the 26th of November. The prosecutor deposed, that as she stood up to make a curtsey to a person of quality in a neighbouring pew, the criminal conveyed away the hassoc by stealth, insomuch that the prosecutor was obliged to sit all the while she was at church, or to say her prayers in a posture that did not become a woman of her quality. The prisoner pleaded inadvertency; and the jury were going to bring it in chance-medley, had not several witnesses been produced against the said Elizabeth Makebate, that she was an old offender, and a woman of a bad reputation. It appeared in particular, that on the Sunday before she had detracted from a new petticoat of Mrs. Mary Doelittle, having said in

[a] The ridicule in this inimitable paper, on the several sects of religion, is so pointed and strong, that the gravest reader cannot help laughing at it; yet so guarded and chaste, at the same time, that no part of it is seen to fall on religion itself.—It is to be lamented, that another of our wits, I mean, in the famous *Tale of a Tub*, was either not so discreet, or, not so happy.

Digitized by Google

the hearing of several credible witnesses, that the said petticoat was scowered, to the great grief and detriment of the said Mary Doelittle. There were likewise many evidences produced against the criminal, that though she never failed to come to church on Sunday, she was a most notorious Sabbath-breaker, and that she spent her whole time, during divine service, in disparaging other people's clothes, and whispering to those who sat next her. Upon the whole, she was found guilty of the indictment, and received sentence to ask pardon of the prosecutor upon her bare knees, without either cushion or hassoc under her, in the face of the court.

N. B. As soon as the sentence was executed on the criminal, which was done in open court with the utmost severity, the first lady of the bench on Mr. Bickerstaffe's right-hand stood up, and made a motion to the court, that whereas it was impossible for women of fashion to dress themselves before the church was half done, and whereas many confusions and inconveniencies did arise thereupon, it might be lawful for them to send a footman, in order to keep their places, as was usual in other polite and well-regulated assemblies. The motion was ordered to be entered in the books, and considered at a more convenient time.

Charles Cambrick, Linen-draper, in the city of Westminster, was indicted for speaking obscenely to the Lady Penelope Touchwood. It appeared, that the prosecutor and her woman going in a stage-coach from London to Brentford, where they were to be met by the lady's own chariot, the criminal and another of his acquaintance travelled with them in the same coach, at which time the prisoner talked bawdy for the space of three miles and a half. The prosecutor alledged, 'That over-against the Old Fox at Knightsbridge, he mentioned the word linen; that at the further end of Kensington he made use of the term smock; and that before he came to Hammersmith, he talked almost a quarter of an hour upon wedding-shifts.' The prosecutor's woman confirmed what her lady had said, and added further, 'that she had never seen her lady in so great a confusion, and in such a taking, as she was during the whole

Digitized by Google

discourse of the criminal.' The prisoner had little to say for himself, but that he talked only in his own trade, and meant no hurt by what he said. The jury, however, found him guilty, and represented by their fore-woman, that such discourses were apt to sully the imagination, and that by a concatenation of ideas, the word linen implied many things that were not proper to be stirred up in the mind of a woman who was of the prosecutor's quality, and therefore gave it as their verdict, that the linen-draper should lose his tongue. Mr. Bickerstaffe said, 'He thought the prosecutor's ears were as much to blame as the prisoner's tongue, and therefore gave sentence as follows: That they should both be placed over-against one another in the midst of the court, there to remain for the space of one quarter of an hour, during which time, the linen-draper was to be gagged, and the lady to hold her hands close upon both her ears;' which was executed accordingly.

Edward Callicoat was indicted as an accomplice to Charles Cambrick, for that he the said Edward Callicoat did, by his silence and his smiles, seem to approve and abet the said Charles Cambrick in every thing he said. It appeared, that the prisoner was foreman of the shop to the aforesaid Charles Cambrick, and by his post obliged to smile at every thing that the other should be pleased to say: upon which he was acquitted.

Josias Shallow was indicted in the name of Dame Winifred, sole relict of Richard Dainty, Esq. for having said several times in company, and in the hearing of several persons there present, that he was extremely obliged to the widow Dainty, and that he should never be able sufficiently to express his gratitude. The prosecutor urged, that this might blast her reputation, and that it was in effect a boasting of favours which he had never received. The prisoner seemed to be much astonished at the construction which was put upon his words, and said, 'That he meant nothing by them, but that the widow had befriended him in a lease, and was very kind to his younger sister.' The jury finding him a little weak in his understanding, without going out of the court, brought in their verdict, *ignoramus*.

Digitized by Google

Ursula Goodenough was accused by the Lady Betty Wou'dbe, for having said, that she the Lady Betty Wou'dbe was painted. The prisoner brought several persons of good credit to witness to her reputation, and proved by undeniable evidences, that she was never at the place where the words were said to have been uttered. The censor observing the behaviour of the prosecutor, found reason to believe that she had indicted the prisoner for no other reason but to make her complexion be taken notice of, which indeed was very fresh and beautiful: he therefore asked the offender with a very stern voice, how she could presume to spread so groundless a report? And whether she saw any colours in the Lady Wou'dbe's face that could procure credit to such a falsehood? 'Do you see (says he) any lilies or roses in her cheeks, any bloom, any probability?' ——The prosecutor, not able to bear such language any longer, told him, that he talked like a blind old fool, and that she was ashamed to have entertained any opinion of his wisdom: but she was put to silence, and sentenced to wear her mask for five months, and not to presume to show her face till the town should be empty.

Benjamin Buzzard, Esq. was indicted for having told the Lady Everbloom at a public ball, that she looked very well for a woman of her years. The prisoner not denying the fact, and persisting before the court that he looked upon it as a compliment, the jury brought him in *non compos mentis*.

The court then adjourned to Monday the 11th instant.

Copia Vera, CHARLES LILLIE.

Sir Richard Steele assisted in this paper. T.

Digitized by Google

No. 260. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1710.

Non cuicunque datum est habere nasum.
MART.

From my own Apartment, December 6.

WE have a very learned and elaborate dissertation upon thumbs in Montaigne's Essays, and another upon ears in the Tale of a Tub. I am here going to write one upon noses, having chosen for my text the following verses out of Hudibras:

So learned Talicotius from
The brawny part of Porter's bum
Cut supplemental noses, which
Lasted as long as parent breech:
But when the date of nock was out,
Off dropp'd the sympathetic snout.

Notwithstanding that there is nothing obscene in natural knowledge, and that I intend to give as little offence as may be to readers of a well-bred imagination, I must, for my own quiet, desire the critics (who in all times have been famous for good noses) to refrain from the lecture[a] of this curious tract. These gentlemen were formerly marked out and distinguished by the little rhinocerical nose, which was always looked upon as an instrument of derision, and which they were used to cock, toss, or draw up in a contemptuous manner, upon reading the works of their ingenious contemporaries. It is not, therefore, for this generation of men that I write the present transaction.

——— *Minus aptus acutis*
Naribus horum hominum.[b]

but for the sake of some of my philosophical friends in

[a] He says, the "*lecture*," instead of the "*reading*," or "the *perusal* of," to ridicule the pedantic style of learned critics.

[b] Pleasantly said. But this paper (except in one instance, or two, which shall be pointed out) has nothing to apprehend from the *best-nosed* critic.

Digitized by Google

the Royal Society, who peruse discourses of this nature with a becoming gravity, and a desire of improving by them.

Many are the opinions of learned men concerning the rise of that fatal distemper which has always taken a particular pleasure in venting its spite upon the nose. I have seen a little burlesque poem in Italian that gives a very pleasant account of this matter. The fable of it runs thus: Mars, the god of war, having served during the siege of Naples in the shape of a French colonel, received a visit one night from Venus, the goddess of love, who had been always his professed mistress and admirer. The poem says, she came to him in the disguise of a suttling wench, with a bottle of brandy under her arm. Let that be as it will, he managed matters so well, that she went away big-bellied, and was at length brought to bed of a little Cupid. This boy, whether it were by reason of any bad food that his father had eaten during the siege, or of any particular malignity in the stars that reigned at his nativity, came into the world with a very sickly look, and crazy constitution. As soon as he was able to handle his bow, he made discoveries of a most perverse disposition. He dipped all his arrows in poison, that rotted every thing they touched; and what was more particular, aimed all his shafts at the nose, quite contrary to the practice of his elder brothers, who had made a human heart their butt in all countries and ages. To break him of this roguish trick, his parents put him to school to Mercury, who did all he could to hinder him from demolishing the noses of mankind; but in spite of education, the boy continued very unlucky; and though his malice was a little softened by good instructions, he would very frequently let fly an envenomed arrow, and wound his votaries oftener in the nose than in the heart. Thus far the fable.

I need not tell my learned reader, that Correggio has drawn a Cupid taking his lesson from Mercury, conformable to this poem; nor that the poem itself was designed as a burlesque upon Fracastorius.

Digitized by Google

It was a little after this fatal siege of Naples that Talicotius begun to practise in a town of Germany. He was the first clap-doctor that I meet with in history, and a greater man in his age than our celebrated Dr. Wall. He saw his species extremely mutilated and disfigured by this new distemper that was crept[a] into it; and therefore, in pursuance of a very seasonable invention, set up a manufacture of noses, having first got a patent that none should presume to make noses besides himself. His first patient was a great man of Portugal, who had done good services to his country, but in the midst of them unfortunately lost his nose. Talicotius grafted a new one on the remaining part of the gristle or cartilaginous substance, which would sneeze, smell, take snuff, pronounce the letters *m* or *n*, and in short, do all the functions of a genuine and natural nose. There was, however, one misfortune in this experiment. The Portuguese's complexion was a little upon the subfusc, with very black eyes and dark eyebrows, and the nose being taken from a porter that had a white German skin, and cut out of those parts that are not exposed to the sun, it was very visible that the features of his face were not fellows. In a word, the Conde resembled one of those maimed antique statues that has often a modern nose of fresh marble glued to a face of such a yellow ivory complexion as nothing can give but age. To remedy this particular for the future, the doctor got together a great collection of porters, men of all complexions, black, brown, fair, dark, sallow, pale, and ruddy; so that it was impossible for a patient of the most out-of-the-way colour not to find a nose to match it.

The doctor's house was now very much enlarged, and become a kind of college, or rather hospital, for the fashionable cripples of both sexes that resorted to him from all parts of Europe. Over his door was fastened a large golden snout, not unlike that which is placed over

[a] *Was crept*] "*Creep*," being a neutral verb, I should rather have said,—"*had crept*."

Digitized by Google

the great gates at Brazen-Nose College in Oxford; and as it is usual for the learned in foreign universities to distinguish their houses by a Latin sentence, the doctor writ underneath this great golden proboscis two verses out of Ovid:

Militat omnis amans, habet et sua castra Cupido,
Pontice, crede mihi, militat omnis amans.

It is reported, that Talicotius had at one time in his house twelve German counts, nineteen French marquisses, and a hundred Spanish cavaliers, besides one solitary English esquire, of whom more hereafter. Though the doctor had the monopoly of noses in his own hands, he is said not to have been unreasonable. Indeed if a man had occasion for a high Roman nose, he must go to the price of it. A carbuncle nose likewise bore an excessive rate: but for your ordinary short turned-up noses, of which there was the greatest consumption, they cost little or nothing; at least the purchasers thought so, who would have been content to have paid much dearer for them, rather than to have gone without them.[a]

The sympathy betwixt the nose and its parent was very extraordinary. Hudibras has told us, that when the porter died, the nose dropped of course, in which case it was always usual to return the nose, in order to have it interred with its first owner. The nose was likewise affected by the pain as well as death of the original proprietor. An eminent instance of this nature happened to three Spaniards, whose noses were all made out of the same piece of brawn. They found them one day shoot and swell extremely, upon which they sent to know how the porter did, and heard, upon inquiry, that the parent of the noses had been severely kicked the day before, and that the porter kept his bed on account of the bruises it had received. This was highly resented by the Spaniards, who found out the person that had used the porter so unmercifully, and

[a] The same fault as in No. 249.

Digitized by Google

treated him in the same manner as if the indignity had been done to their own noses. In this and several other cases it might be said, that the porters led the gentlemen by the nose.

On the other hand, if any thing went amiss with the nose, the porter felt the effects of it, insomuch that it was generally articled with the patient, that he should not only abstain from all his old courses, but should on no pretence whatsoever smell pepper, or eat mustard; on which occasion, the part where the incision had been made was seized with unspeakable twinges and prickings.

The Englishman I before mentioned was so very irregular, and relapsed so frequently into the distemper which at first brought him to the learned Talicotius, that in the space of two years, he wore out five noses, and by that means so tormented the porters, that if he would have given 500*l.* for a nose, there was not one of them that would accommodate him. This young gentleman was born of honest parents, and passed his first years in fox-hunting; but accidentally quitting the woods, and coming up to London, he was so charmed with the beauties of the play-house, that he had not been in town two days before he got the misfortune which carried off this part of his face. He used to be called in Germany, the Englishman of five noses, and, the gentleman that had thrice as many noses as he had ears: such was the raillery of those times.

I shall close this paper with an admonition to the young men of this town, which I think the more necessary, because I see several new fresh-coloured faces, that have made their first appearance in it this winter. I must therefore assure them, that the art of making noses is entirely lost; and in the next place, beg them not to follow the example of our ordinary town-rakes, who live as if there was a Talicotius to be met with at the corner of every street. Whatever young men may think, the nose is a very becoming part of the face, and a man makes but a very silly figure without it. But it is the nature of youth not to know the value of any

Digitized by Google

thing till they have lost it. The general precept, therefore, I shall leave with them is, to regard every town-woman as a particular kind of Siren, that has a design upon their noses; and that, amidst her flatteries and allurements, they will fancy she speaks to them in that humorous phrase of old Plautus:

Ego tibi faciem denasabo mordicus.

"Keep your face out of my way, or I'll bite off your nose."

No. 262. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1710.

Verba togæ sequeris, junctura callidus acri,
Ore teres modico, pallentes radere mores,
Doctus et ingenuo culpam defigere ludo:

PERS. SAT. 5.

Journal of the Court of Honour, &c.

TIMOTHY TREATALL, Gent. was indicted by several ladies of his sister's acquaintance for a very rude affront offered to them at an entertainment, to which he had invited them on Tuesday the 7th of November last past, between the hours of eight and nine in the evening. The indictment set forth, that the said Mr. Treatall, upon the serving up of the supper, desired the ladies to take their places according to their different age and seniority, for that it was the way always at his table to pay respect to years. The indictment added, that this produced an unspeakable confusion in the company; for that the ladies, who before had pressed together for a place at the upper end of the table, immediately crowded with the same disorder towards the end that was quite opposite; that Mrs. Frontly had the insolence to clap herself down at the very lowest place of the table; that the Widow Partlett seated herself on the right-hand of Mrs. Frontly, alledging for her excuse, that no ceremony was to be used at a round ta-

Digitized by Google

ble; that Mrs. Fidget and Mrs. Fescue disputed above half an hour for the same chair, and that the latter would not give up the cause till it was decided by the parish register, which happened to be kept hard by. The indictment further said, that the rest of the company who sat down, did it with a reserve to their right, which they were at liberty to assert on another occasion; and that Mrs. Mary Pippe, an old maid, was placed by the unanimous vote of the whole company at the upper end of the table, from whence she had the confusion to behold several mothers of families among her inferiors. The criminal alledged in his defence, that what he had done, was to raise mirth, and avoid ceremony, and that the ladies did not complain of his rudeness till the next morning, having eaten up what he had provided for them with great readiness and alacrity. The censor frowning upon him, told him, that he ought not to discover so much levity in matters of a serious nature, and (upon the jury's bringing him in guilty) sentenced him to treat the whole assembly of ladies over again, and to take care that he did it with the decorum which was due to persons of their quality.

Rebecca Shapely, spinster, was indicted by Mrs. Sarah Smack, for speaking many words reflecting upon her reputation, and the heels of her silk slippers, which the prisoner had maliciously suggested to be two inches higher than they really were. The prosecutor urged, as an aggravation of her guilt, that the prisoner was herself guilty of the same kind of forgery which she had laid to the prosecutor's charge, for that she the said Rebecca Shapely did always wear a pair of steel bodice, and a false rump. The censor ordered the slippers to be produced in open court, where the heels were adjudged to be of the statutable size. He then ordered the grand jury to search the criminal, who, after some time spent therein, acquitted her of the bodice, but found her guilty of the rump; upon which she received sentence as is usual in such cases.

William Trippitt, Esq. of the Middle-Temple, brought

Digitized by Google

his action against the Lady Elizabeth Prudely, for having refused him her hand as he offered to lead her to her coach from the opera. The plaintiff set forth, that he had entered himself into the list of those volunteers who officiate every night behind the boxes as gentlemen ushers of the play-house: that he had been at a considerable charge in white gloves, periwigs, and snuff-boxes, in order to qualify himself for that employment, and in hopes of making his fortune by it. The council for the defendant replied, that the plaintiff had given out that he was within a month of wedding their client, and that she had refused her hand to him in ceremony, lest he should interpret it as a promise that she would give it him in marriage. As soon as their pleadings on both sides were finished, the censor ordered the plaintiff to be cashiered from his office of gentleman-usher to the play-house, since it was too plain that he had undertaken it with an ill design; and at the time ordered the defendant either to marry the said plaintiff, or to pay him half-a-crown for the new pair of gloves and coach-hire that he was at the expence of in her service.

The Lady Townly brought an action of debt against Mrs. Flambeau, for that Mrs. Flambeau had not been to see the said Lady Townly, and wish her joy, since her marriage with Sir Ralph, notwithstanding she the said Lady Townly had paid Mrs. Flambeau a visit upon her first coming to town. It was urged in the behalf of the defendant, that the plaintiff had never given her any regular notice of her being in town; that the visit she alledged had been made on a Monday, which she knew was a day on which Mrs. Flambeau was always abroad, having set aside that only day in the week to mind the affairs of her family; that the servant who inquired whether she was at home, did not give the visiting knock; that it was not between the hours of five and eight in the evening; that there were no candles lighted up; that it was not on Mrs. Flambeau's day; and, in short, that there was not one of the essential points observed that constitute a visit. She further proved by

Digitized by Google

her porter's book, which was produced in court, that she had paid the Lady Townly a visit on the twenty-fourth day of March, just before her leaving the town, in the year 1709-10, for which she was still creditor to the said Lady Townly. To this the plaintiff only replied, that she was now only under covert, and not liable to any debts contracted when she was a single woman. Mr. Bickerstaffe finding the cause to be very intricate, and that several points of honour were likely to arise in it, he deferred giving judgment upon it till the next session day, at which time he ordered the ladies on his left-hand to present to the court a table of all the laws relating to visits.

Winifred Leer brought her action against Richard Sly, for having broken a marriage contract, and wedded another woman, after he had engaged himself to marry the said Winifred Leer. She alledged, that he had ogled her twice at an opera, thrice in St. James's church, and once at Powel's puppet-show, at which time he promised her marriage by a side-glance, as her friend could testify that sat by her. Mr. Bickerstaffe finding that the defendant had made no further overture of love or marriage, but by looks and ocular engagement; yet at the same time considering how very apt such impudent seducers are to lead the ladies hearts astray, ordered the criminal to stand upon the stage in the Hay-Market, between each act of the next opera, there to be exposed to public view as a false ogler.

Upon the rising of the court, Mr. Bickerstaffe having taken one of these counterfeits in the very fact, as he was ogling a lady of the grand jury, ordered him to be seized, and prosecuted upon the statute of ogling. He likewise directed the clerk of the court to draw up an edict against these common cheats, that make women believe they are distracted for them by staring them out of countenance, and often blast a lady's reputation whom they never spoke to, by saucy looks and distant familiarities.

Sir Richard Steele assisted in this paper. T.

Digitized by Google

No. 265. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1710.

Arbiter hic igitur factus de lite jocosâ.
OVID. MET.

Continuation of the Journal of the Court of Honour, &c.

As soon as the court was sat, the ladies of the bench presented, according to order, a table of all the laws now in force, relating to visits and visiting days, methodically digested under their respective heads, which the Censor ordered to be laid upon the table, and afterwards proceeded upon the business of the day.

Henry Heedless, Esq. was indicted by Colonel Touchy, of her majesty's trained bands, upon an action of assault and battery; for that he the said Mr. Heedless, having espied a feather upon the shoulder of the said colonel, struck it off gently with the end of a walking staff, value three-pence. It appeared, that the prosecutor did not think himself injured till a few days after the aforesaid blow was given him; but that having ruminated with himself for several days, and conferred upon it with other officers of the militia, he concluded, that he had in effect been cudgelled by Mr. Heedless, and that he ought to resent it accordingly. The counsel for the prosecutor alledged, that the shoulder was the tenderest part in a man of honour; that it had a natural antipathy to a stick, and that every touch of it, with any thing made in the fashion of a cane, was to be interpreted as a wound in that part, and a violation of the person's honour who received it. Mr. Heedless replied, that what he had done was out of kindness to the prosecutor, as not thinking it proper for him to appear at the head of the trained-bands with a feather upon his shoulder; and further added, that the stick he had made use of on this occasion was so very small, that the prosecutor could not have felt it, had he broken it on his shoulders. The Censor hereupon directed

Digitized by Google

the jury to examine into the nature of the staff, for that a great deal would depend upon that particular. Upon which he explained to them the different degrees of offence that might be given by the touch of crab-tree from that of cane, and by the touch of cane from that of a plain hazle stick. The jury, after a short perusal of the staff, declared their opinion by the mouth of their foreman, that the substance of the staff was British oak. The censor then observing that there was some dust on the skirts of the criminal's coat, ordered the prosecutor to beat it off with his aforesaid oaken plant; 'And thus, (said the censor,) I shall decide this cause by the law of retaliation: if Mr. Heedless did the colonel a good office, the colonel will, by this means, return it in kind; but if Mr. Heedless should at any time boast that he had cudgelled the colonel, or laid his staff over his shoulders, the colonel might boast in his turn, that he has brushed Mr. Heedless's jacket, or (to use the phrase of an ingenious author,) that he has rubbed him down with an oaken towel.'

Benjamin Busy, of London, merchant, was indicted by Jasper Tattle, Esq. for having pulled out his watch and looked upon it thrice, while the said Esquire Tattle was giving him an account of the funeral of the said Esquire Tattle's first wife. The prisoner alledged in his defence, that he was going to buy stocks at the time when he met the prosecutor; and that, during the story of the prosecutor, the said stocks rose above two per cent. to the great detriment of the prisoner. The prisoner further brought several witnesses, that the said Jasper Tattle, Esq. was a most notorious story-teller; that before he met the prisoner, he had hindered one of the prisoner's acquaintance from the pursuit of his lawful business, with the account of his second marriage; and that he had detained another by the button of his coat that very morning, till he had heard several witty sayings and contrivances of the prosecutor's eldest son, who was a boy of about five years of age. Upon the whole matter, Mr. Bickerstaffe dismissed the accusation as frivolous, and sentenced the prosecutor to

Digitized by Google

pay damages to the prisoner for what the prisoner had lost by giving him so long and patient an hearing. He further reprimanded the prosecutor very severely, and told him, that if he proceeded in his usual manner to interrupt the business of mankind, he would set a fine upon him for every quarter of an hour's impertinence, and regulate the said fine according as the time of the person so injured should appear to be more or less precious.

Sir Paul Swash, Kt. was indicted by Peter Double, gent. for not returning the bow which he received of the said Peter Double, on Wednesday the sixth instant, at the playhouse in the Haymarket. The prisoner denied the receipt of any such bow, and alledged in his defence, that the prosecutor would oftentimes look full in his face, but that when he bowed to the said prosecutor, he would take no notice of it, or bow to somebody else that sat quite on the other side of him. He likewise alledged, that several ladies had complained of the prosecutor, who, after ogling them a quarter of an hour, upon their making a curtsey to him, would not return the civility of a bow. The Censor observing several glances of the prosecutor's eye, and perceiving, that when he talked to the court, he looked upon the jury, found reason to suspect that there was a wrong cast in his sight, which upon examination proved true. The Censor therefore ordered the prisoner (that he might not produce any more confusions in public assemblies) never to bow to any body whom he did not at the same time call to by his name.

Oliver Bluff, and Benjamin Browbeat, were indicted for going to fight a duel since the erection of the Court of Honour. It appeared, that they were both taken up in the street as they passed by the court, in their way to the fields behind Montague House. The criminals would answer nothing for themselves, but that they were going to execute a challenge which had been made above a week before the Court of Honour was erected. The Censor finding some reasons to suspect, (by the sturdiness of their behaviour) that they were

Digitized by Google

not so very brave as they would have the court believe them, ordered them both to be searched by the grand jury, who found a breast-plate upon the one, and two quires of paper upon the other. The breast-plate was immediately ordered to be hung upon a peg over Mr. Bickerstaffe's tribunal, and the paper to be laid upon the table for the use of his clerk. He then ordered the criminals to button up their bosoms, and, if they pleased, proceed to their duel. Upon which they both went very quietly out of the court, and retired to their respective lodgings.

The court then adjourned till after the holidays.

Copia vera,
CHARLES LILLIE.

Sir Richard Steele assisted in this paper.[a] T.

No. 267. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1710.

Qui genus humanum ingenio superavit, et omnes
Restinxit stellas, exortus uti aetherius sol.

Lucr.

From my own Apartment, December 22.

I HAVE heard, that it is a rule among the conventuals of several orders in the Romish church, to shut themselves up at a certain time of the year, not only from the world in general, but from the members of their own fraternity, and to pass away several days by themselves in settling accounts between their Maker and their own souls, in cancelling unrepented crimes, and renew-

[a] When Mr. Addison (whose invention, in matters of humour, was inexhaustible) had started a good hint, his facetious coadjutor was never satisfied, till he had run it down. For the general character of the Tatlers, on the court of honour, see the note on No. 256. Yet, on the whole, it must be said, that, if Sir Richard had any considerable hand in these papers, he has acquitted himself in them better than usual.

Digitized by Google

ing their contracts of obedience for the future. Such stated times for particular acts of devotion, or the exercise of certain religious duties, have been enjoined in all civil governments, whatever deity they worshipped, or whatever religion they professed. That which may be done at all times is often totally neglected and forgotten, unless fixed and determined to some time more than another; and therefore, though several duties may be suitable to every day of our lives, they are most likely to be performed, if some days are more particularly set apart for the practice of them. Our church has accordingly instituted several seasons of devotion, when time, custom, prescription, and (if I may so say) the fashion itself, call upon a man to be serious and attentive to the great end of his being.

I have hinted in some former papers, that the greatest and wisest of men in all ages and countries, particularly in Rome and Greece, were renowned for their piety and virtue. It is now my intention to shew how those in our own nation, that have been unquestionably the most eminent for learning and knowledge, were likewise the most eminent for their adherence to the religion of their country.

I might produce very shining examples from among the clergy; but because priestcraft is the common cry of every cavilling empty scribbler, I shall show, that all the laymen who have exerted a more than ordinary genius in their writings, and were the glory of their times, were men whose hopes were filled with immortality, and the prospect of future rewards, and men who lived in a dutiful submission to all the doctrines of revealed religion.

I shall in this paper only instance Sir Francis Bacon, a man, who, for the greatness of genius, and compass of knowledge, did honour to his age and country; I could almost say, to human nature itself. He possessed at once all those extraordinary talents which were divided amongst the greatest authors of antiquity. He had the sound, distinct, comprehensive knowledge of Aristotle, with all the beautiful lights, graces, and em-

Digitized by Google

bellishments of Cicero. One does not know which to admire most in his writings, the strength of reason, force of style, or brightness of imagination.

This author has remarked, in several parts of his works, that a thorough insight into philosophy makes a good believer, and that a smattering in it naturally produces such a race of despicable infidels as the little profligate writers of the present age, whom (I must confess) I have always accused to myself, not so much for their want of faith as their want of learning.

I was infinitely pleased to find, among the works of this extraordinary man, a prayer of his own composing, which, for the elevation of thought, and greatness of expression, seems rather the devotion of an angel than of a man. His principal fault seems to have been the excess of that virtue which covers a multitude of faults. This betrayed him to so great an indulgence towards his servants, who made a corrupt use of it, that it stripped him of all those riches and honours which a long series of merits had heaped upon him. But in this prayer, at the same time that we find him prostrating himself before the great mercy-seat, and humbled under afflictions which at that time lay heavy upon him; we see him supported by the sense of his integrity, his zeal, his devotion, and his love to mankind, which give him a much higher figure in the minds of thinking men, than that greatness had done from which he was fallen. I shall beg leave to write down the prayer itself, with the title to it, as it was found among his lordship's papers, written in his own hand; not being able to furnish my reader with an entertainment more suitable to this solemn time.

A Prayer or Psalm made by my Lord Bacon, Chancellor of England.

"MOST gracious Lord God, my merciful Father; from my youth up, my Creator, my Redeemer, my Comforter. Thou, O Lord, soundest and searchest the depths and secrets of all hearts; thou acknowledgest the

Digitized by Google

upright of heart: thou judgest the hypocrite; thou ponderest men's thoughts and doings as in a balance; thou measurest their intentions as with a line; vanity and crooked ways cannot be hid from Thee.

"Remember, O Lord! how thy servant hath walked before thee; remember what I have first sought, and what hath been principal in my intentions. I have loved thy assemblies, I have mourned for the divisions of thy church, I have delighted in the brightness of thy sanctuary. This vine, which thy right hand hath planted in this nation, I have ever prayed unto thee, that it might have the first and the latter rain, and that it might stretch her branches to the seas, and to the floods. The state and bread of the poor and oppressed have been precious in mine eyes; I have hated all cruelty and hardness of heart; I have (though in a despised weed) procured the good of all men. If any have been my enemies, I thought not of them, neither hath the sun almost set upon my displeasure; but I have been as a dove, free from superfluity of maliciousness. Thy creatures have been my books, but thy scriptures much more. I have sought thee in the courts, fields, and gardens, but I have found thee in thy temples.

"Thousands have been my sins, and ten thousands my transgressions, but thy sanctifications have remained with me, and my heart (through thy grace) hath been an unquenched coal upon thine altar.

"O Lord, my strength! I have since my youth met with thee in all my ways, by thy fatherly compassions, by thy comfortable chastisements, and by thy most visible Providence. As thy favours have increased upon me, so have thy corrections; so as thou hast been always near me, O Lord! And ever as my worldly blessings were exalted, so secret darts from thee have pierced me; and when I have ascended before men, I have descended in humiliation before thee. And now when I thought most of peace and honour, thy hand is heavy upon me, and hath humbled me according to thy former loving kindness, keeping me still in thy fatherly school, not as a bastard, but as a child. Just are thy

Digitized by Google

judgments upon me for my sins, which are more in number than the sands of the sea, but have no proportion to thy mercies; for what are the sands of the sea? Earth, heavens, and all these, are nothing to thy mercies. Besides my innumerable sins, I confess before thee, that I am debtor to thee for the gracious talent of thy gifts and graces, which I have neither put into a napkin, nor put it (as I ought) to exchangers, where it might have made best profit, but mis-spent it in things for which I was least fit: so I may truly say, my soul hath been a stranger in the course of my pilgrimage. Be merciful unto me, O Lord, for my Saviour's sake, and receive me unto thy bosom, or guide me in thy ways."

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

Digitized by Google

INDEX

TO VOL. II.

A.

ABBOT, of St. Gaul, his office and authority, 187.
Abigail, complaint of one, respecting her mistress's sick dog, 300.
Abraham, his relics in the great church of Milan, 13.
Abstinence, its tendency to abate party-animosity, 418.
Accident, a most afflicting one, 288.
Achilles, his ghost, how described by Homer, 338. Inquires after his son, *ib.*
Acilianus, recommended by Pliny for a husband, 214.
Adam, his praise of Eve's virtues, 256.
Adda, river, its course through lake Como and junction with the Po, 21.
Addison, his peculiar talents for essay-writing, 208. His serious papers have, in general, less merit than his humourous, 294, *note.* His genius compared to the spirit in Milton's mask, *ib.* His talents for personal ridicule, and shyness in displaying them, 414, *note.* His invention in matters of humour inexhaustible, 468, *note.*
Adige, river, runs through Verona, 22.
Adjective, when allowed to be used adverbially, 52, *note.*
Adrian, a fine bust of him at Florence, 158.
Advancement of learning, Sir F. Bacon's work so called, a passage from it, 266.
Advertisement of the play called Love for Love, for Dogget's benefit, 299. Respecting John Partridge the astrologer, 391. A dissertation on advertisements, 400. Their uses, 401. Copy of one in the Ciceronian manner, 402.
Ælius Verus, his bust at Florence, 157.
Æneas, his descent into the empire of death, and adventures there, 346.
Æneid, a copy of it in the library of St. Laurence at Florence, 163.
Æsculapius, a saying respecting his beard, 404.
Æqui Falisci of Virgil, their habitation, 148.
Afflictions, imaginary, often prove the most insupportable, 323.
Agamemnon's invective against the fair sex, 338.
Agate, oriental, two columns of, in Don Livio's palace at Rome, 135.
Agrippa, his bust in the gallery of the old palace at Florence, 157. Its rarity, 158.

Digitized by Google

Agrippina, wife of Germanicus, her bust at Florence, 157.
Ajax, his eloquent silence when addressed by Ulysses in the shades, 320. Pathetically addressed by Ulysses, 339.
Alabaster, fire-coloured, a column of, in the ruins of Livia's portico, 136.
Albano, its town and lake described, 145. Celebrated for its wines, 146.
Albinus, his bust at Florence, 157.
Albula, river and lake, described, 141.
Album Græcum, prescribed to a sick dog, 301.
Aldabrandium, villa, two figures there engaged with the cæstus, 116.
Alecto, the gulf pointed out where, according to Virgil, she shoots herself into hell, 62.
Alexander the Great, his bust at Florence, remarkable for beauty and expression, 158. Described as entering the Temple of Fame, 223.
Alexander VII. his statue at Ravenna, 49.
Alexander Truncheon, foreman of the male jury in the Court of Honour, 429.
Allegories, profitable to the mind as hunting to the body, 327. A fable out of Homer, *ib.*
Allegory, of virtue and pleasure making court to Hercules, 239. In Virgil, founded on the platonic philosophy, 349.
Allen, Mr. a player, founded the hospital at Dulwich, 211.
Alps, described by Silius Italicus, 171. Their effect on the country of Geneva, 172. The scene of a vision of Mr. Bickerstaffe, 368.
Amazon, in physic, account of one, 405.
Ambassador of St. Marino, his stipend a shilling a day, 55.
Ambition, what age of man most addicted to it, 294.
Ambrose, St. said to have shut the gates of a church against the emperor Theodosius, 13. Chapel where he baptized St. Austin, *ib.*
Ambrosian library at Milan, 14.
Amelot, his statement of the number of Venetian noblemen, 38.
Amphion, a statue of him at Florence, 160.
Amphitheatre, ruins of, at Rimini, 50.
Amras, castle, near Inspruck, large collection of medals there, 203.
Amsterdam, letter from, respecting the theatre, 210.
Anabaptism personified, 450.
Anatomist, a heathen one, his hymn to the Supreme Being, 290.
Ancona, its port made by Trajan, 56. Arch erected in gratitude to him, *ib.*
Angels, fallen, their disputes described by Milton, 289.
Animals at a theatre, a sale, 209. Imperceptible ones in the creation, 407.
Anio, river, now called Teverone, described by Horace, 143.
Anjou, duke of, splendid procession at Naples on his accession to the crown of Spain, 76.
Annius Verus, a curious bust of him at Florence, 161.
Annunciation, the church of, at Genoa, its richness and splendor, 6.
Ano-Caprea, the greatest town on the isle of Caprea, 97.
Antenor, his pretended tomb at Padua, 31.

Digitized by Google

Anthony, St. the protecting saint of Padua, 24. Conjecture on a natural perfume arising from his bones, *ib.* His discourse to an assembly of fish, 25. Titles given to him in an inscription by a poor peasant, 30.
Anticlea, mother of Ulysses, appearance of her ghost to him, 336.
Antinous, his statue in the Belvidere, 134.
Anti-pope, account of one, calling himself Felix the fifth, 174.
Antiquaries, and writers on antiquities, wherein faulty, 123. Uncertainty of their knowledge, 127.
Antiquities, two sets in Rome, and the great difference between them, 115.
Antium, its extensive ruins, 110. Formerly famous for the Temple of Fortune, 111.
Antonia, her bust at Florence, 157.
Antonine, his pillar described, 137.
Antonine family, their busts in a palace of Prince Cesarini, 127.
Antoninus Pius, two coins stamped in his reign, 121. A bust, 127.
Anxur, one of the summer retirements of the ancient Romans, 74.
Apollo, statue of, beside Sannazarius's tomb, 78. Ruins of his temple at Cuma, 107. A statue of him in brass, at Florence, with an unintelligible inscription, 158. A statue of him at Florence, 160.
Apollo Belvidere described on coin, 134. Said to resemble Dr. Margery Young, 404. The god of verse and physic, 415.
Aposiopesis, an *et cætera* so called, 322.
Apostles, not much worshipped by the Catholics of Italy, 12.
Apothecaries, great orators, 417.
Apotheosis of Homer, a basso relievo, 131.
Appenines, variety of scenes on passing, 65. Described by the Latin poets, 163. Difference of the northern from the southern side, 165.
Appian way, more used by the noble Romans than any other in Italy, 73.
Apples, an ingredient in British champagne, 314.
Aquapendente, described, 148.
Aqueduct, from mount St. Francis to Spoletto, 59. Roman aqueducts, 144.
Aquilia Severa, her bust at Florence, 157.
Archimedes, takes his seat in the Temple of Fame, 226.
Architecture, with what design invented, 266.
Arengo, the great council of St. Marino, 54.
Ariosto, his monument in the Benedictine church at Ferrara, 46.
Aristotle, claims a fifth place in the Temple of Fame, 224.
Arms, represented bare on old Roman statues, 118.
Arsenal of Venice described, 35. Of Berne described, 183.
Arthur, king, the first who ever sat down to a whole roasted ox, 330.
Arthur, prince, brother of Henry VIII. his statue at Inspruck, 202.
Arts and sciences, in the train of Liberty, 370.
Asti, the frontier town of Savoy, 168.
Astrological scales used in the Court of Honour, 429.
Atheism, personified, 451.
Atheist, a story of one on shipboard in a storm, 275.

Digitized by Google

Athenians, their indignation at the speech of a covetous man in a tragedy, 307.
Athletic constitution, how supported, 331.
Atterbury, Dr. his beautiful verses on a lady's fan, 413.
Audience, proper rules for their behaviour at a dramatic representation, 306.
Augustus, his bridge at Narni, 64. An excellent bust of him at Florence, 158. His reception in the Temple of Fame, 228.
Aurelius Marcus, a medal of, 102. Esteem of the Romans for his memory, 130.
Ausonius, his description of Milan, 20.
Austin, monks at Pavia pretended to have found the body of the saint, 8.
Authors, in prose and verse, when dead in reason, how treated, 271.
Avarice, what age of man most devoted to it, 294. Its path described in the vision of human life, 295. Its region described, 311. Its temple, adherents, attendants, and officers, 312.
Avernus, lake, no longer mephitic, 85.
Avoyers, title of the state-chiefs of Meldingen, 185.

B.

Bacca, lake, described, 147.
Bacon, Sir Francis, his account of the effects of poetry, 266. His legacy, 321. His exemplary piety, 469. A prayer or psalm made by him, 470.
Bagpipes, a club of them, 313. Who are such in conversation, 343.
Bajie, its remains, 85. The winter retreat of the old Romans, 88.
Banbury, famous for cakes and zeal, 399.
Barbarity, an attendant on tyranny, 372.
Barber, of Milan, who conspired to poison his fellow-citizens, an inscription respecting, 16.
Barns, how constructed in Switzerland, 182.
Bartholomew, St. statue of him newly flayed in the great church of Milan, 11.
Bass viol, the part it bears in conversation, 343. Where most likely to be found, 344.
Basso relievos, resemblance found in many of them, 130.
Bato, a gladiator, his statue, 126.
Bay of Naples described, 79.
Beans, used by the Athenians in voting for magistrates, 418.
Bear, the device of the town and abby of St. Gaul, 190.
Bear-baiting, Claudian's description of it, 23.
Beauty, masculine, in what consisting according to the ancients, 117. A feast of the Gods on her birth, 234. A celebrated one, her bedchamber described, 420.
Becket, a relic of, in the great church of Milan, 13.
Beef and mutton, the diet of our ancestors, 330.
Beef-eaters, the order of them, 331.
Beetle, valued at twenty crowns, 389.
Bell-man, his midnight homily, 272.

Digitized by Google

Benacus, lake, now called Lago di Garda, described, 21.
Benchers, superannuated, how treated by the censor, 271.
Benedictines, convent, at Ravenna, said to contain the ashes of Valentinian, Honorius, and Placidia, 50.
Berne, the canton of, style of its proclamation relating to the lake of Geneva, 173. Its town and arsenal described, 182, 183. Well furnished with water, 184. Military strength and riches of the canton, 185.
Bickerstaffe, the history and genealogy of his family, 215. His court day for hearing petitions, 257. His reception at the playhouse, 305. Advice to an audience, 306. Speech to Poverty, 313. His trial of the wine-brewers, 315. His entertainment at a friend's house, who 'eats well,' 332. His maxim, 334. His reasons for assuming the office of censor, 373. His remark on Ned Softly's sonnet, 378. His adventures in a journey to the Land's End, 384. His answer to a conceited critic, 411. A professor of physic, 415. His recipe, 417. Use he made of Gyges's ring, 419. Erects the Court of Honour, 427. His charge to the jury, 430.
Biffy, Andrew, his sculptured history of our Saviour and the Virgin in the great church of Milan, 13.
Black Prince, a professed lover of the brisket, 331.
Blemishes in Mr. Addison's style, corrected, 222, *note.*
Blessings, a tun of, presented by the Destinies to Jupiter, 324. Their various effects on mankind, 325.
Bluff, Oliver, indicted for going to fight a duel, 467.
Body-politic, prescribed for, 417.
Bolonia, described, 165. School of the Lombard painters, *ib.*
Bolsena, its lake described, 147. Its floating islands mentioned by Pliny, 148. Antique monument in its church-yard, *ib.*
Borroméo, St. Charles, his chapel in the great church of Milan, 12.
Bourdeaux-wine, made from sloes, 314.
Bourgeois, the principal Swiss, their dress, 193.
Brandenburg, elector of, a good patient to the quacks, 417.
Brenta, river, passage on from Padua to Venice, 32.
Brescia, town and province of, famous for iron works, 21. Why more favoured by the Venetians than any other of their dominions, *ib.*
Bribery, a solicitor in the Temple of Avarice, 312.
Bridge built at Rimini, by Augustus and Tiberius, 50. Of Augustus at Narni, 64.
Bridges of Venice without fence on either side, 34.
Briton, true-born, compared to a bass-viol, 368.
Broughton, Andrew, his epitaph, 177.
Browbeat, Benjamin, indicted in the Court of Honour for going to fight a duel, 467.
Brutus, the younger, a silver medal of him at Bolonia, 165.
Bulla, of the ancients, its form various, 124.
Bulleyn, Ann, King Henry the eighth's letter to her in the Vatican library, 140.
Burgundy, the great duke of, destroyed in battle by the Swiss, 183.
Burgundy-wine, made from water, 316.

Digitized by Google

Busts of Roman emperors and empresses at Florence, 157, 158.
Busy, Benjamin, indicted in the Court of Honour, by Jasper Tattle, 466.
Butcher, in Clare-market, his bribe to Mr. Bickerstaffe, 330.
Buzzard, Ben. Esq. indicted in the Court of Honour, 454.

C.

Cæsarini, Prince, his palace at Jensano, 145.
Cæstus of the ancients described, 116.
Cajeta, a rock of marble at, said to have been cleft by an earthquake at the crucifixion, 108. Why so called, 109.
Calamities, a tun of, presented by the Destinies to Jupiter, 324. Their various effects on mankind, 325.
Caligula, his bust at Florence, 157. Its rarity, 158.
Callicoat, Edward, indicted in the Court of Honour, and why acquitted, 454.
Calumny best answered by silence, 321.
Calvin, his dying advice to the Genevois, 194.
Cambrai, archbishop of, his Telemachus considered, 356. Styled the French Homer, 357, *note*.
Cambric, Charles, a linen-draper, indicted by the Lady Touchwood, 453.
Camilla, the actress, her distresses and exit from the theatre, 210.
Campania of old Rome, more populous than all modern Italy, 70. Its bad air to what attributable, 146.
Canal, from Leghorn to the Arno, 151.
Canes, licences for wearing, 257.
Cani, the Grotto del, near Naples, described, 89.
Capitaneos, chief officers of the commonwealth of St. Marino, 54.
Caprea, isle of, described, 79. Its fruitful soil, 97. Ruins of its Pharos, 99. Scene of the brutal pleasures of Tiberius, 100. Account of medals found there, 101 to 103.
Caracalla, a fine bust of him at Florence, 158.
Carminative Pills, an advertisement of them, wherein faulty, 402.
Carriages, misapplication of the word, 34.
Carnival of Venice, 39.
Carpio, the Marquis of, could spare the Pope thirty-thousand lawyers better than so many head of swine, 80.
Carthusians, a convent of, between Pavia and Milan, very fine, 11. A convent of, on the lake of Geneva, for what famous, 174.
Case, Dr. grown rich by means of a distich, 416.
Cassis, a French port, its fertility and mild climate, 1.
Cat, an experiment on one, with factitious wine, 318.
Catacombs, near Naples, 88.
Cato the elder, why chosen Censor, of Rome, 375.
Cato of Utica, how introduced to the Temple of Fame, 225.
Cato, in a Venetian opera, his library containing Plutarch and Tasso, 40.
Cebes, his table, an allegory, its character, 368.
Celestines, convent at Milan, contains a fresco picture of the marriage of Cana, 13.
Cellars of St. Marino, their coolness, 52.
Cenis, mount, between Turin and Geneva, described, 169.

Digitized by Google

Censor of Great Britain, emoluments of that office to Mr. Bickerstaffe, 373. A comparison between the Roman and the British, *ib.*
Censoriousness in females, punished by loss of speech, 255.
Censurers, why punished more severely after death, 359.
Ceres, her statues at Rome, more numerous than those of any other deities, 130.
Cestus of Venus, described, 328.
Chablais, a territory belonging to the Duke of Savoy, 172.
Champagne, made from apples, 314.
Chaplains, a discourse on them, 438.
Chariot, triumphal, its shape on different pieces of sculpture, 125.
Charles Borroméo, (St.) his subterranean chapel at Milan, with an account of him, and a comparison of him to the ordinary saints of the church at Rome, 12.
Charles V. a law of his at Naples, like our statute of Mortmain, 82.
Chateaudun in France, quarries of free-stone near it, gave rise to several curious hypotheses, 85.
Chicken, and other animals under age, a modern diet, 331.
Child, his discretion and great tenderness for his parents, 277.
Christmas-eve, Shakespear's description of it, 273.
Church-thermometer, when invented, its use, 396. Its variations at several coffee-houses, 398.
Chymical operators for the transmigration of liquors, 314.
Cicero, his Tusculum, where situated, 143. How attended to the Temple of Fame, 224. Praises Cato, 225. Exemplifies the virtue of a Roman audience, 306. Reputed the greatest orator of his age before he wrote "De Oratore," 410. Abused by a conceited modern critic, 411.
Ciceronian style, in an advertisement, 402.
Cid, a translation of, acted at Bologna, how adapted to the taste of the people, 42.
Cinctus Gabinus, of the Romans, described, 126.
Cimmerians, where placed by Homer, 108.
Circeio, Monte, called by Homer, Insula Oëa, described, 109.
Circus Maximus described on a reverse of Trajan, 132.
City politicians, reproved by Mr. Bickerstaffe, 355.
Civita Vecchia, artifice to prevent the Pope from making it a free port, 152. Its unwholesome air, 153.
Clamour, a monster in the army of licentiousness, 372.
Claret, French, tried by a jury of wine tasters, 329.
Claudian, a description of his, applicable to the deserts near Marseilles, 1. His verses on a tear, 15. His account of the journey of Honorius from Ravenna to Rome, 65. Relates a miraculous story of Marcus Aurelius, 138. His description of the Eridanus, 168.
Cleopatra, dying, statue of, 130.
Clitumnus, river, particular quality ascribed by the poets to its waters, 59.
Clodius represented on a medal in woman's clothes, 133.
Clouds to be sold, 211.
Cock's crowing in Hamlet, reflections on it, 273.

Digitized by Google

Coins, ancient, at Rome, relating to buildings or statues, still extant, 132. The collectors of them very deficient, 133.
Colonia Equestris, planted by Julius Cæsar in Switzerland, 178.
Colonna, the constable, basso relievo of Homer's apotheosis in his possession, 132.
Colonne Infame, a pillar at Milan, 16.
Comedies in Italy, more lewd than those of other countries, 41.
Commerce, a goddess attendant on Liberty, 370.
Commissary of St. Marino, his office described, 54.
Commonwealth, why the best form of government for the states among the Alps, 191. Of learning, its secret history told by Tom Folio, 363. Genius of a commonwealth attendant on Liberty, 369.
Como (lake), called by Virgil, Larius, 21.
Competency, a guide in the Temple of Avarice, 312.
Complacency, her office at the Temple of Virtuous Love, 297.
Complainers, their importunacy, 322.
Complexion of a murderer to be sold, 211.
Composite pillars of Constantine's arch, said to be imitated from those of Solomon's temple, 139.
Confusion, a monster, described, 372.
Conjugal engagements sometimes broken by trifles, 385. Instanced in a story, 387.
Connor, Dr. his account of the grotto del Cane, 90.
Constance, lake of, described, 199.
Constancy, how to be acquired, 386.
Constantine, his triumphal arch the noblest in Rome, 139. Inscription hinting at his vision, *ib.*
Conté, the prince of, his succession to the government of Neuf-Chatel, a matter of dispute, 196.
Contention, personified, 298.
Convents, convenient receptacles for fiery zealots, 198.
Conventuals, in the Romish church, a rule among them, 468.
Conversation compared to a concert of music, 341.
Cookery, French, censured, 332.
Coquet, a male one, his bed-chamber described, 420.
Coquette's labyrinth described in a vision, 296.
Corona Radialis, one shewn at Florence with only eight spikes, 160.
Corregio, his picture of a Cupid from a burlesque poem, 457.
Corruption, his office in the Temple of Avarice, 312.
Corsica, conquest of, by the Genoese, how commemorated, 8.
Country in spring time compared to a spacious garden, 395.
Country gentleman addicted to ceremony, 230.
Coviello, a standing character in Venetian comedy, 41.
Creation, its works, more pleasing to consider them in their immensity than in their minuteness, 293.
Cremera, river, 146.
Critic, in the common acceptation of the word, described, 381.
Critics, called lacqueys of the learned, 247. Their crimes, how

Digitized by Google

punished after death, 358. On lewd authors how considered by the world, 364, *note*. Always bad poets, 383.
Cudgelling, an effectual way of reforming a freethinker, 265.
Cumæ, at present utterly destitute of inhabitants, 107.
Cupid, a Greek epigram on a figure of, 114. Compared to a porcupine, 380. How drawn by Corregio, 457.
Cupid and Psyche, a fine piece of sculpture at Florence, 158.
Cupid, a lap-dog, dangerously ill, 300. Prescription for him, 302.
Curtain-lecture witnessed by Mr. Bickerstaffe, 420.
Cussinus, an Englishman, was promised to the duke of Austria's sister in marriage, 184.

D.

Dainty, the widow, her charge against Josias Shallow in the Court of Honour, 454.
Dances, communicated by letter, 233.
Dancing-master, account of his studies and dancing by book, 232.
Daniel, his relics in the great church of Milan, 13.
Daniel, the historian, provisions taxed in his time, 331.
Dathan, a peddling Jew, indicted in the Court of Honour for breaking the peace, 444.
Dead in reason, a court held on persons in that state, 268. Mrs. Rebecca Pindust, *ib.* Her admirer, 269. An old fellow of sixty, 270. Authors, 271.
Death, a hideous phantom on the road to Fame, 222.
Deism, personified, 449.
Delicates, false, their contradictory rules, 332.
Desert, a fashionable one, described, 333.
Deserts, near Marseilles, rendered famous by the penance of Mary Magdalen, 1.
Destinies, their present to Jupiter, 324. Speech of one of them to him, 326.
Detraction in females, punished by loss of speech, 255.
Devotion, its seasons, 469.
Didius Julianus, his bust at Florence, 157.
Dido, her eloquent silence when addressed by Æneas in the shades, 320.
Diet, difference of between the modern and that of our ancestors, 331.
Dinner, a fashionable one, described, 334.
Discourse, different talents in it, how shadowed out, 341.
Discretion, her office at the Temple of Virtuous Love, 297.
Discus, its figure in sculpture, 125.
Dispute respecting precedency, how terminated, 229.
Doctor, a standing character in Venetian comedy, 41.
Dog's immortality asserted by a young spark, till his father cudgelled him out of the system, 263.
Doge's palace at Genoa, 6.
Dogget's letter to Bickerstaffe, 299. The answer, *ib.* His civilities to Bickerstaffe, 305.
Dogs, how affected by the poisonous steams of the grotto del Cani, 89.

Digitized by Google

Domitia, her bust at Florence, 157.
Donatelli, his statue of the great duke of Tuscany at Leghorn, 150.
Doria, the duke of, his palace, 5. His statue and inscription, 6.
Double, Peter, his charge against Sir Paul Swash, 467.
Doubt, Nicholas, 227.
Dover-cliff, described by Shakspeare, in King Lear, 299.
Dreams of the author, concerning his mistress, 288. Of the band of lovers, 294, &c. Of the Temple of Virtue, 309. Of Honour and Vanity, 310. Of Avarice, 311. Of Jupiter and the Destinies, 324. Of the Alps, 368.
Dream-tree, described, 346.
Droll, an ingenious one, his method of living, 249.
Drums, who may be so termed in conversation, 341. A club of them, 344.
Drury lane, sale of palaces, gardens, &c. at, 211.
Dryden, an opinion of his, respecting Milton, refuted, 280. Gained less by all his works than Dr. Case by a single distich, 417.
Duelling, ridiculed, 236. Practised with figures on a wall, *ib.*
Duellist, how punished in the Court of Honour, 468.
Dulwich Hospital, erected and endowed by Mr. Allen a player, 211.
Durazzo Palace in Genoa, the best furnished, 5.
Dutch settlement in Nova Zembla, a thaw of words there, 437.
Dying for the fair sex, how punished, 268.

E.

Echo, an artificial one, near Milan, 17.
Edict against ogling, 464.
Education, a liberal one, expensive, and deserves more encouragement, 250.
Elephantis, the, noticed by Martial, 103.
Eliogabalus, his bust in alabaster at Florence, 157.
Eloquence, a goddess attendant on Liberty, 370.
Elpenor, described to have broken his neck in a debauch of wine, a warning to drunkards, 335.
Elysium, described by Virgil, 350. Its joys described in Telemachus, 359.
Empires, great, ought to be cantoned out into petty principalities, 167.
English, courted by the pope to settle at Civita Vecchia, 153. Pictures of the English rebels at Fribourg, 181.
Englishman of five noses, a gentleman so called, and why, 460.
Englishmen, different nations of which they are composed, 218. A caution to Englishmen in general, 276.
Envy, personified, 222.
Epitaphs, Italian, often more extravagant than those of other countries, 24. On Ariosto at Ferrara, 46. On Ludlow, and Andrew Broughton, 177.
Escargatoire, a breeding place for snails, 181.
Et cætera, an aposiopesis much used by some learned authors, 322.

Digitized by Google

Eternity, personified in a vision, 310. The future half of it contemplated, 334.
Eugene, prince, his protection solicited by the Lucquese against the Florentines, 155.
Eugenio IV. pope, deposed by the council of Basil and restored, 174.
Eve, her virtues described, 256. Her affectionate address to Adam, 279.
Everbloom, lady, indicts Benjamin Buzzard in the Court of Honour, 455.
Examiner, a conceited critic reproved, 411.
Expletive, why introduced in the close of a paragraph, 392, *note.*
Extortion, his office in the Temple of Avarice, 312.
Extracts from the writings of antiquity, not the most pleasing of Mr. Addison's works, 340, *note.*

F.

Fable of the sun and the owls, 410.
Fabretti, his conjecture on Trajan's pillar, 51. His conjecture respecting a statue dug up at Rome, 126.
Fairies, opinion of their existence controverted by an atheist, 276.
Fair-sex, reason of their fondness for lap-dogs, parrots, &c. 303.
False delicates, their rules of diet contrary to nature, 332.
Fame, a vision respecting, 220. Its mountain and palace described, 223.
Families, great, why fallen off from the athletic constitution of their progenitors, 331.
Family-story, an affecting one, 227.
Fano, from whence so called, 56. Its triumphal arch and marble fountain, *ib.*
Fardingale, its use allowed till the 20th Feb. 304.
Faustina represented on a medal as Venus caressing Mars, 102.
Fawn, a statue, 130.
Felix the fifth, an anti-pope, account of him, 174.
Female vanity, a gentle satire upon it, 337.
Females, their pretensions settled by the goddess of Justice, 252. Their real characters exhibited in her mirror, 253. The three departments of maids, wives, and widows, 254. Censoriousness and detraction punished by loss of speech, 255. Pregnancy caused in those who had incurred the hazard of it, *ib.*
Fencing, how learned by Bickerstaffe, 286.
Ferrara, thinly inhabited, the town described, 46.
Ferrarius, his description of the cinctus gabinus, 126.
Fictions, why delightful to read, 286.
Fields of melancholy, described by Virgil, 349.
Fine arts, their tendency to elevate human nature, 266.
Fir-trees, why they thrive best in *free* countries, 371, *note.*
Fish, preached to by St. Anthony, 25.
Fishmonger, his bribe to Mr. Bickerstaffe, 330.
Flambeau, Mrs. action of debt brought against her in the Court of Honour by lady Townly, 463.

Digitized by Google

Flavia, broken-hearted at the loss of her parrot, 323. Beautiful verses on her fan, 413.
Flea, its skeleton, 292.
Flooring of rooms in Venice, of what composed, 35.
Flora, a beautiful statue at Florence, 158.
Florence, the great duke's care to prevent Civita Vecchia from being made a free port, 152. Incensed against the Lucquese, and why, 154. Its public buildings, 156. Its famous gallery and curiosities, 157. Excels Rome in modern statues, 163.
Florio places his happiness in a tulip root, 323.
Foligni, town, 59.
Folio, Tom, a broker in learning, some account of him, 361. His visit to Mr. Bickerstaffe, 363. His criticism on Virgil, *ib.*
Fontenelle, wherein faulty in his dialogues, 357.
Fool's-coat, a species of tulip, 394.
Forest of numberless trees, picked out of an acorn, 292.
Fortune, her temple, formerly at Antium, 111. Horace's address to her, 112.
Fountains, periodical, in Switzerland, whence arising, 175.
Fox, teazed by the fleas, how he drops them, 408.
France, king of, distributes his pensions through all parts of Switzerland, 190.
Franciscan convent at Inspruck, its curiosities, 202.
Fraud, his office in the Temple of Avarice, 312.
Freethinkers, humorous mode of reforming one, 265. Considered in their distresses, 275.
French, their manners contrasted with those of the Italians, 18.
French cabin, in Nova Zembla, a thaw of words there, 437.
French wine, home-made, profitable to the nation, 316.
Frescati, its fine walks and water-works, 143.
Fribourg, in Switzerland, with its hermitage, described, 180. Pictures of the English rebels there, 181.
Fricassees, improper diet for Englishmen, 331.
Fry of scribblers infesting the Tatler, to what compared, 409.
Fucinus, lake, drained by the emperor Claudius, 170.
Fulvius places his happiness in a blue-string, 323.
Fury, described as guarding the abode of unhappy spirits, 350.
Future state described by Homer, 335, &c. By Virgil, 346. From whence the happiness and torments of it arise, according to the Platonists, 349, 350. Described by the author of Telemachus, 356. Benefits arising from the prospects of it, 360.

G.

Gabels, of Naples, their inequality and injustice, 81.
Gabinus, lake, 295.
Galien the elder, his bust in alabaster at Florence, 157.
Gallery of the old palace at Florence, its noble collection of curiosities, 157, 160.
Gallienus, a gold medal of, in the French king's cabinet, 102.

Digitized by Google

Garda, lake, formerly called Benacus, described, 21.
Garigliano, river, anciently called Liris, celebrated for the gentleness of its course, 74.
Garter king at arms, his remark on a marriage in the Bickerstaffe family, 216.
Garth, Dr. called by a conceited critic the brother of the Tatler, 413.
Gaul, St. the great apostle of Germany, story of his interview with a bear, 190.
Gaul, St. the abbot of, extent of his territories and manner of his election, 187. Linen manufacture, 188. Dispute between the town and the abbey, 188, 189. Pension from France, 190.
Gaurus, Mount, near Naples, become barren, 85.
Genealogy of the house of Bickerstaffe, 215.
Generalissimo, a cant term for commander in chief, 337.
Geneva and its lake described, 172. Resemblance of the latter to a sea, 173. Situation of the town described, 179. Importation of its manufactures prohibited by the emperor, 180. Considered as the court of the Alps, 193. Administration of affairs relating to public granaries, 194. Custom respecting inheritance, 195.
Genoa, its gulf, 3. Its noble appearance, 5. Its fine churches, 6. Its bank no burden to the Genoese, 7. Bad policy of the republic, *ib.* Its former greatness by sea, 8. Why incapable of being made a free port, 153.
Genoese, cunning, industrious, and hardy, 4.
George, St. church of, at Verona, adorned by a painting by Paul Veronese, representing the martyrdom of the saint, 23.
George, St. the bank of, at Genoa, 6. Its importance to the government, 7.
Geta, his bust at Florence, 157.
Gex, the country of, belonging to France, 172.
Ghost, a suit of clothes for one to be sold, 211.
Ghost of Anticlea, mother of Ulysses, 336.
Ghosts, of beauties, 337. Of the damned, 340. Of heroes, *ib.* &c. 350. Of tyrants, 357, 358. Of good princes, 359.
Gimerach, Nicholas, a virtuoso, his will, 389.
Gladiator, a famous statue at Florence, 158.
Gladiators, figures of, in Cardinal Chigi's cabinet, 125.
Goodenough, Ursula, indicted in the Court of Honour, 455.
Good-humour, on a journey, how spoiled, 384.
Good-sense, the foundation of poetry, 415.
Gordianus Africanus the elder, his bust in alabaster at Florence, 157.
Gothic architecture characterized, 149.
Gouldvell, Thomas, inscription on his picture at a convent in Ravenna, 49.
Grammar, reformed by the Quakers, 450.
Granaries, public, how regulated at Geneva, 194.
Great Britain, fruitful in religions, 446.
Greek epigram on a figure of Cupid, 114. Epigram on Venus, 161.
Greeks, their silent march to battle described by Homer, 319.

Digitized by Google

Greenhat, Obadiah, distinguishes the different nations of which Britain is composed, 218.
Greenland trade encouraged by the fashion for hoop-petticoats, 283.
Grotto del Cani, near Naples, experiments made in it, 89. Conjecture respecting, 90.
Grotto Ferrate, the site of Cicero's Tusculum, 143.
Grotto oscuro, in the isle of Caprea, described, 100.
Gules, Thomas, his indictment of Peter Plumb at the Court of Honour, 442.
Gulf of Genoa, remarkable for tempests, and scarcity of fish, 3.
Gusto grande, specimen of, in architecture, 136.
Guy, earl of Warwick, known to have eaten a dun cow of his own killing, 330.
Gyges's ring, the use Mr. Bickerstaffe has made of it, 418.

H.

Hall, in the Tirol, its mint and salt-works, with the method of propagating them, 203.
Hannibal, his march described by Silius Italicus, 163. Indignant at the Roman historians, appeals to Polybius to introduce him to the Temple of Fame, 224.
Harlequin, a standing character in Venetian comedy, 41.
Harpsichords, persons of extraordinary talents in conversation so termed, 344.
Heathen deities, resemblance between their statues and the descriptions of the Latin poets, 116.
Heathens, their notion of an unbodied soul, 337.
Heedless, Henry, indicted in the Court of Honour, 465.
Henry the eighth, his letter to Ann Bulleyn in the Vatican library, 140.
Henry VIII. church-weather-glass invented in his reign, 396.
Hercules lifting Antæus from the earth, a statue at Florence, 157. His labours painted in fresco in the great hall at Inspruck, 200. Placed among the fabulous heroes in the Temple of Fame, 226. His choice, an allegory, 239.
Hercules Farnese described on coin, 134.
Herefordshire, value of land raised in, by the French war, 316.
Hermitage, a curious one, near Fribourg, 181.
Hermitage-wine, made from water, 316.
High-church, a party term, 399.
Highways in the canton of Bern mended with wood instead of stone, 182.
Hippocrates, his rule respecting students in physic, 406.
Hippolitus, in a tragedy of Euripides, utters a pernicious sentiment, 308.
History, its usefulness, 285, 286.
Holy blood, the pool of, Ulysses' sacrifice there, assembles the ghosts of all ages, 335.
Holy Thursday, celebrated at Venice by shows, 43.
Homer, his catalogues of places more exact than those of Virgil, 67

Digitized by Google

Homer, his apotheosis represented in sculpture, 131. Takes his seat in the Temple of Fame, 224. His allegory of the cestus of Venus, 327. His description of a future state, 335 to 340.
Honour, the Temple of, described in a vision, 309. The court of, erected by Mr. Bickerstaffe, its members and proceedings, 427. Extract from its journal, 429, 442. Mr. Bickerstaffe's charge to the jury, 480.
Honours, their unequal distribution among mankind, 243.
Hoop-petticoat, canvassed, 271, 281.
Horace, his voyage to Brundisi, of use to travellers in Italy, 73. Ridicules the superstition of the Neapolitans, 77. Reputed the greatest poet of his age, before he wrote the Art of Poetry, 410.
Horse of a Roman emperor made consul, 303. Of a Turkish emperor munificently provided for, 306.
Horse-guards, a jury of them in the court of Hanover, 429.
Hospital at Amsterdam supported by the profits of a theatre, 211.
Human life contemplated, 294.
Human nature, its dignity maintained, 264.
Humdrum, Nicholas, his invitation to Mr. Bickerstaffe, 345.
Hunting-horns, a term for rural wits in conversation, 343. Where to be met with, 344.
Hymen, the guard of the Temple of Virtuous Love, 296.
Hymn to the Supreme Being, an anatomical description so called, 290.

I.

Idleness, a mortal distemper, 238.
Ignorance, curious instance of, in an abbot of Ravenna, 49. Described as a Syren, 220.
Ilia the vestal, called also Rhea Silvia, possessed by Mars, gave birth to Romulus and Remus, 121.
Iliad, represented in sculpture by a sword, 131.
Immortality, two kinds of it, 219.
Imperceptibles, a natural history of them imagined, 291.
Impudence, a monster, described, 372.
Inconstancy, conjugal, exemplified in a story, 387.
Infidelity, how propagated, 274.
Inn, river, pleasing scenes on its banks, 204. Its course through the Tirol and Bavaria, 206.
Inscriptions over the monument of the dukes of Suffolk and Lorrain at Pavia, 9. Over that of Parker, an ecclesiastic, *ib.* Over Roman Catholic confessionals, 14. Respecting a Milanese barber, who had conspired to poison his fellow-citizens, 16. Of a poor peasant to St. Anthony at Padua, 30. On a picture of Thomas Gouldvell at Ravenna, 49. On a marble at Terni, commemorating the fall of Sejanus, 61. At Florence, illustrating the history of Appius, 161. Near Berne, relating to one Cussinus, an Englishman, 184.
Inspruck, a town of the Tirol, described, 200.
Inventory of the rich moveables in Drury-lane, 211.

Digitized by Google

Ionic pillar in the Santa Maria Transtevere, its use to Palladio, 136.
Ischia, isle, called by the ancients *Inarime*, described, 105.
Italians, the usual furniture of their libraries, 14, 15. Their manners contrasted with those of the French, 18. Aversion of the common people to the French, 19. Their extravagant tombstones, 23. The difference between their poetical and their prose language, 40. A great help to their modern poetry, 41. A great custom among them of crowning the virgin, 49.
Italic characters, of great use in advertisements, 401.
Italy divided into many principalities, as more natural to its situation, 17. Its rivers described by Silius Italicus, 67. Its present desolation, and comparison with its ancient inhabitants, 70. Its lakes highly improve the face of the country, 170.

J.

Januarius, St. liquefaction of his blood, a bungling trick, its origin, 76.
Jasper, oriental, columns of, at St. Maria Maggiore, 135.
Jealousy beautifully described by Horace, 117. Personified, 298.
Jenny, the Tatler's sister, disposal of her in marriage proposed, 214. Her conduct and merit, 217. Her husband's character, *ib.* The effects of such a match, 218.
Jensano described, 145.
Jesuits, their college at Fribourg the finest in Switzerland, 181. Their particular compliment to the queen of the Romans in a comedy designed for her entertainment, 200.
Jews, their offer to cleanse the Tiber, and be paid by what they found, 129. Their great number at Leghorn, 151.
Jilt, a subtle one, exhibited as a sphynx, 254.
Jointed babies, sale of, in the Exchange, 209.
Jonas, his relics in the great church of Milan, 13.
Journal, of the Court of Honour, extract from, 429.
Journey, Mr. Bickerstaffe's account of one to the Land's End, 384. His inferences from it, 386.
Journeyman tailor, the hero of a tragedy, 211.
Judaism personified, 449.
Julia Mæsa, her bust at Florence, 157.
Julius Cæsar, colony planted by him in Switzerland, 178. His own historian, 224. Replies to Cicero's praise of Cato, 225.
Juno, to charm Jupiter, borrows the cestus of Venus, 328.
Juno Sispita or Sospita, an image of her at Florence, and Tully's description of her, 160.
Jupiter, his distribution of blessings and calamities, 325. Address of one of the Destinies to him, 326.
Jupiter imberbis, his statue, 117.
Jupiter Pluvius, how represented on Antonine's pillar, 137. Medal relating to the same story, *ib.*
Jura, mount, 173.
Jury of wine-tasters, 329.

Digitized by Google

Justice allegorically described in a vision, 244.
Justina, St. her church at Padua one of the finest in Italy, 30. Her martyrdom, painted by Paul Veronese, 31.
Juvenal, his description of the port of Ostia, 113. A passage in his sixth satire interpreted from a basso relievo, 119.

K.

Kings, wicked, how punished after death, 358.
Kit, its sound how affected by the frost in Nova Zembla, 437.
Kuffstain, a strong frontier place on the duchy of Bavaria, 204.

L.

Labyrinth of coquettes, in the vision of human life, 296.
Lacqueys of the learned, critics, commentators, &c. so called, 247.
Lacus Gabinus, described, 144.
Lago di Como, called by Virgil the lake Larius, 21. Described by Claudian, 22.
Lago di Guarda, or Benacus, described by Virgil, 21.
Lago Maggiore, empties itself by the Tesin, 10.
La Ricca, the Aricia of the ancients, 145.
Lamb, a modern diet, 331.
Languedoc wine made from water, 316.
Laocöon and his two sons, an antique model at Florence of that famous statue, 160.
Lap-dog, called Cupid, dangerously ill, 301.
Lapis Vituperii in the town hall of Padua, its use, 31.
Lares, compared by a German to a jug-bottle, 123.
Larva, a head-covering worn by the Roman actors, described, 123.
Laurence, St. the chapel of, at Florence, not completed, 162. Library of manuscripts belonging to it, 163.
Lausanne, on the lake of Geneva, described, 178. A peculiar privilege belonging to one street in this town, *ib.*
Lavinia, a complainer, 323.
Lawyers, their great numbers and constant employment among the Neapolitans, 81.
Laymen, a general caution to them, 276.
Leaf, a single one, inhabited like the woods and forests, 291.
Learning, well husbanded, 249. Without common sense, is pedantry, 363.
Lecture, a word used in ridicule of the pedantic style, 456.
Leda and her swan, statue of, 130.
Leeward Islands, a Protestant war with the Pope beneficial to, 355.
Leghorn, a free port, and the great resort of other nations to it, 150. Profits it yields to the duke of Tuscany, 151. Gabels and impositions, *ib.*
Leman lake described, with the towns on it, 172, 173.
Leopold, the archduke, an equestrian statue of him at Inspruck, 201.
Lethe, use of its waters, 351.
Letters, from Amsterdam, 210. From Switzerland, 285. From Ni-

Digitized by Google

cholas Humdrum, 345. From the Upholsterer to Mr. Bickerstaffe, on the good news, 367. From a chaplain, on being dismissed for eating a jelly, 438.
Leviathans, in a spoonful of vinegar, 291.
Levity, personified, in the vision of human life, 297.
Liberty, the goddess of, described in a vision, 369.
Licences for wearing canes, perspective-glasses, perfumes, &c. 257.
Licentiousness, described as leading an army against Liberty, 372.
Lie, a pernicious monosyllable, 446.
Lightning, on sale, 211.
Lights, when well disposed in assemblies, their effect on the temper, 263.
Ligurians, ancient, their character, 4.
Lillie, Charles, his office under the censor of Great Britain, 258. His reports, 427.
Limbs, in wax, custom of hanging them in Catholic churches, whence derived, 30.
Lindaw, on the lake of Constance, described, 199. Formerly bombarded by Gustavus Adolphus, 200.
Liris, or Garigliano, described, 74.
Littleton, Lord, had a most admirable talent at an *et cætera*, 322.
Liutprand, King, said to have brought the corpse of St. Austin to Pavia, 8.
Loretto, the riches of its holy house and treasury, 57. Why never attacked by the Christians or Turks, 58. Hint on which the imposture was probably founded, 59.
Lorrain, the duke of, killed at the battle of Pavia, buried in the convent of the Austin monks there, 9.
Lorrain, the late duke of, the palace at Inspruck assigned to him by the emperor, 201.
Louse, is itself a lousy creature, 408.
Love, the animating principle of the soul, 233. Allegory on its pains and pleasures, 234.
Lovers, a band of them in the vision of human life, 295.
Lucan, his description of the harbour of Monaco, 3. His reflections on the Po ridiculed by Scaliger, 45. His description of the road from Anxur to Rome, 73. His prophecy, the desolation of Latium, fulfilled, 147. Forfeits his claim as a poet, by appearing as an historian in the Temple of Fame, 225.
Lucca, the republic of, industry of its inhabitants, 154. Under the king of Spain's protection, *ib.* Was in danger of ruin, *ib.* The great contempt the inhabitants have for the Florentines, and why the latter never attacked them, 155.
Lucius, Pope, his tomb at Verona, 23.
Lucius Verus, an excellent bust of him at Florence, 158.
Lucretia, her deplorable fate, 287.
Lucrine lake, its springs sunk by an earthquake, 85.
Ludlow, Edmund, his retreat in Switzerland, 176. His tomb and epitaph, 177.

Digitized by Google

Lust, in whom it is virtuous love, 294. Its temple, in the vision of human life, 298.
Lute, the part it bears in a concert or in conversation, 342. Where to be met with, 344.
Luxury, pernicious to a republic, 192.
Lyons, a branch of the Rhone passing to it, 179.

M.

Machiavel, his office described in a vision, 311.
Maids of honour, their allowance of beef at breakfast in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, 331.
Maitre d'hotel, the chief lay officer of the abbot of St. Gaul, 187.
Makebate, Elizabeth, indicted in the Court of Honour, 452.
Mall, frequented by politicians about dinner-time, 354.
Mallia Scantilla, her bust at Florence falsely inscribed Julia Severi, 157.
Mandeville, Sir John, some of his remains, 433.
Marble, various sorts, too hard for the instruments now in use, 135.
Marcus Aurelius, a medal of, 102. His equestrian statue described on coin, 134. An excellent bust of him at Florence, 158.
Marecchia, river, its mouth the spot where St. Anthony preached to the fish, 25.
Marino, St. its town and republic described, 51. Account of its founder, 52. His statue, 53. Short history of the republic, *ib.* Its form of government, 54.
Marriage, how men's minds and humours may be changed by it, 216.
Marriage-life, caprices and hazards of it, 385.
Marrow-bones and cleavers, who are such in conversation, 344.
Mars, the father of Romulus and Rhemus, by Ilia the vestal, 121. Burlesque story of his amour with Venus, 457.
Marseilles, said to have been visited by Mary Magdalene, Lazarus, and Joseph of Arimathea, 1.
Marsyas, the satyr, allusion to his contest with Apollo, 119.
Martial, his allusion to the ancient history of Ravenna, 47. His epigram on Mount Voluirus, 98.
Mary Magdalene, her penance in the deserts of Marseilles described by Claudian, 1.
Mary of Medicis built the Luxembourg at Paris, 157.
Mary, queen of Scots, her portrait at Inspruck, 201.
Masking, the great diversion at Venice on all high occasions, 39.
Masks, custom of exhibiting them on the stage, whence borrowed, 42.
Massianello, consequences of his rebellion at Naples, 81.
Matidia, her bust at Florence, 157.
Maud the milk-maid, her marriage to Sir Walter Bickerstaffe, 216.
Maxim, on what constitutes a good table, 334.
Maximilian I. his monument in the Capuchin convent at Inspruck, 201. Considered as the founder of the Austrian greatness, 202.
May Fair, its downfal sunk the price of many curiosities, 209.
Medal, to Trajan, for his beneficence to Ancona, described, 57. In

Digitized by Google

honour of Tiberius by the fourteen cities of Asia, 87. Of the port of Ostia examined, 113. Medals and statues illustrate each other, 133. Of the younger Brutus at Bolonia, 165. Medallion of Pescennius Niger at Parma, 166.
Medicis, account of that family, 162. A branch of it at Naples, *ib.*
Melancholy, its fields, described by Virgil, 349.
Meldingen, a little republic in Switzerland, the model of its government and the business of its councils of state, 185. Revenue arising from its bridge, 186.
Meleager, his statue, 118. Probably the patron of pagan hunters, *ib.*
Meta sudans, old medals describing it rejected as spurious, 132.
Mevania furnished all Italy with herds for sacrifices, 60.
Micconi, his collection of shells at Genoa, 6.
Microscopes, discoveries made by their help, 289.
Milan, its great church described, 11. Very rich in relics, 13. Number of its convents and churches, *ib.* Its citadel, 17. Its territory like a vast garden, *ib.* Manners of its people, 18. Description of it by Ausonius, 20.
Milton, his fine description of female virtue, 256. Turn of words in his poetry, 280. His beautiful simile of a walk in the country, 392.
Mincio, river, described by Virgil and Claudian, 21, 22.
Minerva, a statue of, beside Sannazarius's tomb, 78.
Minos, the judge of the dead, 348.
Mirror of Truth in the hand of Justice, 244.
Miseno, Cape, a port made in by Agrippa for the Roman fleet, 104.
Misenum, its ruins, 105.
Miser on his death-bed, 421.
Mistress, an interested one, exhibited as a harpy, 254.
Mite, dissection of one, 292.
Modena, its principality described, 167. Condition of its inhabitants, 168.
Moderation, religious, personified, 451.
Moliere, an agreeable surprise in one of his plays, 406.
Monaco, its harbour described by Lucan, 3. Garrisoned by the French, 4.
Monarchy, its genius attendant on Liberty, 370.
Monopoly of snow at Naples, 94. Of noses, 459.
Mons, the taking of, noticed, 227.
Monte Circeio, why supposed by Homer to have been an island, 109. Æneas's passage near it described by Virgil, *ib.*
Monte Fiascone, 148.
Monte Novo, thrown out by an eruption of fire, 91.
Moon, a new one, to be sold, 212.
Mopsa, why in great danger of her life, 323.
Morge, a trading town on the lake of Geneva, its artificial port, 178.
Morpheus, a statue of him at Florence in touchstone, 159. Why represented by ancient statuaries under the figure of a boy, *ib.* In what manner addressed by Statius, *ib.*
Morphew, John, chamber-keeper to the censor of Great Britain, 287.

Digitized by Google

Mosaic, Roman, much improved, 144. Of what composed, 145.
Mountebanks, their artifices to ensnare the vulgar, 417.
Mulberry-trees, their various uses in Italy, 24.
Murder, in duelling, how to be defined, 237.
Musical instruments of the ancients considered, 122.
Muscovy, news from, estimated, 354.

N.

Nabopharzon, a tyrant, his punishment after death, 357.
Naples, 76. Its religious ceremonies and representations in the holy week, *ib.* Miracle of St. Januarius's blood, a bungling trick, *ib.* Its many superstitions, 77. Its delightful bay, 79. Its pleasant situation, *ib.* Litigious temper of the inhabitants, 80. Different from what it was in Statius's time, 81. The people oppressed when governed by the Spaniards, *ib.* Severity of the taxes, *ib.* Why called by the ancients Parthenope, 82. Described by Silius Italicus and others, 83. The antiquities and natural curiosities about it, 84. The great alteration of the adjacent parts from what they were formerly, 85. Its catacombs, 88. Grotto *del Cani*, 89. Vesuvio, 91. Manner of furnishing the town with snow, 94.
Narcissus, statue of, 130. A fine statue at Florence, 158.
Narni, celebrated for the ruins of Augustus's bridge, 64. Why so called, *ib.*
Nature, full of wonders, 388.
N. B. of great use in advertisements, 401.
Neapolitans, their aversion to the king of France, 19. Their litigious character, 81. Their laziness, 82. Why addicted to pleasure, *ib.*
Neck and arms, represented bare, on old Roman statues, 118.
Nemi, lake, why so called, 145.
Nemises, the two goddesses of Fortune, their offices, 111.
Nemours, the duchess of, succession to her in the government of Neuf-Chatel disputed, 196.
Nepotism of the popes, conducive to the splendour of Rome, 72.
Nera, river, described, 63.
Nero, foundations of his port still visible, 111.
Nero, bust of a young, in the Villa Borghese, 124.
Nerva, his bust at Florence, 157.
Netheno, a town on the coast between Naples and Rome, for what remarkable, 110.
Neuf-Chatel, a dispute about the succession to its government, 196.
New changes, an improper expression, 33, *note.*
Newman, Richard, his indictment in the Court of Honour, 445.
News, a dialogue concerning, 353.
Newsmongers, a debate among, 354.
Nile, why represented by sculptors in black stone, 159.
Nisida, the isle of, described, 104.
Norfolk gentleman, run mad for the loss of his greyhound, 338.
Northern parts, fruitful in bagpipes, 343.
Nosegay, its etymology, 391, *note.*

Digitized by Google

Noses, a dissertation upon them, 456.
Notre Dame, church, at Inspruck, erected in gratitude to the blessed Virgin, 203.
Notwithstanding, a distinction in the application of the word, 196, *note.*
Nova Zembla, account of a thaw of words there, by Sir John Mandeville, 434, &c.
Nyon, in Switzerland, supposed to have been the site of the *colonia equestris*, planted by Julius Cæsar, 178.

O.

Obelisks in Rome charged with hieroglyphics, 138.
Ocriculum, ruins of its castle, 64.
Odyssey represented in sculpture by an aplustre, 131.
Ogler, in the Court of Honour prosecuted, 464.
Old men, caution to such, 276.
Oldham, Mr. his raillery on chaplains, 441.
Opening of a dog, a cruel anatomical experiment, 292.
Operas, Venetian, their absurdities, 39.
Oppression, attendant on poverty, 372.
Orange-flower-men and their petitions, how treated, 261.
Ostia, the port of, a work of Claudius, 111. Medal representing its former state compared with Juvenal's description, 113.
Otho, his bust at Florence, 157. Two medals of his, 166.
Otricoli, a village near Narni, described, 64.
Outvie, improper use of the word, 167, *note.*
Owls, and other birds of night, their satire on the sun, 410.
Ox, a whole one roasted, a dish for the round table, 330.
Oxford scholar, his pretensions to a cane settled, 259.

P.

Packet-boat, story of one wrecked, 386.
Padua, its devotion to St. Anthony, 24. Church of St. Justina, 30. *Lapis Vituperii* in the town-hall, 31. Its university and cloth manufacture, *ib.* The original of Padua from Virgil, *ib.*
Pagan monument of two persons shipwrecked near Ravenna, 48.
Pagan tombs, extravagant fancies on them, 131.
Paganizings of a future state, unavoidable in the plan of Telemachus, 357.
Painters, represented in a picture joining in a concert of music, 341.
Painting, with what design invented, 266.
Pair of breeches, a conceit of the people respecting the commonwealth coin, 425.
Palace of Fame described, 223.
Palæstrina described, 144. Fragments there of the Temple of Fortune, *ib.*
Palatine, mountain, supposed to abound in buried treasures of sculpture, 127.
Palladio, his design of the church of St. Justina at Padua, 30. Said to have learnt a rule in architecture from an ancient Ionic pillar, 136.

Digitized by Google

Palm-trees, plantations of, near St. Remo, though not to be found in other parts of Italy, 2.
Pan, a fine head of him in porphyry at Florence, 158.
Pantalone, a standing character in Venetian comedy, 41.
Pantheon, at Rome, now called the Rotunda, 69.
Paoli, Sir Richard de la, killed at the battle of Pavia, and buried there, 9.
Parentage, change of, in the allegory of Justice, 245.
Parker, Charles, an ecclesiastic, his monument to the dukes of Suffolk and Lorrain at Pavia, 9. Inscription on his own monument, *ib.*
Parma, its famous theatre and gallery described, 166. The extent of its dominions and condition of its inhabitants, 167.
Parrot, Michael, admonished respecting his advertisements, 403.
Parsimony, a particular favourite of Avarice, 312.
Parthenope, the ancient name of Naples, its origin, 82.
Partridge, John, the astrologer, advertisement respecting him, 391.
Passing-bells, who are such in conversation, 344.
Paul Veronese, his painting of the martyrdom of St. George, 23. Of the martyrdom of St. Justina, 30.
Pause, in music, its fine effect, 319.
Pausilypo, the grotto of, described, 84. The beautiful prospect of its mount, 104.
Pavia, once a metropolis, now a poor town, 8. Monuments at the Ticinum of the ancients, 10.
Pedantry, learning without common sense, 363. In learning, like hypocrisy in religion, 381.
Pedants, an insupportable kind of them noticed, 363. Described by Boileau, 364. Their combination to extol one another's labours, 380.
Penance of Mary Magdalene, tradition respecting, 1.
Pendentisque Dei in Juvenal, explained, 120.
Persecution, religious, personified, 451.
Persona. See Larva.
Pertinax, his bust at Florence, 157. Two medals of his, 166.
Pesaro, its marble fountain, 56.
Pescennius Niger, a scarce medallion of him at Parma, 166.
Peter's, St. church at Rome described; the reason of its double dome; its beautiful architecture, 68.
Petition of Simon Trippit, 258. To poverty, 313.
Petticoat, its cause tried, 281. Petitions in its favour answered, 284.
Petty, Sir William, his calculations respecting petticoats, 283.
Phædrus, his fable of the fox and the mask, 124.
Phaëton's sisters; the poets blamed for not transforming them into larch-trees instead of poplars, 168.
Pharos of Caprea, noticed by Statius, 99.
Pharos of Ravenna, its remains, 47.
Philadelphians, a religious sect, 451.
Philips's Splendid Shilling, how occasioned, 426.
Philosophy, a thorough insight into it, makes a good believer, 470.
Phœbus, in petticoats, a figure of Ned Softly's, 378.

Digitized by Google

Physic, professed by Mr. Bickerstaffe, 415.
Physician, of St. Marino, the fourth man in the state, 55.
Physiognomy of men of business noted, 218.
Pierre, in Venice Preserved, his behaviour when brought to execution, 320.
Pietists, a new sect sprung up in Switzerland, 197. Their immoralities, 198.
Pig, whipped to death, a fashionable dish, 333.
Pillars, ancient, at Rome, in various kinds of marble, 135. Their proportions not exact, 136. Those of Trajan and Antonine the noblest, 137. Two antique ones at Florence, wrought with figures of Roman arms, 160.
Pindust, Mrs. Rebecca, her case, 268.
Pinkethman, his sale of animals at the theatre, 209.
Pinnirapus, (gladiator) how represented in combat, 135.
Pinto, Ferdinand Mendez, a traveller, second to Sir John Mandeville, 434.
Pirates, literary, exposed, 248.
Pisa, almost unpeopled by Leghorn, 152.
Pisatello, the modern name of the Rubicon, 50.
Pisauro, doge of Venice, his epitaph, 85.
Pius II. assisted by the inhabitants of St. Marino against a lord of Rimini, 53.
Plato, his station in the Temple of Fame, 224. His allegory of the pains and pleasures of love, 234.
Platonic philosophy, the ground-work of an allegory of Virgil, 349. Year noticed, 351.
Platonist, forewoman of the female jury in the Court of Honour, 430.
Platonists, their opinion on souls, 350.
Pleasure, described as a Syren, 220. Her courtship of Hercules, an allegory, 239.
Plenty, the father of Love, 234. A goddess attendant on Liberty, 370.
Pliny, his choice of a consort for his friend's daughter, 214.
Plotina, her bust at Florence, 157.
Plumb, Peter, indicted in the Court of Honour by Thomas Gules, 442. Heard by counsel in his defence, 443. Found guilty, *ib.* His sentence, 444.
Plutarch, his character of Cicero, 411.
Pluto, his dominions described, 348. His throne described in Telemachus, 357.
Po, river, the great receptacle of all the rivers in the north of Italy, 21. Described by Lucan, 44. Scaliger's critique upon it, 45. River, described, 168.
Poet, in his garret, overheard by Mr. Bickerstaffe, 421.
Poetry, its usefulness, 266. Founded on good sense, 415.
Poets, Roman, copiers of the Greek statuaries, 116.
Point of honour, ingeniously settled, 466.

Digitized by Google

Poland, the queen dowager of, her rich offering to Loretto, 57.
Pompey, ushered into the Temple of Fame, 225.
Pons Ælius, described on old medals, 132.
Pontac-wine made from water, 317.
Pope, his territories thinly peopled, 70. The inhabitants poor, and why, 71, 72. His endeavour to make Genoa a free port, 152.
Popery, the popular cry of, its effect on the church-thermometer, 398. Personified, 448.
Porters, why said to have led gentlemen by the nose, 460.
Portuguese count, his new nose grafted by Talicatius, 458.
Posture-masters at the theatre, exhibition of them censured, 263.
Poverty the mother of Love, 234. A terrible spectre in the Temple of Avarice, 313. Petition to her, *ib.* Not a proper subject for ridicule, 414.
Præneste. See Palæstrina.
Praxiteles, a Greek epigram on his statue of Venus, 161.
Precedency, disputes respecting it among country people, ridiculed, 228.
Pregnancy, symptoms of it in the new fashion for petticoats, 271.
Presbytery personified, 449.
Presents of wine to Mr. Bickerstaffe, 329.
Prevention the best physic, 417.
Procita, island of, 105, 106.
Prodicus, his allegory of the choice of Hercules, 239.
Proserpine, the Rape of, sculptured on the tomb of a young Roman lady, 131.
Prospects of a future state, why delightful, 360.
Protest, a singular one by a Florentine poet, against belief in the heathen deities, 156.
Protestants, a caution to them, 276. Their strength against the Papists discussed, 354.
Proverb, Italian, on the territories of the pope and the great duke, 148.
Proculus, St. his sepulchre near Naples, 88.
Prudence, the mother of Plenty, 234.
Prudely, lady Elizabeth, indicted in the Court of Honour, 463.
Prudes, characterized, 255.
Prussia, the king of, lays claim to the government of Neuf-Chatel, 197.
Punch, turned sentry to a brandy-shop, 209.
Punctuation in Virgil corrected by Tom Folio, 363.
Punto, Major, indicts Richard Newman in the Court of Honour, 445.
Pupienus, the younger, his bust in alabaster at Florence, 157.
Puteoli, its remains, 85. Its mole mistaken for Caligula's bridge, 86. Confutation of that error, *ib.*
Puzzuola, remarkable property of its earth, 86.
Pyramid of men, a show at Venice on Holy Thursday, 48.
Pythagoras, placed among the fabulous worthies in the Temple of Fame, 226. A golden saying of his, 266.

Digitized by Google

Q.

Quacks, their artifice, 416.
Quakerism personified, 450.
Quibble, not much to the credit of the writer, 289.
Quickset, Sir Harry, why a vegetable, 228.
Quintus Curtius, represented as a false guide to Alexander, 223. His account of a subtle cold water, 397.

R.

Rabble of mankind compared to vulgar instruments of noise, 344.
Radicofacie, its frontier castles described, 148.
Ragouts, unfit food for Englishmen, 331.
Raillery on coins never practised by the ancients, 102. On pedantry, why hurtful to the republic of letters, 364.
Raphael, an incomparable Madonna of his in a convent at Foligni, 59. His picture of St. Cecilia at Bolonia, 165.
Rapine, a fiend attendant on Avarice, 312. Attendant on licentiousness, 372.
Ravenna, its ancient situation according to Martial and Silius Italicus, 47. Its antiquities, 47, 48. Scarcities of fresh water, 68.
Razor-strops, a controversy respecting, 401.
Reading, the exercise of the mind, 326.
Reading notions, the phrase corrected, 334, *note*.
Recipe against taking physic, 417.
Red-cross knight in Spencer's Den of Error, how annoyed by reptiles, 409.
Reformed religion personified, 448.
Regillus, Lake, described, 144.
Relatives, excess of them in a sentence, 386, *note*.
Religions in Great Britain represented in wax-work, 447.
Religious houses of Italy, their immense wealth, 58. War, 355.
Remo, St. a Genoese town, described, 2.
Remorse, his office in the Temple of Lust, 293.
Rentfree, Thomas, Esq. 227.
Restitution, Mount, allegorically described, 245.
Retiarius (gladiator), how represented in combat, 125.
Rhea Silvia, mother of Romulus and Remus, 121.
Rhine, the little, a river at the foot of the Appenines, 163.
Rhone, river, its course through the lake of Geneva, 176. Seems guided by the particular hand of Providence, 179.
Rich, Christopher, Esq. sale of his goods, celestial and terrestrial, 211.
Ridicule, in a paper on news-mongers, incomparably fine, 355, *note*.
Rimini, its antiquities, 50.
Rings, old Roman, their cumbersome size, 118.
Ripaille, on the lake of Geneva, its convent of Carthusians, for what noted, 174.
Rochefoucault, tendency of his philosophy, 263.
Roman church, its policy in allowing the honour of canonization, 12.
Roman Catholic inscriptions, a collection of them recommended, 189.
Roman emperor makes his horse a consul, 303.

Digitized by Google

Roman censor, his duties, 373, 374.
Roman soldiers, bore on their helmets the history of Romulus, 120.
Romances, gratification in reading them, 286. Curious instance of a French one, 287.
Romans, their generous virtue, 306.
Romans, modern, their aversion to the king of France, 19.
Rome, described, 68. Modern, stands higher than the ancient, 114. The grandeur of the commonwealth and magnificence of the emperor differently considered, *ib.* Antiquities, christian and heathen, 115. Statues, 116. Two sets of figures of gladiators, 124. Abundance of remains relating to sacrifices, 125. Clothed statues, 126. Many pieces of sculpture still undiscovered, 127. Undertakers who dig for antiquities, 128. The bed of the Tiber a magazine of treasures, *ib.* Coins, relating to buildings and statues still extant, 132. Variety of ancient pillars in many kinds of marble, 135. Obelisks and triumphal arches, 138, 139. Manuscript of Henry VIII. of England in the Vatican, 140. Towns within its neighbourhood, 141. Why more frequented by the nobility in summer than in winter, 146.
Romulus, his cottage on Mount Capitol, described by Virgil, 59.
Rostrum of a Roman ship, over the arsenal at Genoa, 6.
Rotonda, a little church near Ravenna, described, 48.
Rottenburg in the Tirol, its strong castle, 204.
Rotunda, at Rome, described, 69.
Rubicon, river, now called Pisatello, described by Lucan, 50.
Rural wits in conversation, termed hunting horns, 343.
Rural knights and 'squires, ridicule of them censured, 231; *note.*

S.

Sacrifice, ancient, a representation of, in the library of the arsenal at Berne, 183.
Sacrifices, abundance of Roman antiquities relating to them, 125.
Saffold, Dr. the successor of Dr. Lilly in physic and astrology, 416.
Salernum, its bay divided from that of Naples by the promontory of Sorrentum, 79.
Salforata, a stinking river, 141.
Salt-works at Hall in the Tirol described, 204.
Saltera's museum at Chelsea, 407.
Salutation, a chapel so called at Fribourg, 181.
Samnite gladiator represented in mosaic, 125.
Sannazarius, celebrates the city of Venice, 43. His tomb at Naples, 78. Verses on a temple in Naples, *ib.*
Sarabrand, Mrs. her puppet-show and sale of jointed babies, 209. Her rake-hell punch disposed of, *ib.*
Sarcophagi, devices on, from the Rape of Proserpine, 131.
Satire, what it delights in, 118.
Savoy, the duke of, his territories on the lake of Geneva, 173.
Savoyards, their animosity to the king of France, 19.
Schism in the church during the papacy of Eugenio IV. 174.
Schomberg, the duke of, buried at Lausanne, 178.

Digitized by Google

Sculptors, ancient, more skilful in working marble than the moderns, 135.
Sea, on sale, 212.
Sejanus, his fall probably commemorated on a stone at Terni, 61.
Septimius Severus, an excellent bust of him at Florence, 158.
Serini, Count, a prisoner in the castle of Rottenburg, 204.
Sesostris, his character, how drawn in Telemachus, 359.
Settala, Canon, his cabinet of curiosities at Milan, 15.
Sfondrati, Cardinal, the last abbot of St. Gaul, 187.
Shakespear, his allusion in Hamlet to the cock-crowing, 273.
Shallow, Josias, indicted in the Court of Honour, 454.
Sham-doctor, second part of that farce, 404.
Shapely, Rebecca, indicted in the Court of Honour, 462.
Sheep-biter, why a term of reproach, 331.
Sheer-lane, the abode of Mr. Bickertaffe, 230.
Shifts resorted to in a dearth of news, 213.
Shilling, the adventures of one, 422, &c. The occasion of a burlesque poem, 426.
Short-sightedness, how remedied, 260.
Sibyl, temple and grove, where they stood, 142.
Sibyls, their finely-wrought statues at Loretto, 58. Grotto, its probable origin, 84. Its other mouth supposed to be at Cumæ, 107.
Sienna, described, 149. Its cathedral a master-piece of Gothic architecture, *ib.* Hospital erected by a shoe-maker, 150.
Silence, sometimes more significant than eloquence, 319, &c. the best reply to calumny and defamation, 321.
Silius Italicus, his description of the Ticinus, 10. More accurate on the geography of Italy than any other Latin poet, 67. His enumeration of the towns and rivers of Campania Felice, 75. His general description of the bay of Naples and the circumjacent objects, 95. His description of the Alps, 171.
Singularity, a symptom of folly, 262.
Sippet, Harry, an expert wine-brewer, 317.
Sirenum Scopuli, near the island of Caprea, described by Virgil, 101.
Sirloin, banished to the side-board, 333.
Slattern described in her bed, 420, 421.
Sleep, represented under the figure of a boy, 159. A near relation of Death, 346.
Sloe, an ingredient in the manufacture of Bourdeaux wine, 314.
Sloth described as a Syren, 220.
Sly, Richard, accused of ogling by Winifred Leer, 464.
Smack, Mrs. Sarah, indicts Rebecca Shapely in the Court of Honour, 462.
Smalte, a composition of the Italians for mosaic work, 145.
Smith, Dr. a corn-cutter, cures a pretended gout, 259.
Snow, used instead of ice at Naples, 94. Monopoly in supplying the town with it, 95.
Snow-showers, to be sold, 211.
Socrates, his public disapprobation of a sentiment in a tragedy of Euripides, 308.

Digitized by Google

Softly, Ned, a very pretty poet, his sonnet, 377. His observations on it, 378.
Soleure, in Switzerland, described, 184. The residence of the French ambassadors, *ib.*
Sonnet, of Ned Softly to Mira, 377.
Soracte, Mount, why called by the modern Italians St. Oreste, 65.
Soul, its immortality considered, 335.
Souls, of persons unburied, when permitted to pass the Styx, 347.
Spaniards, three, sympathy of their noses, 459.
Spencer, a passage from his Den of Error, 409.
Spintriæ medals, dug up in the isle of Caprea, 101. Considered rather as medallions than medals, 103.
Spirit of lavender, advertised in the Ciceronian manner, 402.
Spoletto, its antiquities, 59.
Statuary, with what design invented, 266.
Statues and medals illustrate each other, 133.
Steele, Sir Richard, his writing how distinguished, 446.
Storks, flights of them inhabiting the region of Liberty, 371.
Story-tellers, the bag-pipes in conversation, 344.
Stroggi, Monseigneur, a curious medal of Trajan in his possession, 133.
Styx, its banks crowded with souls of unburied persons, 347.
Subsist, has no participle passive, 291, *note.*
Suffenus, places his happiness in a gilded chariot, 323.
Suffolk, the duke of, buried in the convent of the Austin monks at Pavia, 9. His history, *ib.*
Sugar-plumbs, disposed into heaps of hailstones, 333.
Suggestum of the ancients described, 50.
Sulfatara, a surprising volcano near Naples, 91.
Sun, satirized by the owls, bats, &c. in a fable, 410.
Surrentum, promontory of, divides the bay of Naples from that of Salernum, 79.
Survey of the city by Mr. Bickerstaffe as censor, 373.
Swash, Sir Paul, knt. indicted in the Court of Honour, 467.
Swift, his writings in what respects inferior to Addison's, 208. Invented the subject of a story in the Tatler, 422, *note.*
Swiss, their custom of hiring themselves out as soldiers, 236.
Switzerland, the reason of its periodical fountains, 175, 184. Soldiers, 185. Convenience of its navigable rivers, *ib.* Scholars, 186. Peace and tranquillity throughout the country and its alliances, 190. Pomp and superfluity banished, 192. Dress and manners, 193. Law of inheritance, 194. Granaries, *ib.* Protestants and Papists, *ib.* Notion of witchcraft very prevalent, 196. A new sect, called Pietists, sprung up, 197. Letter from a mountain herd, 285.

T.

Table of Cebes, an allegory, its character, 368.
Tacitus, monument erected to him at Terni, 61.

Digitized by Google

Talicotius, the first clap-doctor, his history, 458. His motto, and number of his patients, 459.
Tangereen captain, an old one, member of the Court of Honour, 427.
Tasso, his stanzas sung among the common people of Venice, 42.
Taste, false, of the Genoese, in embellishing their houses, 5.
Tatler ridicules his adversaries, 411.
Tattle, Jasper, Esq. his charge against Benjamin Busy, 466.
Tea not used in Queen Elizabeth's time, 331.
Tear, shed by our Saviour over Lazarus, preserved at Vendome, 15.
Telemachus, his story written in the spirit of Homer, 356. His adventures in the empire of death, 357.
Tell, a representation of him in the arsenal of Berne, 183.
Temper, a happy one described, 285.
Temple, Sir William, his memoirs dwindled into a penny book, 251.
Temple, of Hymen, 297. Of Lust, 298. Of Honour, 309. Of Virtue, *ib.* Of Vanity, 310. Of Avarice, 314.
Templum Væjovis, dedicated to the beardless Jupiter, 116.
Terni, a town of Italy, formerly called Interamna, described, 60. Cascade near it, 62.
Terracina, figures on a rock near it, 75.
Tesin, river, its rapid course, 10. An outlet of the Lago Maggiore, *ib.*
Tetrachymagogon, a hard word used by a quack, 416.
Teverone, its cascade described, 142.
Texts of scripture used as inscriptions over Roman Catholic confessionals, 14.
Thalia, the comic muse, how represented, 124.
Thaw of words in Nova Zembla, 435.
Theatins, convent of, at Ravenna, a superstitious story respecting, 49.
Theatres in London and Amsterdam, account of them, 210.
Theodosius, Emperor, shut out from church by St. Ambrose, 13.
Theron, places his happiness in a running horse, 323.
Thrifty John, his letter to the Tatler, 227.
Tiber, its mouth, finely described by Virgil, 112. Its bed a magazine of treasures, 128. Offer of the Jews to cleanse it, 129.
Tiberius, remains of a statue erected to him by the fourteen cities of Asia, 86. Medals on the same occasion, 87. His residence on the isle of Caprea, 97.
Ticinum of the ancients, now called Pavia, 10.
Ticinus, now called the Tesin, a rapid river, 10. Described by Silius Italicus, *ib.* And Claudian, 22.
Tide, observable in the Adriatic from Venice to Ancona, 45.
Tillotson, Archbishop, his widow's dowry raised on the sale of his writings, 251.
Timavus, described by Claudian, 22.
Tintoret, Tom, a wine-colourer, 316.
Tiresias, his advice to Ulysses, 336.

Digitized by Google

Tirol, the territory of, described, 200. Its government, privileges, &c. 205.
Tittle, Sir Timothy, a critic, 381. His behaviour at a friend's house, 382. Disputes with his mistress, 383.
Titus's arch, 139.
Tivoli, described, 142.
Toad, valued at an hundred crowns, 389.
Tonon, a town on the lake of Geneva, belonging to Savoy, 173. Its wholesome fountain of water, 175.
Toricellius, inventor of the weather-glass, 396.
Touchwood, lady Penelope, indicts Cambric, a linen-draper, in the Court of Honour, 453.
Touchy, Col. indicts Mr. Heedless in the Court of Honour, 465.
Town-woman to be regarded as a Syren, 461.
Townly, Lady, her action of debt against Mrs. Flambeau, 463.
Tragedy-writers, wherein defective, 320.
Trajan, his triumphal arch at Ancona, 56. A curious medallion of his, 132. His pillar the noblest in the world, 137.
Tranquillina, her bust at Florence, 162.
Transmigration of liquors, subterraneous philosophers employed in, 314. Experiments, 316.
Travels of Mr. Addison in Italy, how characterized, 1, *note.*
Treatall, Timothy, indicted by ladies in the Court of Honour, 461. His sentence, 462.
Trippitt, William, Esq. his action against Lady Prudely in the Court of Honour, 463.
Trippit, Simon, his petition to Mr. Bickerstaffe, 258.
Triumphal arch of Constantine at Rome, 138.
Triumphal arches, how distinguished from honorary arches erected to emperors, 56.
Trojans, their clamour on advancing to the enemy compared to the cackling of cranes, 319.
Trumpets, what sort of men are such in conversation, 342. Where to be met with, 344.
Truncheon, Mr. Alexander, foreman of the jury on the Court of Honour, 429.
Truth, her mirror in the hand of Justice, 244.
Turkey, larded, mistaken for a roasted porcupine, 332.
Turkish emperor, his gratitude to his horse, 304.
Turks, formidable to the Venetians, 36.
Turin, described, 169.
Tulippo-mania, a distemper, 394.
Tulips, variety of great names given to them, 393.
Tuscany, the grand duke of, his immense revenues from Leghorn, 151. His schemes to prevent the Pope from making Civita Vecchia a free port, 152. His animosity against Lucca, whence arising, 154. Childless, and living separate from his duchess, 162.
Tusculum of Cicero, where situated, 143.
Typhæus, where placed by the ancient poets, 106.
Tyranny, described as leading an army against Liberty, 372.

Digitized by Google

U.

Ulysses, his conversations with the dead supposed to have been in Narbon Gaul, 2. His voyage undetermined among the learned, *ib.* His voyage to the regions of the dead, 335. His adventures there, *ib.* &c.
Undertakers, at Rome, who dig for antiquities, 128.
Upholders, a new company, 262, 267. Their civility to Bickerstaffe, 305.
Upholsterer, Mr. Bickerstaffe's neighbour, a great newsmonger, 352. His conversation with Mr. Bickerstaffe in the park, 353. His early visit to Mr. Bickerstaffe, 365. His reason for it, 366.

V.

Vallesins, inhabitants of a district in Switzerland, 176.
Vanity, her temple, described in a vision, 310.
Vatican library, a letter of Henry VIII. to Ann Bulleyn in it, 140.
Vaud, the country of, belonging to the canton of Berne, 172. The country of, the most cultivated and fruitful part of the Alps, 178.
Veal, a modern diet, 331.
Veii, ruins of their capital city, 147. Its desolation foretold by Lucan, *ib.*
Velini rosea rura, why so called by Virgil, 63.
Velino, river, its cascade, 62. Falls into the Nera, 63.
Venetians, their aversion to the king of France, 19. Their thirst after conquest on *Terra Firma* prejudicial to the commonwealth, 36. The republic in a declining condition, *ib.* On what terms with the emperor, the Turks, the pope, and the duke of Savoy, 37. Their senate the wisest council in the world, *ib.* Refined policy and secrecy in state matters, with an instance of it, 38. Number of their nobility and operas, *ib.* A custom peculiar to the Venetians, 42. A show particular to them exhibited on Holy Thursday, described by Claudian, 43.
Venice, its strength, owing to its situation in the sea, 32. Its convenience for commerce, 33. Its manufactures of cloth, glass, and silk, formerly the best in Europe, *ib.* Its buildings, bridges, &c. 34. Its celebrated painters, *ib.* Moisture of its air, *ib.* Its arsenal, *ib.* Its republic declining in power, 36. Secrecy of its councils, 37. Pride of its nobility, 38. Carnival, with the necessity and consequences of it, 39. Character of its dramatic poetry, 40. Comedies, 41. Custom among the common people of singing verses from Tasso, 43. No mention of the city made in the old poets, 43.
Venice Preserved, a fine scene in, 320.
Venus, chamber of, described, 87. Her statues at Florence, 161. Numerous copies of the Venus de Medicis, 130. Presents her cestus to Juno to charm Jupiter, 328. Story of her amour with Mars burlesqued, 457.
Vermin, feeding on the Tatler, noticed, 408.
Verona, its amphitheatre described, 22. Its other antiquities, and churches, 23.
Versoy, a town in the canton of Berne, the retreat of Ludlow, 176.

Digitized by Google

Vespasian, a fine bust of him at Florence, 158.
Vestal virgin, a statue of one at Florence, decisive of a controversy among the antiquaries, whether their hair grew after the tonsure, 158.
Vesuvio, mount, described, 91. Its rivers of lava, 92. Its crater, 93. Increases in bulk at every eruption, 94. Much different from Martial's account of it, 97.
Vicar of Bray, his use of the church thermometer, 396.
Villa Imperiale, a palace near Genoa, described, 4.
Ville-neuve, in the canton of Berne, 176.
Violins, who are such in conversation, 342. Where to be found, 344.
Viper, an experiment with one, at the Grotto del Cani, 89.
Virgin, the blessed, her history cut in marble in the great church of Milan, 13. Her statue at Ravenna, 49.
Virgin, violated by Neptune; her petition to him, 287.
Virgil traces the origin of Padua to Antenor, 31. Less exact than Homer in his catalogues of places, 67. Composed a great part of his Æneids at Naples, 79. His tomb where situated, 84. His allusion to the islands of Ischia and Procita, 106. His fine description of Æneas passing the coast of Monte Circeio, 109. Ancient MS. copy of his works at Florence, which disputes its antiquity with that of the Vatican, 163. How introduced into the temple of Fame, 224. Homage paid to him in a Roman theatre, 305. His description of a future state, 346. His talent for satire, 414, *note.*
Virtù, its ridiculous studies, 388.
Virtue, her address to Hercules, 239. Venerable in men and lovely in women, 256. Her temple described in a vision, 309.
Virtuoso in wine, 417.
Virtuoso's will, 389.
Virtuous Love, its temple in the Vision of Human Life, 296.
Vision of the hill of Fame, 220. Of Justice visiting the earth, 244. Relating to animated nature, 290. Of human life, 294. Continued, 309. Of blessings and calamities, 324. Of liberty, 369.
Vitruvius, would have the front of his palace toward the setting sun, 80.
Volsinians' town, 148.
Voyage from Naples to Rome described by Virgil, 104.
Vulturno, river, celebrated for its rapidity and noise, 74.

W.

Walks, public, of Berne, their immense height, 182.
Waking thoughts, finely observed to introduce a vision founded on truth, 290, *note.*
Water converted into various sorts of wines, 316.
Watchman, his salutation to Mr. Bickerstaffe, 272.
Wax-work representation of the religions in Great Britain, 447.
Wealth, its unequal distribution among mankind, 243.
Welshman, indicted in the Court of Honour for breaking the peace, 445.
Whale, carries about him a world of inhabitants, 408.

Digitized by Google

Wheel-barrow, Sir Giles, his visit to the Tatler, 228.
Whiskers of a Turkish bassa to be sold, 211.
Who, misuse of that relative pronoun noticed, 192, *note*.
Widower, his unhappy state, 278.
Wife, grief of a husband for the loss of one, 278.
Wild boar, a famous piece of sculpture at Florence, 158.
Windmill, Andrew, Esq. 227.
Wine, a present to Mr. Bickerstaffe, 329.
Wine-brewers, a fraternity, 314. Tried before Mr. Bickerstaffe, 315. His request to them, 318.
Winifred Leer, her action against Richard Sly for ogling, 464.
Winter-piece, of sweetmeats, represented in a fashionable desert, 333.
Wise man, his character, 274.
Woman, in what articles of dress to be indulged, 284. Plainly dressed in Switzerland, 193.
Wou'd be, lady Betty, accuses Ursula Goodenough in the Court of Honour, 455.
Wrestlers, the two, a piece of sculpture at Florence, 161.
Writing in concert, an absurd practice in men of wit, 219, *note*.

X.

Xenophon, his station in the temple of Fame, 284.
Xerxes, why he wept over his army, 238.

Y.

Young, Dr. Margery, alias John, some account of, 404.
Youth, cautioned to preserve their noses, 461.
Yvoire, a port on the lake of Geneva for the duke of Savoy's gallies, 173.

Z.

Zetus, how represented in a group of figures, 122.
Zurich, the handsomest town in Switzerland, described, 186, &c.

J. M'Creery, Printer,
Black-Horse-Court, London.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
GRADUATE LIBRARY

DATE DUE

MAY 2 5 1971

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google